



Vol. I. Chap. 4. Page 25.

DON QUIXOTE.

The peasant deterred from punishing his man
Andrew, by the interposition of Don Quixote.

Drawn by R. Corbould. Engraved by W. Hawkins for C. Cooke. Mar. 1739.



COOKE'S EDITION OF SELECT NOVELS.

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THE
HISTORY
AND
ADVENTURES
OF THE RENOWNED
DON QUIXOTE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH OF
MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA,

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE,

BY
DR. SMOLLETT.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Cooke's Edition.



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Great Britain and
Ireland.



TO
HIS EXCELLENCY
DON RICARDO WALL,

PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE TO HIS MOST
CATHOLICK MAJESTY,
LIEUTENANT GENERAL OF THE ARMIES OF
SPAIN,
COMMENDARY OF PENAUZENDE IN THE ORDER OF
SAINT JAGO, &c.
AND HERETOFORE AMBASSADOR
AND FLENIPOTENTIARY AT THE COURT OF
GREAT BRITAIN.

SIR,

THE Permission I obtained to inscribe the following
Translation of Don Quixote to your Excellency,
while you resided in this Capital, affords me a double
Pleasure ; as it not only gives me an Opportunity of
expressing that profound Respect and Veneration with
which I contemplate your Excellency's Character, but
also implies your Approbation, which cannot fail to in-
fluence the Publick in behalf of the Performance.

I have the Honour to be,

Sir,

Your Excellency's most obedient

Humble Servant,

T. SMOLLETT.

London,

Feb. 7. 1755.



THE
LIFE OF CERVANTES.

MIGUEL De Cervantes Saavedra was at once the glory and reproach of Spain; for, if his admirable genius and heroic spirit conduced to the honour of his country, the distress and obscurity which attended his old age, as effectually redounded to her disgrace. Had he lived amidst Gothic darkness and barbarity, where no records were used, and letters altogether unknown, we might have expected to derive from tradition a number of particulars relating to the family and fortune of a man so remarkably admired even in his own time. But one would imagine pains had been taken to throw a veil of oblivion over the personal concerns of this excellent author. No enquiry has as yet been able to ascertain the place of his nativity; and, although in his works he has declared himself a gentleman by birth, no house has hitherto laid claim to such an illustrious descendant.

One author says he was born at Esquivias;* but offers no argument in support of his assertion: and probably the conjecture was founded upon the encomiums which Cervantes himself bestows on that place, to which he gives the epithet of renowned, in his preface to *Perfiles and Sigismunda*. Others affirm that he first drew breath in Lucena, grounding their opinion upon a vague tradition which there prevails; and a third set take it for granted that he was a native of Seville, because there are families in that city known by the names of Cervantes and Saavedra;† and our author mentions his having, in his early youth, seen plays acted by Lope Rueda, who was a Sevilian. These, indeed, are presumptions that deserve some regard, though far from implying certain information; they scarce even amount to probable conjecture; nay, these very circumstances seem to disprove the supposition; for, had he been actually descended from those families, they would in all likelihood have preserved some memorials

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* Thomas Tamayo De Vargas. † Don Nicholas Antonio.

rials of his birth, which Don Nicholas Antonio would have recorded, in speaking of his fellow-citizen. All these pretensions are now generally set aside in favour of Madrid, which claims the honour of having produced Cervantes, and builds her title on an expression in his *Voyage to Parnassus*,* which, in my opinion, is altogether equivocal and inconclusive.

In the midst of such undecided contention, if I may be allowed to hazard a conjecture, I would suppose that there was something mysterious in his extraction, which he had no inclination to explain, and that his family had domestic reasons for maintaining the like reserve. Without admitting some such motive, we can hardly account for his silence on a subject that would have afforded him an opportunity to indulge that self-respect which he so honestly displays in the course of his writings. Unless we conclude that he was instigated to renounce all connection with his kindred and allies, by some contemptuous slight, mortifying repulse, or real injury he had sustained; a supposition which, I own, is not at all improbable, considering the jealous sensibility of the Spaniards in general, and the warmth of resentment peculiar to our author, which glows through his productions, unrestrained by all the fears of poverty, and all the maxims of old age and experience.

Whatever may have been the place of his nativity, we gather from the preface to his novels, that he was born in the year 1549: and his writings declare that his education was by no means neglected; for, over and above a natural fund of humour and invention, he appears to have possessed a valuable stock of acquired knowledge: we find him intimately acquainted with the Latin classics, well read in the history of nations, versed in the philosophy, rhetoric, and divinity of the schools, tinged with astrology and geography, conversant with the best Italian authors, and perfectly master of his own Castilian language. His genius, which

* He describes his departure from Madrid in these words:
 ' Out of my country and myself I go !'

which was too delicate and volatile to engage in the severer studies, directed his attention to the productions of taste and polite literature; which, while they amused his fancy, enlarged, augmented, and improved his ideas, and taught him to set proper bounds to the excursions of his imagination.

Thus qualified, he could not fail to make pertinent observations in his commerce with mankind: the peculiarities of character could not escape his penetration; whatever he saw became familiar to his judgment and understanding; and every scene he exhibits is a just well drawn characteristic picture of human life.

How he exercised these talents in his youth, and in what manner the first years of his manhood were employed, we are not able to explain, because history and tradition are altogether silent on the subject; unless we admit the authority of one author,* who says he was secretary to the Duke of Alva, without alledging any one fact or argument in support of his assertion. Had he actually enjoyed a post of such importance, we should not, in all probability, have wanted materials to supply this chasm in his life; nor should we find him afterwards in the station of a common soldier.

Others imagine that he served as a volunteer in Flanders, where he was raised to the rank of ensign in the company commanded by Don Diego de Urbina; grounding this belief on the supposition that the history of the captive related in the first part of *Don Quixote*, is a literal detail of his own adventures. But this notion is rejected by those who consider that Cervantes would hardly have contented himself with the humble appellation of a Soldier, which, in speaking of himself, he constantly assumes, had he ever appeared in any superior station of a military character. In a word, we have very little information touching the transactions of his life, but what he himself is pleased to give through the course of his writings; and from this we learn, that he was chamberlain to Cardinal Aquaviva in Rome, and followed the profession of a soldier for some years,

in the army commanded by Marco Antonio Colona,* who was, by Pope Pius V. appointed general of the ecclesiastical forces employed against the Turks, and received the consecrated standard from the hands of his holiness, in the church of St. Peter.

Under this celebrated captain, Cervantes embarked in the Christian fleet commanded by Don John of Austria, who obtained over the Turks the glorious victory of Lepanto, where our author lost his left-hand by the shot of an arquebus. This mutilation, which redounded so much to his honour, he has taken care to record on divers occasions : and, indeed, it is very natural to suppose his imagination would dwell upon such an adventure, as the favourite incident of his life. I wish he had told us what recompence he received for his services, and what consolation he enjoyed for the loss of his limb ; which must have effectually disqualified him for the office of a common soldier, and reduced him to the necessity of exercising some other employment.

Perhaps it was at this period he entered into the service of Cardinal Aquaviva, to whose protection he was entitled by his gallantry and misfortune ; and now, in all likelihood, he had leisure and opportunity to prosecute his favourite studies, to cultivate the muse, and render himself conspicuous by the productions of his genius ; which was known and admired by several authors of distinction, even before his captivity ; for Louis Galvez De Montalvo, in his poem prefixed to *Galatea*, says, ‘ The world lamented his misfortune in tears, and the muse expressed a widow’s grief at his absence.’ I will even venture to suppose, that, in this interval, his situation was such as enabled him to raise an independent fortune ; for we find him afterwards relieving the wants of his fellow-captives in Barbary, with such liberality as denoted the affluence of his own circumstances ; and, in his *Voyage to Parnassus*, which was published in his old age, Apollo upbraids him with want of œconomy ; and reminds him of his having once made his own fortune, which in the sequel he squandered away.

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* His Dedication to *Galatea*.

I make no doubt but this was the most fortunate period of Saavedra's life; during which, he reformed and improved the Spanish theatre, and ushered into the world a number of dramatic performances, which were acted with universal applause. He tells us that he had seen plays acted by the great Lope De Rueda,* who was a native of Seville, and originally a gold-beater. When this genius first appeared, the Spanish drama was in its infancy: one large sack or bag contained all the furniture and dress of the theatre, consisting of four sheep-skin jackets with the wool on, trimmed with gilt leather; four beards and perriwigs, and the same number of pastoral crooks. The piece was no other than a dialogue or eclogue between two or three swains and a shepherdess, seasoned with comic interludes, or rather low buffoonery, exhibited in the characters of a black-moor, a bravo, a fool, and a Biscayan. The stage itself was composed of a few boards, raised about three feet from the ground, upon four benches or foarms. There was no other scenery than a blanket or horse-cloth stretched across, behind which the musicians sung old ballads, unaccompanied by any sort of instrument. Lope De Rueda not only composed theatrical pieces, but also acted in every character with great reputation; in which he was succeeded by Naharro, a Toledan, who improved and augmented the decorations; brought the music from behind the blanket, and placed it forwards to the audience; deprived the actors of their counterfeit beards, without which no man's part had been hitherto performed; invented machines, clouds, thunder, and lightning; and introduced challenges and combats with incredible success. But still the drama was rude, unpolished, and irregular; and the fable, though divided into five acts, was almost altogether destitute of manners, propriety, and invention.

From this uncultivated state of ignorance and barbarity, Cervantes raised the Spanish theatre to dignity and esteem, by enriching his dramatic productions with

* In the preface to his plays.

moral sentiments, regularity of plan, and propriety of character; together with the graces of poetry, and the beauties of imagination. He published thirty pieces, which were represented at Madrid with universal applause; so that he may be justly deemed the patriarch of the Spanish drama; and, in this particular, revered above Lope de Vega himself, who did not appear until he had left off writing for the stage.

In the year 1574, he was unfortunately taken by a Barbary corsair, and conveyed to Algiers, where he was sold to a Moor, and remained a slave for the space of five years and a half: during which, he exhibited repeated proofs of the most enterprising genius and heroic generosity. Though we know not on what occasion he fell into the hands of the Barbarians, he himself gives us to understand, in the story of the Captive, that he resided at Algiers in the reign of Hassan Aga, a ruffian renegado, whose cruelty he describes in these terms. 'He was every day hanging one, impaling another, maiming a third, upon such slight occasions, frequently without any cause assigned, that the Turks themselves owned he acted thus out of mere wantonness and barbarity, as being naturally of a savage disposition, and an inveterate enemy to the whole human race. The person who used the greatest freedom with him, was one Saavedra, a Spanish soldier; who, though he did many things which those people will not soon forget, in attempting to regain his liberty, he never gave him one blow, nor ordered him once to be chastised, nor even chid him with one hasty word; and yet the least of all his pranks was sufficient, as we thought, to bring him to the stake; nay, he himself was more than once afraid of being impaled alive. If time would permit, I could here recount some of that soldier's actions, which perhaps might entertain and surprize you more than the relation of my own story.'

Thus Cervantes ascertains the time of his own slavery, delineates with great exactness the character of that inhuman tyrant, who is recorded in history as a monster of cruelty and avarice; and proves to demonstration,

stration, that his own story was quite different from that which the Captive related of himself. Saavedra's adventures at Algiers were truly surprizing, and though we cannot favour the public with a substantial detail of every incident, we have found means to learn such particulars of his conduct, as cannot fail to reflect an additional lustre on a character which has been long the object of admiration.

We are informed by a respectable historian,* who was his fellow-slave, and an eye-witness of the transaction, that Don Miguel de Cervantes, a gallant, enterprizing, Spanish cavalier, who, though he never wanted money, could not obtain his release without paying an exorbitant ransom, contrived a scheme for setting himself free, together with fourteen unhappy gentlemen of his own country, who were all in the like circumstances of thralldom under different patrons. His first step was to redeem one Viana, a bold Mayorcan mariner, in whom he could confide, and with whom he sent letters to the governor of that island, desiring, in the name of himself and the other gentlemen captives, that he would send over a brigantine under the direction of Viana, who had undertaken, at an appointed time, to touch upon a certain part of the coast, where he should find them ready to embark. In consequence of this agreement, they withdrew themselves from their respective masters, and privately repaired to a garden near the sea side, belonging to a renegado Greek, whose name was Al-Caid Hassan; where they were concealed in a cave, and carefully screened from the knowledge of the owner, by his gardener, who was a Christian captive. Viana punctually performed his promise, and returned in a vessel, with which he was supplied by the governor of Mayorca; but some Moors chancing to pass just as he anchored at the appointed place, the coast was instantly alarmed, and he found himself obliged to relinquish the enterprize. Meanwhile, the captives, being ignorant of this accident, remained in the ca-

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* F. Diego Da Haedo.

vern, which they never quitted except in the night, and were maintained by the liberality of Cervantes for the space of seven months; during which the necessaries of life were brought to them by a Spanish slave, known by the appellation of *El Dorador*, or the *Gilder*. No wonder that their hope and patience began to fail, and their constitutions to be affected by the dampness of the place, and the grief of their disappointment, which Don Miguel endeavoured to alleviate by the exercise of his reason, good humour, and humanity; till at last their perveyor turned traitor; and, allured by the hope of receiving a considerable reward, discovered the whole affair to Hassan Basha. This tyrant, transported with joy at the information, immediately ordered the guardian Basha, with a body of armed men, to follow the perfidious wretch, who conducted them to the cave, where they seized those unhappy fugitives, together with their faithful gardener, and forthwith carried the whole number to the public bagnio, except Cervantes, touching whose person they had received particular directions from Hassan, who knew his character, and had been long desirous of possessing such a notable slave. At present, however, his intention was to persuade Don Miguel to accuse Oliver, one of the fathers of the redemption then at Algiers, as an accomplice in the scheme they had projected, that he might, on this pretence, extort from the friar, by way of composition, the greatest part of the money which had been collected for the ransom of Christian slaves. Accordingly, he endeavoured to inveigle Saavedra with artful promises, and to intimidate him with dreadful threats and imprecations, into the confession or impeachment on which he wanted to lay hold: but that generous Spaniard, with a resolution peculiar to himself, rejected all his offers, and despising the terrors of his menaces, persisted in affirming that he had no associate in the plan of their escape, which was purely the result of his own reflection.

After having in vain tampered with his integrity, in repeated trials that lasted for several days, he restored
him

him and his companions to their respective patrons, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Al-Caid Hassan, owner of the garden in which they had been apprehended; who, probably with a view to manifest his own innocence, strenuously exhorted the Basha to inflict the most exemplary punishment on the offenders, and actually put his own gardener to death. Cervantes had so often signalized his genius, courage, and activity, that Hassan resolved to make him his own, and purchased him from his master for five hundred ducats: then he was heard to say, 'While I hold that maimed Spaniard in safe custody, my vessels, slaves, and even my whole city, are secure.' For he had not only concerted a number of schemes for the deliverance of his fellow-captives, but his designs had even aspired to the conquest of Algiers, and he was at four different times on the point of being impaled, hooked, or burned alive. Any single attempt of that kind would have been deemed a capital offence, under the mildest government that ever subsisted among the Moors; but there was something in the character or personal deportment of Cervantes, which commanded respect from barbarity itself; for we find that Hassan Basha treated him with incredible lenity, and his redemption was afterwards effected by the intercession of a trinitarian father for a thousand ducats.*

From this account of his behaviour in Barbary, it appears that he acted a far more important part than that of

* To this adventure he doubtless alludes, in the story of the captive; who says, that when he and his fellow-slaves were deliberating about ransoming one of their number, who should go to Valencia and Mayorca, and procure a vessel with which he might return and fetch off the rest, the renegado who was of their council opposed the scheme, observing, that those who are once delivered seldom think of performing the promises they have made in captivity: as a confirmation of the truth of what he alledged, he briefly recounted a case which had lately happened to some Christian gentlemen, attended with the strangest circumstances ever known, even in those parts, where the most uncommon and surprizing events occur almost every day.

of a poor mutilated soldier: he is dignified with the appellation of Don Miguel De Cervantes, and represented as a cavalier whose affluent fortune enabled him to gratify the benevolence and liberality of his disposition. We must therefore take it for granted, that he acquired this wealth after the battle of Lepanto, where he surely would not have fought as a private soldier, could he have commanded either money or interest to procure a more conspicuous station in the service. Be that as it will, his conduct at Algiers reflects honour upon his country; and while we applaud him as an author, we ought to revere him as a man; nor will his modesty be less the object of our admiration, if we consider that he has, upon this occasion, neglected the fairest opportunity a man could possibly enjoy, of displaying his own character to the greatest advantage, and indulging that self complacency which is so natural to the human heart.

As he returned to his own country with those principles by which he had been distinguished in his exile, and an heart entended and exercised in sympathising with his fellow creatures in distress; we may suppose he could not advert to the lessons of Oeconomy, which a warm imagination seldom or never retains; but that his heart glowed with all the enthusiasm of friendship, and that his bounty extended to every object of compassion which fell within his view.

Notwithstanding all the shafts of ridicule which he hath so successfully levelled against the absurdities of the Spanish romance, we can plainly perceive from his own writings, that he himself had a turn for chivalry: his life was a chain of extraordinary adventures, his temper was altogether heroic, and his actions were, without doubt, influenced by the most romantic notions of honour.

Spain has produced a greater number of these characters than we meet with upon record in any other nation; and whether such singularity be the effect of natural or moral causes, or of both combined, I shall not pretend to determine. Let us only affirm, that this disposition

disposition is not confined to any particular people or period of time: even in our own country, and in these degenerate days, we sometimes find individuals whom nature seems to have intended for members of those ideal societies which never did, and perhaps never can exist, but in imagination; and who remind us of the characters described by Homer and Plutarch, as patriots sacrificing their lives for their country, and heroes encountering danger, not with indifference and contempt, but with all the rapture and impetuosity of a passionate admirer.

If we consider Cervantes as a man inspired by such sentiments, and actuated by such motives; and at the same time, from his known sensibility and natural complexion, suppose him to have been addicted to pleasure and the amusements of gallantry; we cannot be surprized to find his finances in a little time exhausted, and the face of his affairs totally reversed. It was probably in the decline of his fortune, that he resolved to reappear in the character of an author, and stand candidate for the public favour, which would be a certain resource in the day of trouble; he therefore composed his *Galatea*, in six books, which was published in the year 1584, dedicated to Ascanio Colonna, at that time abbot of St. Sophia, and afterwards cardinal of the holy cross of Jerusalem.

The rich vein of invention, the tenderness of passion, the delicacy of sentiment, the power and purity of diction, displayed in this performance, are celebrated by Don Louis De Vargas Manrique, in a commendatory sonnet, which is a very elegant and honourable testimony of our author's success. Nevertheless, the production has been censured for the irregularity of its stile, the incorrectness of its versification, and the multiplicity of its incidents, which incumber and perplex the principal narration; and, over and above these objections, the design is not brought to a conclusion, so that the plan appears meagre and defective. He himself pleads guilty to some part of the charge, in the sentence pronounced by the curate in the first part of *Don Quixote*;

who

who, when the barber takes up the *Galatea* of Miguel De Cervantes, 'That same Cervantes,' says he, 'has been an intimate friend of mine these many years; and is, to my certain knowledge, more conversant with misfortunes than with poetry. There is a good vein of invention in his book, which proposes something, though it concludes nothing. We must wait for the second part which he promises; and then, perhaps, his amendment may deserve a full pardon, which is now denied.'

Whether the success of *Galatea* encouraged our author to oblige the world with some of those theatrical pieces, which we have already mentioned as the first regular productions of the Spanish drama, or the whole number of these was written and acted before his captivity, I have not been able to determine; but, in all probability, his first essays of that kind were exhibited in the interval between the battle of Lepanto and the commencement of his slavery, and the rest published after his redemption.

Unless we suppose him to have been employed at Madrid in this manner for his subsistence, we must pass over two and twenty years, which afford us no particular information touching the life of Saavedra; though, in that period, he married Donna Cataline De Salazar, dissipated the remains of his fortune, experienced the ingratitude of those he had befriended in his prosperity, and, after having sustained a series of mortifications and distress, was committed to prison in consequence of the debts he had contracted.

In this dismal situation, he composed that performance which is the delight and admiration of all Europe: I mean, the first part of *Don Quixote*, which he wrote with a view to ridicule and discredit those absurd romances, filled with the most nauseous improbability and unnatural extravagance, which had debauched the taste of mankind, and were indeed a disgrace to common sense and reason. Not that Cervantes had any intention to combat the spirit of knight-errantry, so prevalent among the Spaniards; on the contrary, I am persuaded, he would have been the first man in the nation to stand

stand up for the honour and defence of chivalry ; which, when restrained within due bounds, was an excellent institution, that inspired the most heroic sentiments of courage and patriotism, and on many occasions conduced to the peace and safety of the commonwealth. In the character of Don Quixote, he exhibits a good understanding perverted by reading romantic stories, which had no foundation in nature or in fact. His intellects are not supposed to have been damaged by the perusal of authentic histories, which recount the exploits of knights and heroes who really existed ; but his madness seems to have flowed from his credulity, and a certain wildness of imagination, which was captivated by the marvellous representation of dwarfs, giants, necromancers, and other preternatural extravagance. From these legends he formed his whole plan of conduct ; and though nothing can be more ridiculous than the terms upon which he is described to have commenced knight-errant, at a time when the regulations of society had rendered the profession unnecessary, and indeed illegal ; the criterion of his frenzy consists in that strange faculty of mistaking and confounding the most familiar objects with the fantastical illusions which those romances had engendered in his fancy. So that our author did not enter the lists against the memory of the real substantial chivalry, which he held in veneration ; but with design to expel an hideous phantom that possessed the brains of the people, waging perpetual war with true genius and invention.

The success of this undertaking must have exceeded his most sanguine hopes. Don Quixote no sooner made his appearance, than the old romances vanished like mist before the sun. The ridicule was so striking, that even the warmest admirers of Amadis and his posterity seemed to awake from a dream, and reflected with amazement upon their former infatuation. Every dispassionate reader was charmed with the humorous characters of the knight and squire, who straight became the favourites of his fancy ; he was delighted with the variety of entertaining incidents, and considered the

author's good sense and purity of stile with admiration and applause.

He informs us, by the mouth of the batchelor Sampson Carrasco, that even before the publication of the second part, twelve thousand copies of the first were already in print, besides a new impression then working off at Antwerp. 'The very children,' says he, 'handle it, boys read it, men understand, and old people applaud the performance. It is no sooner laid down by one, than another takes it up, some struggling, and some entreating for a sight of it; in fine, this history is the most delightful and least prejudicial entertainment that ever was seen; for, in the whole book, there is not the least shadow of a dishonourable word, nor one thought unworthy of a good catholic.'

Nor was this applause confined to the kingdoms and territories of Spain. The fame of Don Quixote diffused itself through all the civilized countries of Europe; and the work was so much admired in France, that some gentlemen, who attended the French ambassador to Madrid, in a conversation with the licenciado Marques Torres, chaplain to the archbishop of Toledo, expressed their surprize that Cervantes was not maintained from the public treasury, as the honour and pride of the Spanish nation. Nay, this work, which was first published at Madrid in the year 1605, had the good fortune to extort the approbation of royalty itself: Philip III. standing in a balcony of his palace, and surveying the adjacent country, perceived a student on the bank of the Manzanares, reading a book, and every now and then striking his forehead, and bursting out into loud fits of laughter. His majesty having observed his emotions for some time, 'That student,' said he, 'is either mad, or reading Don Quixote.' Some of the courtiers in attendance, had the curiosity to go out and enquire, and actually found the scholar engaged in the adventures of our Manchegan.

As the book was dedicated to the Duke de Bejar, we may naturally suppose that nobleman, either by his purse or interest, obtained the author's discharge from prison;

prison ; for he congratulates himself upon the protection of such a patron, in certain verses prefixed to the book, and supposed to be written by Urganda the unknown. He afterwards attracted the notice of the Count de Lemos, who seems to have been his chief and favourite benefactor ; and even enjoyed a small share of the countenance of the cardinal archbishop of Toledo : so that we cannot, with any probability, espouse the opinion of those who believe his *Don Quixote* was intended as a satire upon the administration of that nobleman. Nor is there the least plausible reason for thinking his aim was to ridicule the conduct of Charles V. whose name he never mentions without expressions of the utmost reverence and regard. Indeed, his own indigence was a more severe satire than any thing he could have invented against the ministry of Philip III. for, though their protection kept him from starving, it did not exempt him from the difficulties and mortifications of want ; and no man of taste and humanity can reflect upon his character and circumstances, without being shocked at the barbarous indifference of his patrons. What he obtained was not the offering of liberality and taste, but the scantied alms of compassion : he was not respected as a genius, but relieved as a beggar.

One would hardly imagine that an author could languish in the shade of poverty and contempt, while his works afforded entertainment and delight to whole nations, and even sovereigns were found in the number of his admirers ; but Cervantes had the misfortune to write in the reign of a prince whose disposition was sordid, and whose talents, naturally mean, had received no manner of cultivation ; so that his head was altogether untinctured with science, and his heart an utter stranger to the virtues of beneficence. Nor did the liberal arts derive the least encouragement from his ministry, which was ever weak and wavering. The Duke De Lerma seems to have been a proud, irresolute, shallow-brained politician, whose whole attention was employed in preserving the good graces of his master ; though, notwithstanding all his efforts, he still fluctuated

ted between favour and disgrace, and at last was fain to shelter himself under the hat of a cardinal. As for the Count de Lemos, who had some share in the administration, he affected to patronize men of genius, though he had hardly penetration enough to distinguish merit; and the little taste he possessed was so much warped by vanity and self-conceit, that there was no other avenue to his friendship but the road of adulation and panegyric: we need not, therefore, wonder that his bounty was so sparingly bestowed upon Cervantes, whose conscious worth and spirit would not suffer him to practise such servility of prostration.

Rather than stoop so far beneath the dignity of his own character, he resolved to endure the severest stings of fortune; and, for a series of years, wrestled with inconceivable vexation and distress. Even in this low situation, he was not exempted from the ill offices of those who envied his talents and his fame. The bad writers vilified his genius, and censured his morals; they construed *Don Quixote* into an impertinent libel, and endeavoured to depreciate his *Exemplary Novels*, which were published at Madrid, in the year 1613. This performance is such as might be expected from the invention and elegance of Cervantes, and was accordingly approved by the best judges of his time. Indeed, it must have been a great consolation to him, in the midst of his misfortunes, to see himself celebrated by the choicest wits of Spain; and, among the rest, by the renowned Lope de Vega, prince of the Spanish theatre, who, both during the life and after the death of our author, mentioned him in the most respectful terms of admiration*.

But, of all the insults to which he was exposed from the malevolence of mankind, nothing provoked him so much, as the outrage he sustained, from the insolence and knavery of an author, who, while he was preparing the second part of *Don Quixote* for the press, in the year 1614, published a performance, intitled, *The second Volume of the sage Hidalgo Don Quixote de La*

* *Laurèl de Apollo Selva* 8.

Mancha, containing his third Sally. Composed by the licentiate Alonzo Fernandez De Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas; dedicated to the alcalde, regidors, and gentlemen, of the noble town of Argamasilla, the happy country of Don Quixote de La Mancha. This impostor, not contented with having robbed Cervantes of his plan, and, as some people believe, of a good part of his copy, attacked him personally, in his preface, in the most virulent manner; accusing him of envy, malice, peevishness, and rancour; reproaching him with his poverty, and taxing him with having abused his cotemporary writers, particularly Lope De Vega, under the shadow of whose reputation this spurious writer takes shelter, pretending to have been lashed, together with that great genius, in some of our author's critical reflections.

In spite of the disguise he assumed, Cervantes discovered him to be an Arragonian; and in all probability knew his real name, which, however, he did not think proper to transmit to posterity; and his silence in this particular was the result either of discretion or contempt. If he was a person of consequence, as some people suppose, it was undoubtedly prudent in Cervantes to pretend ignorance of his true name and quality; because, under the shadow of that pretence, he could the more securely chastise him for his dullness, scurrility, and presumption: but if he knew him to be a man of no character or estimation in life, he ought to have deemed him altogether unworthy of his resentment; for his production was such as could not possibly prejudice our author's interest or reputation. It is altogether void of invention and propriety; the characters of Don Quixote and Sancho are flattened into the most insipid absurdity; the adventures are unentertaining and improbable; and the style barbarous, swollen, and pedantic.

Howsoever Saavedra's fortune might have been affected by this fraudulent anticipation, I am persuaded, from the consideration of his magnanimity, that he would have looked upon the attempt with silent disdain had the fictitious Avellaneda abstained from personal,

abuse; but finding himself so injuriously upbraided with crimes which his soul abhorred, he gave a loose to his indignation and ridicule, which appear through the preface and second part of *Don Quixote*, in a variety of animadversions equally witty and severe. Indeed, the genuine continuation, which was published in the year 1615, convinced the world that no other person could compleat the plan of the original projector. It was received with universal joy and approbation; and in a very little time translated into the languages of Italy, France, England, and other countries, where, though the knight appeared to disadvantage, he was treated as a noble stranger of superlative merit and distinction.

In the year after the publication of his novels, Cervantes ushered into the world a poem called, *A Voyage to Parnassus*, dedicated to Don Rodrigo De Tapia, knight of St. Jago. This performance is an ironical satire on the Spanish poets of his time, written in imitation of Cæsar Caporali, who lashed his contemporaries of Italy under the same title; though Saavedra seems to have had also another scope, namely, to complain of the little regard that was paid to his own age and talents. Those who will not allow this piece to be an excellent poem, cannot help owning that it abounds with wit and manly satire; and that nothing could be a more keen reproach upon the taste and patronage of the times, than the dialogue that passes between him and Apollo; to whom, after having made a bold, yet just recapitulation of his own success in writing, he pathetically complains, that he was denied a seat among his brethren; and takes occasion to observe, that rewards were not bestowed according to merit, but in consequence of interest and favour.

He has, upon other occasions, made severe remarks upon the scarcity of patrons among the nobility of Spain, and even aimed the shafts of his satire at the throne itself. In his dedication of the second part of *Don Quixote*, to the Count De Lemos, he proceeds in this ironical strain: 'But no person expresses a greater desire of seeing my *Don Quixote*, than the mighty Emperor of China, who,
about

about a month ago, sent me a letter by an express, desiring, or rather beseeching me, to supply him with a copy of that performance, as he intended to build and endow a college for teaching the Spanish language from my book, and was resolved to make me rector or principal teacher. I asked if his majesty had sent me any thing towards defraying the charges; and, when he answered in the negative, "Why, then, friend," said I, "you may return to China as soon as you please: for my own part, I am not in a state of health to undertake such a long journey: besides, I am not only weak in body, but still weaker in purse; and so I am the emperor's most humble servant." In short, emperor for emperor, and monarch for monarch, to take one with the other, and set the hare's head against the goose giblets, there is the noble Count De Lemos, at Naples, who, without any rectorships, supports, protects, and favours me, to my heart's content.

This facetious paragraph certainly alludes to some unsubstantial promise he had received from the court. At the same time I cannot help observing, that his gratitude and acknowledgment to the Count De Lemos, seem to have greatly exceeded the obligation; for, at this very time, while he is extolling his generosity, he gives us to understand that his circumstances were extremely indigent.

At the very time of this dedication, the poverty of Cervantes had increased to such a degree of distress, that he was fain to sell eight plays, and as many interludes, to Juan Villaroel, because he had neither means nor credit for printing them at his own expence. These theatrical pieces, which were published at Madrid in the year 1615, though counted inferior to many productions of Lope De Vega, have nevertheless merit enough to persuade the discerning reader that they would have succeeded in the representation; but he was no favourite with the players, who have always arrogated to themselves the prerogative of judging and rejecting the productions of the drama; and, as they forebore to offer, he disdained to solicit their acceptance. The truth is, he

he considered actors as the servants of the publick, who, though entitled to a certain degree of favour and encouragement for the entertainment they afforded, ought ever to demean themselves with modesty and respect for their benefactors; and he had often professed himself an enemy to the self-sufficiency, insolence, and outrageous behaviour, of the king's company; some of whom had been guilty of the most flagrant crimes, and even committed murder with impunity.

It is sometimes in the power of the most inconsiderable wretch to mortify a character of the highest dignity. Cervantes, notwithstanding his contempt of such petty criticks, could not help feeling the petulance of a puny player, who presumed to depreciate the talents of this venerable father of the stage. 'Some years ago*,' says he, 'I had recourse again to my old amusement; and, on the supposition that the times were not altered since my name was in some estimation, I composed a few pieces for the stage; but found no birds in last year's nests: my meaning is, I could find no player who would ask for my performances, though the whole company knew they were finished; so that I threw them aside, and condemned them to perpetual silence. About this time, a certain bookseller told me he would have purchased my plays, had he not been prevented by an actor, who said, that from my prose much might be expected, but nothing from my verse. I confess, I was nor a little chagrined at hearing this declaration; and said to myself, "Either I am quite altered, or the times are greatly improved, contrary to common observation, by which the past is always preferred to the present." I revised my comedies, together with some interludes which had lain some time in a corner, and I did not think them so wretched, but that they might appeal from the muddy brain of this player, to the clearer perception of other actors less scrupulous and more judicious. Being quite out of humour, I parted with the copy to a bookseller, who offered me a tolerable price: I took his money, without giving myself any farther trouble about

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* In his preface to his plays.

the actors, and he printed them as you see. I could wish they were the best in the world; or, at least, possessed of some merit. Gentle reader, thou wilt soon see how they are, and if thou canst find any thing to thy liking, and afterwards should happen to meet with my backbiting actor, desire him, from me, to take care and mend himself; for I offend no man: as for the plays, thou mayest tell him, they contain no glaring nonsense, no palpable absurdities.'

The source of this indifference towards Cervantes, we can easily explain, by observing that Lope De Vega had, by this time, engrossed the theatre, and the favour of the publick, to such a degree as ensured success to all his performances; so that the players would not run any risk of miscarriage, in exhibiting the productions of an old neglected veteran, who had neither inclination nor ability to support his theatrical pieces by dint of interest and cabal. Far from being able to raise factions in his favour, he could hardly subsist in the most parsimonious manner, and in all probability would have actually starved, had not the charity of the Count De Lemos enabled him barely to breathe.

The last work he finished was a novel, intituled, *The Troubles of Persiles and Sigismunda*; which, however, he did not live to see in print. This child of his old age he mentions in the warmest terms of paternal affection, † preferring it to all the rest of his productions; a compliment which every author pays to the youngest offspring of his genius; for, whatever sentence the world may pronounce, every man thinks he daily improves in experience and understanding; and that, in refusing the pre-eminence to his last effort, he would fairly own the decay and degeneracy of his own talents.

We must not, however, impute the encomiums which Cervantes bestows upon his last performance to this fond partiality alone; because the book has indubitable merit; and, as he himself says, may presume to vie with the celebrated romance of *Holiodorus*, ‡ in elegance of dic-
tion,

† Preface to his novels. Dedication of the last part of *Don Quixote*.

‡ The loves of *Theagnes* and *Chariclea*.

tion, entertaining incidents, and fecundity of invention. Before this novel saw the light, our author was seized with a dropsy, which gradually conveyed him to his grave; and nothing could give a more advantageous idea of his character, than the fortitude and good humour which he appears to have maintained to the last moment of his life, overwhelmed as he was with misery, old age, and an incurable distemper.

The preface and dedication of his *Perfiles* and *Signifmunda* contain a journal of his last stage, by which we are enabled to guess at the precise time of his decease. 'Loving reader,' said he, 'as two of my friends and myself were coming from the famous town of Esquivias; famous, I say, on a thousand accounts; first, for it's illustrious families, and secondly, for it's more illustrious wines, &c. I heard somebody galloping after us, with intent, as I imagined, to join our company; and, indeed, he soon justified my conjecture, by calling out to us to ride more softly. We accordingly waited for this stranger; who riding up to us upon a she ass, appeared to be a grey student; for he was cloathed in grey, with country buskins, such as peasants wear to defend their legs in harvest-time, round-toed shoes, a sword, provided, as it happened, with a tolerable chape, a starched band, and an even number of three-thread bredes; for the truth is, he had but two; and, as his band would every now and then shift to one side, he took incredible pains to adjust it again.' "Gentlemen," said he, "you are going belike to solicit some post or pension at court: his eminence of Toledo must be there, to be sure, or the king at least, by your making such haste. In good faith I could hardly overtake you, though my ass hath been more than once applauded for a tolerable ambler." To this address one of my companions replied, "We are obliged to set on at a good rate, to keep up with that there mettlesome nag, belonging to Signior Miguel De Cervantes." "Scarce had the student heard my name, when, springing from the back of his ass, whilst his pannell felt one way, and his wallet another, he ran towards me, and taking hold of my stirrup," "Aye, aye,"

aye," cried he, "this is the sound cripple! the renowned, the merry writer; in a word, the darling of the muses!" "In order to make some return to these high compliments, I threw my arms about his neck, so as that he lost his band, by the eagerness of my embraces; and told him that he was mistaken, like many of my well wishers." "I am, indeed, Cervantes," said I; "but not the darling of the muses, or in any shape deserving of those encomiums you have bestowed: be pleased, therefore, good Signior, to remount your beast, and let us travel together like friends the rest of the way." "The courteous student took my advice; and, as we jogged on softly together, the conversation happening to turn on the subject of my illness, the stranger soon pronounced my doom, by assuring me that my distemper was a dropsy, which all the water of the ocean, although it were not salt, would never be able to quench. "Therefore, Signior Cervantes," added the student, "you must totally abstain from drink; but do not forget to eat heartily: and this regimen will effect your recovery without physick." "I have received the same advice from other people," answered I; "but I cannot help drinking, as if I had been born to do nothing else but drink. My life is drawing to a period; and, by the daily journal of my pulse, which I find will have finished it's course by next Sunday at farthest, I shall also have finished my career; so that you come in the very nick of time to be acquainted with me, though I shall have no opportunity of shewing how much I am obliged to you for your good will." "By this time we had reached the Toledo Bridge; where, finding we must part, I embraced my student once more, and he having returned the compliment with great cordiality, spurred up his beast; and left me as ill-disposed on my horse as he was ill-mounted on his ass; although my pen itched to be writing some humorous description of his equipage: but, adieu my merry friends all; for I am going to die, and I hope to meet you again in the other world, as happy as heart can wish."

After

After this adventure, which he so pleasantly relates, (nay, even in his last moments) he dictated a most affectionate dedication to his patron, the Count De Lemos, who was at that same time president of the Supreme Council in Italy. He begins facetiously with a quotation from an old ballad; then proceeds to tell his excellency, that he had received extreme unction, and was on the brink of eternity; yet he wished he could live to see the count's return, and even to finish the *Weeks of the Garden*, and the second part of *Galatea*, in which he had made some progress.

This dedication was dated April 19, 1617; and, in all probability, the author died the very next day, as the ceremony of the unction is never performed until the patient is supposed to be in extremity: certain it is, he did not long survive this period; for, in September, a licence was granted to Donna Catalina De Salazar, widow of Miguel De Cervantes Saavedra, to print the *Troubles of Persiles and Sigismunda*, a northern history; which was accordingly published at Madrid, and afterwards translated into Italian.

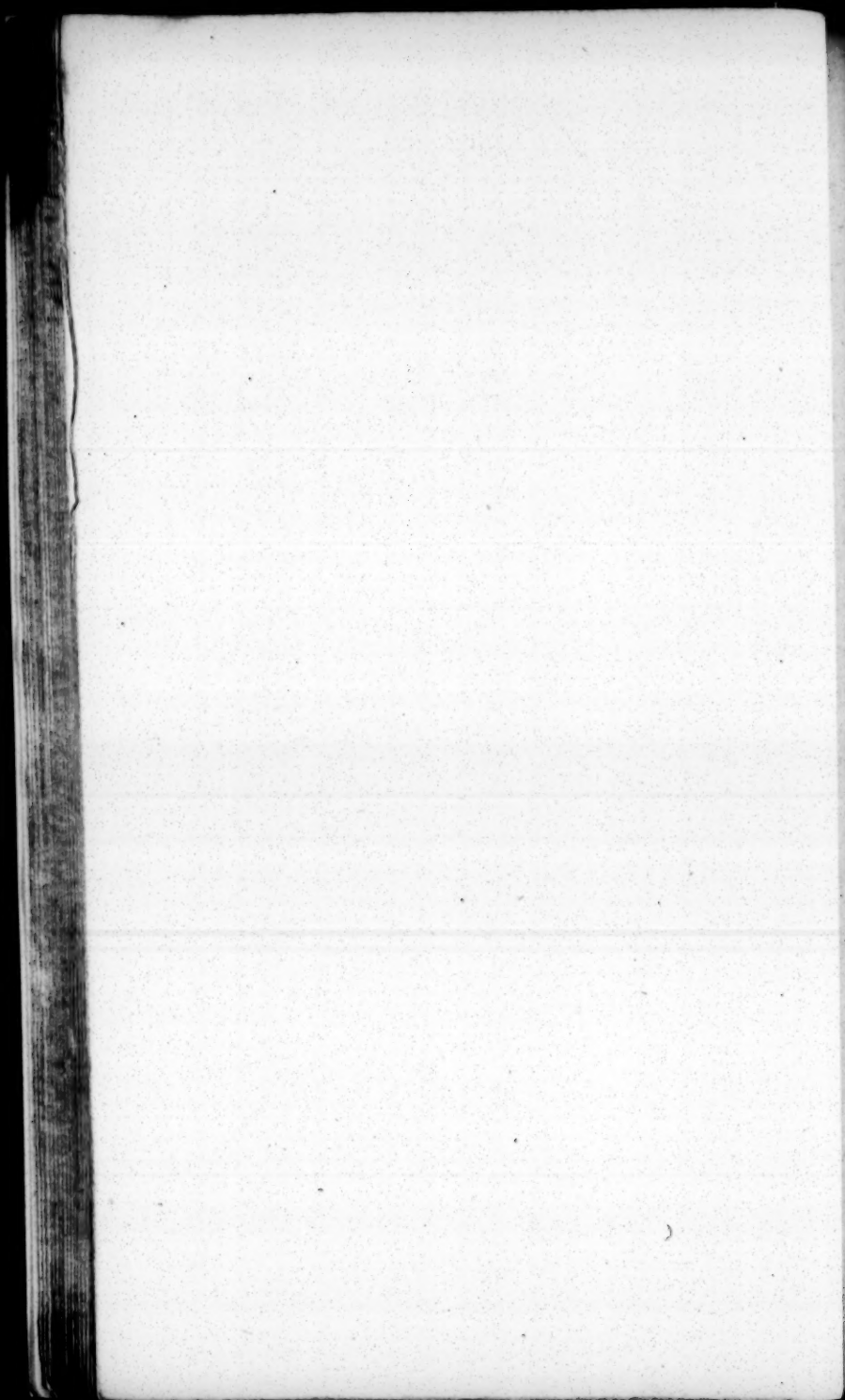
Thus have I collected and related all the material circumstances mentioned by history and tradition, concerning the life of Cervantes; which I shall conclude with the portrait of his person, drawn by his own pen, in the preface to his novels. His visage was sharp and aquiline, his hair of a chestnut colour, his forehead smooth and high, his nose hookish or hawkish, his eyes brisk and cheartful, his mouth little, his beard originally of a golden hue, his upper-lip furnished with large mustachios, his complexion fair, his stature of the middling size: and he tells us, moreover, that he was thick in the shoulders, and not very light of foot.

In a word, Cervantes, whether considered as a writer or a man, will be found worthy of universal approbation and esteem; and we cannot help applauding that fortitude and courage, which no difficulty could disturb, and no danger dismay; while we admire that delightful stream of humour and invention, which flowed so plentiful and so pure, surmounting all the mounds of malice and adversity.

THE Translator's aim, in this undertaking, was to maintain that ludicrous solemnity and self-importance by which the inimitable Cervantes has distinguished the character of Don Quixote, without raising him to the insipid rank of a dry philosopher, or debasing him to the melancholy circumstances and unentertaining caprice of an ordinary madman; and to preserve the native humour of Sancho Panza from degenerating into mere proverbial phlegm, or affected buffoonery.

He has endeavoured to retain the spirit and ideas, without servilely adhering to the literal expression of the original; from which, however, he has not so far deviated, as to destroy that formality of idiom, so peculiar to the Spaniards, and so essential to the character of the work.

The satire and propriety of many allusions, which had been lost in the change of custom and lapse of time, are restored in explanatory notes; and the whole is conducted with that care and circumspection, which ought to be exerted by every author, who, in attempting to improve upon a task already performed, subjects himself to the most invidious comparison.



PREFACE TO THE READER.

IDLE reader, without an oath thou mayest believe, that I wish this book, as the child of my understanding, were the most beautiful, sprightly, and discreet production, that ever was conceived. But it was not in my power to contravene the order of nature: in consequence of which, every creature procreates its own resemblance. What, therefore, could be engendered in my barren, ill cultivated genius, but a dry, meagre offspring, wayward, capricious, and full of whimsical notions peculiar to my own imagination, as if produced in a prison, which is the seat of inconvenience, and the habitation of every dismal sound*. Quiet solitude, pleasant fields, serene weather, purling streams, and tranquillity of mind, contribute so much to the fecundity even of the most barren genius, that it will bring forth productions so fair as to awaken the admiration and delight of mankind.

A man who is so unfortunate as to have an ugly child, destitute of every grace and favourable endowment, may be so hood-winked by paternal tenderness, that he cannot perceive his defects; but, on the contrary, looks upon every blemish as a beauty, and recounts to his friends every instance of his folly as a sample of his wit: but I, who, though seemingly the parent, am no other than the step-father of Don Quixote, will not sail with the stream of custom; nor, like some others, supplicate thee, gentle reader, with the tears in my eyes, to pardon or conceal the faults which thou mayest spy in this production. Thou art neither its father nor kinsman; hast thy own soul in thy own body, and a will as free as the finest; thou art in thine own house, of which I hold

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* This is a strong presumption that the first part of Don Quixote was actually written in a gaol.

thee as absolute master as the king of his revenue ; and thou knowest the common saying, " Under my cloak the king is a joke." These considerations free and exempt thee from all manner of restraint and obligation ; so that thou mayest fully and frankly declare thy opinion of this history, without fear of calumny for thy censure, and without hope of recompence for thy approbation.

I wished only to present thee with the performance, clean, neat, and naked, without the ornament of a preface, and unincumbered with an innumerable catalogue of such sonnets, epigrams, and commendatory verses, as are generally prefixed to the productions of the present age ; for I can assure thee, that although the composition of the book hath cost me some trouble, I have found more difficulty in writing this preface, which is now under thy inspection: divers and sundry times did I seize the pen, and as often laid it aside, for want of knowing what to say ; and during this uneasy state of suspense, while I was one day ruminating on the subject, with the paper before me, the quill behind my ear, my elbow fixed on the table, and my cheek leaning on my hand, a friend of mine, who possesses a great fund of humour and an excellent understanding, suddenly entered the apartment, and finding me in this musing posture, asked the cause of my being so contemplative. As I had no occasion to conceal the nature of my perplexity, I told him I was studying a Preface for the History of Don Quixote ; a task which I found so difficult, that I was resolved to desist, and even suppress the adventures of such a noble cavalier : for you may easily suppose how much I must be confounded at the animadversions of that ancient law-giver the vulgar, when it shall see me, after so many years that I have slept in silence and oblivion, produce, in my old age, a performance as dry as a rush, barren of invention, meagre in style, beggarly in conceit, and utterly destitute of wit and erudition ; without quotations in the margin, or annotations at the end, as we see in other books, let them
be

be never so fabulous and profane: indeed, they are generally so stuffed with apothegms from Aristotle, Plato, and the whole body of philosophers, that they excite the admiration of the readers, who look upon such authors as men of unbounded knowledge, eloquence, and erudition. When they bring a citation from the Holy Scripture, one would take them for so many Saint Thomas's, and other doctors of the church; herein observing such ingenious decorum, that in one line they will represent a frantick lover, and in the very next begin with a godly sermon, from which the Christian readers, and even the hearers, receive much comfort and edification. Now, my book must appear without all these advantages; for I can neither quote in the margin, nor note in the end: nor do I know what authors I have imitated, that I may, like the rest of my brethren, prefix them to the work in alphabetical order, beginning with Aristotle, and ending in Xenophon, Zoilus, or Zeuxis, though one was a back-biter, and the other a painter. My history must likewise be published without poems at the beginning, at least without sonnets written by dukes, marquisses, counts, bishops, ladies, and celebrated poets: although, should I make the demand, I know two or three good-natur'd friends, who would oblige me with such verses as should not be equalled by the most famous poetry in Spain.

"In a word, my good friend," said I, "Signior Don Quixote shall be buried in the archives of La Mancha, until Heaven shall provide some person to adorn him with those decorations he seems to want; for I find myself altogether unequal to the task, through insufficiency and want of learning; and because I am naturally too bashful and indolent to go in quest of authors to say what I myself can say as well without their assistance. Hence arose my thoughtfulness and meditation, which you will not wonder at, now that you have heard the cause." My friend having listened attentively to my remonstrances, slapped his forehead with the palm of his hand, and, bursting into a loud laugh, "'Fore God!

God! brother," said he, "I am now undeceived of an error, in which I have lived during the whole term of our acquaintance; for I always looked upon you as a person of prudence and discretion; but now, I see, you are as far from that character as Heaven is distant from the earth. What! is it possible that such a trifling inconvenience, so easily remedied, should have power to mortify and perplex a genius like yours, brought to such maturity, and so well calculated to demolish and surmount much greater difficulties? In good faith, this does not proceed from want of ability, but from excessive indolence, that impedes the exercise of reason. If you would be convinced of the truth of what I alledge, give me the hearing, and, in the twinkling of an eye, all your difficulties shall vanish, and a remedy be prescribed for all those defects which, you say, perplex your understanding, and deter you from ushering to the light your history of the renowned Don Quixote, the luminary and sole mirror of knight-errantry." Hearing this declaration, I desired he would tell me in what manner he proposed to fill up the vacuity of my apprehension, to diffuse light, and reduce to order the chaos of my confusion: and he replied, "Your first objection, namely, the want of sonnets, epigrams, and commendatory verses, from persons of rank and gravity, may be obviated, by your taking the trouble to compose them yourself, and then you may christen them by any name you shall think proper to chuse, fathering them upon Prestor John of the Indies, or the Emperor of Trebisond; who, I am well informed, were very famous poets: and even should this intelligence be untrue, and a few pedants and bachelors of arts should backbite and grumble at your conduct, you need not value them three farthings; for although they convict you of a lye, they cannot cut off the hand that wrote it*.

With regard to the practice of quoting in the margin, such books and authors as have furnished you with sentences and sayings for the embellishment of your history,

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* Alluding to the loss of his hand in the battle of Lepanto.

you have nothing to do, but to season the work with some Latin maxims, which your own memory will suggest, or a little industry in searching easily obtain: for example, in treating of freedom and captivity, you may say, *Non bene pro toto libertas venditur auro*; and quote Horace, or whom you please, in the margin. If the power of death happens to be your subject, you have at hand, *Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres*. And expatiating upon that love and friendship which God commands us to entertain even for our enemies, you may have recourse to the Holy Scripture, though you should have never so little curiosity, and say, in the very words of God himself, *Ego autem dico vobis, diligite inimicos vestros*. In explaining the nature of malevolence, you may again extract from the Gospel, *De corde exeunt cogitationes malæ*. And the instability of friends may be aptly illustrated by this distich of Cato, *Donec eris felix, multos numerabis amicos; tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris*. By these, and other such scraps of Latin, you may pass for an able grammarian; a character of no small honour and advantage in these days. And as to the annotations at the end of the book, you may safely furnish them in this manner: when you chance to write about giants, be sure to mention Goliah; and this name alone, which costs you nothing, will afford a grand annotation, couched in these words; "The giant Goliah, or Goliath, was a Philistine, whom the shepherd David slew with a stone from a sling, in the valley of Terebinthus, as it is written in such a chapter of the book of Kings."

If you have a mind to display your erudition and knowledge of cosmography, take an opportunity to introduce the River Tagus into your history, and this will supply you with another famous annotation, thus expressed; "The River Tagus, so called from a king of Spain, takes its rise in such a place, and is lost in the sea, after having kissed the walls of the famous city of Lisbon; and is said to have golden sands, &c." If you treat of robbers, I will relate

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the story of Cacus, which I have by rote. If of harlots, the Bishop of Mondoneda will lend you a Lamai, a Lais, and a Flora; and such a note will greatly redound to your credit. When you write of cruelty, Ovid will surrender his Medea. When you mention wizzards and inchanters, you will find a Calypso in Homer, and a Circe in Virgil. If you have occasion to speak of valiant captains, Julius Cæsar stands ready drawn in his own Commentaries; and from Plutarch you may extract a thousand Alexanders. If your theme be love, and you have but two ounces of the Tuscan tongue, you will light upon Leon Hebreo, who will fill up the measure of your desire: and if you do not chuse to travel into foreign countries, you have at home Fonseca's Treatise on the Love of God, in which all that you, or the most ingenious critick can desire, is fully decyphered and discussed. In a word, there is nothing more to be done, than to procure a number of these names, and hint at their particular stories in your text; and to leave me the task of making annotations and quotations, with which I will engage, on pain of death, to fill up all the margins, besides four whole sheets at the end of the book. Let us now proceed to the citation of authors, so frequent in other books, and so little used in your performance: the remedy is obvious and easy; take the trouble to find a book that quotes the whole tribe alphabetically, as you observed, from Alpha to Omega, and transfer them into your book; and though the absurdity should appear never so glaring, as there is no necessity for using such names, it will signify nothing. Nay, perhaps, some reader will be weak enough to believe you have actually availed yourself of all those authors, in the simple and sincere history you have composed; and, if such a large catalogue of writers should answer no other purpose, it may serve at first sight to give some authority to the production: nor will any person take the trouble to examine, whether you have or have not followed those originals, because he can reap no benefit from his labour. But, if I am not mistaken, your book needs none of those

those embellishments in which you say it is defective: for it is one continued satire upon books of chivalry; a subject which Aristotle never investigated, St. Basil never mentioned, and Cicero never explained. The punctuality of truth, and the observations of astrology, fall not within the fabulous relation of our adventures; to the description of which, neither the proportions of geometry, nor the confirmation of rhetorical arguments, are of the least importance: nor hath it any connection with preaching, or mingling divine truths with human imagination; a mixture which no Christian's fancy should conceive. It only seeks to avail itself of imitation; and the more perfect this is, the more entertaining the book will be. Now, as your sole aim in writing, is to invalidate the authority, and ridicule the absurdity, of those books of chivalry, which have, as it were, fascinated the eyes and judgment of the world, and in particular of the vulgar, you have no occasion to go a begging maxims from philosophers, exhortations from Holy Writ, fables from poets, speeches from orators, or miracles from saints; your business is, with plain, significant, well chosen, and elegant words, to render your periods sonorous, and your stile entertaining; to give spirit and expression to all your descriptions, and communicate your ideas without obscurity and confusion. You must endeavour to write in such a manner as to convert melancholy into mirth, increase good humour, entertain the ignorant, excite the admiration of the learned, escape the contempt of gravity, and attract applause from persons of ingenuity and taste. Finally, let your aim be levelled against that ill-founded bulwark of idle books of chivalry, abhorred by many, but applauded by more; which if you can batter down, you will have atchieved no inconsiderable exploit."

I listened to my friend's advice in profound silence, and his remarks made such impression upon my mind, that I admitted them without hesitation or dispute, and resolved that they should appear instead of a Preface. Thou wilt therefore, gentle reader, perceive his discretion, and my good luck in finding such a counsellor in such an

emergency; nor wilt thou be sorry to receive, thus genuine and undisguised, the History of the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha, who, in the opinion of all the people that live in the district of Montiel, was the most virtuous and valiant knight who had appeared for many years in that neighbourhood. I shall not pretend to enhance the merit of having introduced thee to such a famous and honourable cavalier; but I expect thanks for having made thee acquainted with Sancho Panza, in whom I think are united all the squirish graces which we find scattered through the whole tribe of vain books written on the subject of chivalry. So, praying God will give thee health, without forgetting such an humble creature as me, I bid thee heartily farewell.



THE
ATCHIEVEMENTS
OF THE SAGE AND VALIANT
DON QUIXOTE.

PART I. BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

*Of the Quality and Amusements of the renowned
Don Quixote de La Mancha.*

IN a certain corner of La Mancha, the name of which I do not chuse to remember, there lately lived one of those country gentlemen, who adorn their halls with a rusty lance and a worm-eaten target, and ride forth on the skeleton of a horse, to courie with a sort of a starved greyhound.

Three-fourths of his income were scarce sufficient to afford a dish of hodge-podge, in which the mutton bore no proportion to the beef*, for dinner; a plate of salmagundy, commonly at supper†; gripes and grumbings on Saturdays‡, lentils on Fridays, and the addition

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* Mutton in Spai. is counted greatly preferable to beef.

† *Salpicon*, which is the word in the original, is no other than cold beef sliced, and eaten with oil, vinegar, and pepper.

‡ Gripes and grumbings, in Spanish *duelos y quebrantos*; the true meaning of which the former translators have been at great pains to investigate, as the importance of the subject (no doubt) required. But their labours have, unhappily, ended in nothing else but conjectures, which, for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, we beg leave to repeat. One interprets the phrase into collops and eggs; 'Being,' saith he, 'a very sorry dish.' In this decision, however, he is contradicted by another commentator, who affirms, 'It is a mess too good to mortify withal:' neither can this virtuoso agree with a late editor, who translates the
passage

dition of a pigeon, or some such thing, on the Lord's day. The remaining part of his revenue was consumed in the purchase of a fine black suit, with velvet breeches, and slippers of the same, for holidays; and a coat of home spun, which he wore in honour of his country during the rest of the week.

He maintained a female housekeeper turned of forty a niece of about half that age, and a trusty young fellow, fit for field and market, who could turn his hand to any thing, either to saddle the horse or handle the hough*.

Our squire, who bordered upon fifty, was of a tough constitution, extremely meagre and hard featured, an early riser, and, in point of exercise, another Nimrod†. He is said to have gone by the name of Quixada, or Quesada, (for in this particular the authors who mention that circumstance disagree;) though, from the most probable conjectures, we may conclude that he was called by the significant name of Quixada‡; but this is of small importance to the history, in the course of which it will be sufficient if we swerve not a tittle from the truth.

* *Podadera* literally signifies a pruning-hook.

† In the original, a lover of hunting.

‡ *Quixada* signifies jaws, of which our knight had an extraordinary provision.

passage in question into an amlet; but takes occasion to fall out with Boyer for his description of that dish, which he most sagaciously understands to be a 'bacon froize,' or 'rather fryze, from it's being fried, from *frit* in French;' and concludes with this judicious query; 'After all these learned disquisitions, who knows but the author means a dish of nichils?' If this was his meaning, indeed, surely we may venture to conclude, that fasting was very expensive in La Mancha; for the author mentions the *duelos y quebrantos* among those articles that consumed three-fourths of the knight's income.

Having considered this momentous affair with all the deliberation it deserves, we, in our turn, present the reader with

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NOVELS



DON QUIXOTE,
meditating his exploits in Chivalry.
Vide Book I. Chap. I. Page 8.

Richardson del.

Printed by C. Dobson

July 2 1798

C. Warren sculp.

Be it known, therefore, that this said honest gentleman, at his leisure hours, which engrossed the greatest part of the year, addicted himself to the reading of books of chivalry, which he perused with such rapture and application, that he not only forgot the pleasures of the chase, but also utterly neglected the management of his estate: nay, to such a pass did his curiosity and madness in this particular drive him, that he sold many good acres of Terra Firma, to purchase books of knight-errantry, with which he furnished his library to the utmost of his power; but none of them pleased him so much as those that were written by the famous Feliciano De Silva, whom he admired as the pearl of all authors, for the brilliancy of his prose, and the beautiful perplexity of his expression. How was he transported, when he read those amorous complaints, and doughty challenges, that so often occur in his works!

‘The reason of the unreasonable usage my reason has met with, so unreasons my reason, that I have reason to complain of your beauty!’ And how did he enjoy the following flower of composition! ‘The high heaven of your divinity, which with stars divinely fortifies your beauty, and renders you meritorious of that merit, which by your highness is merited.’

The poor gentleman lost his senses in poring over, and attempting to discover the meaning of these and other such rhapsodies, which Aristotle himself would not be able to unravel, were he to rise from the dead for that purpose only. He could not comprehend the probability of those direful wounds, given and received

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by

with cucumbers, greens, or pease-porridge, as the fruit of our industrious researches; being thereunto determined by the literal signification of the text, which is not ‘grumbings and groanings,’ as the last-mentioned ingenious annotator seems to think, but rather pains and breakings; and evidently points at such eatables as generate and expel wind; qualities (as every body knows) eminently inherent in those vegetables we have mentioned as our hero’s Saturday’s repast.

by Don Bellianis, whose face and whose carcase must have remained quite covered with marks and scars, even allowing him to have been cured by the most expert surgeons of the age in which he lived.

He, notwithstanding, bestowed great commendations on the author, who concludes his book with the promise of finishing that interminable adventure; and was more than once inclined to seize the quill, with a view of performing what was left undone: nay, he would have actually accomplished the affair, and published it accordingly, had not reflections of greater moment employed his imagination, and diverted him from the execution of that design.

Divers and obstinate were the disputes he maintained against the parson of the parish, (a man of some learning, who had taken his degrees at Sigüenza*,) on that puzzling question, whether Palmerin of England, or Amadis De Gaul, was the most illustrious knight-errant: but master Nicholas, who acted as barber to the village, affirmed, that none of them equalled the knight of the sun, or indeed could be compared to him in any degree, except Don Galaor, brother of Amadis De Gaul; for his disposition was adapted to all emergencies; he was neither such a precise, nor such a puling coxcomb, as his brother; and in point of valour, his equal at least.

So eager and entangled was our hidalgo† in this kind of history, that he would often read from morning to night, and from night to morning again, without interruption; till at last the moisture of his brain being quite exhausted with indefatigable watching and study, he fairly lost his wits; all that he read of quarrels, enchantments, battles, challenges, wounds, tortures, amorous complaints, and other improbable conceits, took full

* Sigüenza, a town situated on the banks of the Henares, in New Castile, in which there is a small university.

† Hidalgo has much the same application in Spain as squire in England; though it literally signifies the son of something, in contradistinction to those who are the sons of nothing.

possession of his fancy; and he believed all those romantick exploits so implicitly, that, in his own opinion, the Holy Scripture was not more true. He observed that Cid Ruydias was an excellent knight; but not equal to the lord of the flaming sword, who with one back-stroke had cut two fierce and monstrous giants through the middle. He had still a better opinion of Bernardo Del Carpio; who, at the battle of Roncevalles, put the enchanted Orlando to death*, by the same means that Hercules used when he strangled the earth-born Anteus. Neither was he silent in the praise of Morgante; who, though of that gigantick race which is noted for insolence and incivility, was perfectly affable and well bred. But his chief favourite was Reynaldo of Montalban, whom he hugely admired for his prowess, in sallying from his castle to rob travellers; and, above all things, for his dexterity in stealing that idol of the impostor Mahomet, which, according to the history, was of solid gold. For an opportunity of pummelling the traitor Galalon†, he would willingly have given his house-keeper, body and soul; nay, and his niece into the bargain. In short, his understanding being quite perverted, he was seized with the strangest whim that ever entered the brain of a madman: this was no other than a full persuasion, that it was highly expedient and necessary, not only for his own honour, but also for the good of the publick, that he should profess knight-errantry, and ride through the world in arms, to seek adventures, and conform in all points to the practice of those itinerant heroes whose exploits he had read; redressing all manner of grievances, and courting all occasions of exposing

* Orlando, the supposed nephew of Charlemagne, and poetical hero of Boiardo and Ariosto, is said to have been invulnerable in all parts of his body, except the soles of his feet, which he therefore took care to secure with double plates of armour.

† Galalon is said to have betrayed Charlemagne's army at Roncevalles, where it was roughly handled by the Moors, in his retreat from Spain.

exposing himself to such dangers, as in the event would entitle him to everlasting renown. This poor lunatick looked upon himself already as good as seated, by his own single valour, on the throne of Trebifond; and, intoxicated with these agreeable vapours of his unaccountable folly, resolved to put his design in practice forthwith.

In the first place he cleaned an old suit of armour, which had belonged to some of his ancestors, and which he found in his garret, where it had lain for several ages, quite covered over with mouldiness and rust; but having scowered and put it to rights, as well as he could, he perceived, that instead of a compleat helmet, there was only a simple head-piece without a beaver. This unlucky defect, however, his industry supplied by a vizor, which he made of paste-board, and fixed so artificially to the morrion, that it looked like an entire helmet. True it is, that in order to try if it was strong enough to risk his jaws in, he unsheathed his sword, and bestowed upon it two hearty strokes, the first of which in a twinkling undid his whole week's labour. He did not at all approve of the facility with which he hewed it in pieces; and therefore, to secure himself from any such danger for the future, went to work anew. He faced it with a plate of iron, in such a manner as that he remained satisfied of it's strength without putting it to a second trial, and looked upon it as a most finished piece of armour.

He next visited his horse, which (though he had more corners than a rial*, being as lean as Ganela's, that *tantum pellis et ossa fuit*) nevertheless, in his eye, appeared infinitely preferable to Alexander's Bucephalus, or the Cid's Babieca. Four days he consumed in inventing a name for this remarkable steed; suggesting to himself what an impropriety it would be if an horse of his qualities, belonging to such a renowned knight, should

* This is a joke upon the knight's steed, which was so meagre, that his bones stuck out like the corners of a Spanish rial, a coin of very irregular shape, not unlike the figure in geometry called a trapezium.

should go without some founding and significant appellation: he therefore resolved to accommodate him with one that should not only declare his past, but also his present capacity; for he thought it but reasonable, that since his master had altered his condition, he should also change his horse's name, and invest him with some sublime and sonorous epithet, suitable to the new order and employment he professed. Accordingly, after having chosen, rejected, amended, tortured, and revolved, a world of names in his imagination, he fixed upon Rozinante*, an appellation, in his opinion, lofty, sonorous, and expressive, not only of his former, but likewise of his present situation, which entitled him to the preference over all other horses under the sun. Having thus denominated his horse, so much to his own satisfaction, he was desirous of doing himself the like justice; and, after eight days study, actually assumed the title of Don Quixote: from whence, as hath been observed, the authors of this authentic history concluded, that his former name must have been Quixada, or Quésada, as others are pleased to affirm. But recollecting that the valiant Amadis, not satisfied with that simple appellation, added to it that of his country, and, in order to dignify the place of his nativity, called himself Amadis De Gaul, he resolved, like a worthy knight, to follow such an illustrious example, and assume the name of Don Quixote de La Mancha; which, in his opinion, fully expressed his generation, and at the same time reflected infinite honour on his fortunate country.

Accordingly, his armour being scowered, his beaver fitted to his head-piece, his steed accommodated with a name, and his own dignified with these additions, he reflected, that nothing else was wanting but a lady to inspire him with love; for a knight-errant without a mistress, would be like a tree destitute of leaves and fruit,

* Rozinante implies that which was formerly an ordinary horse, though the *ante* seems to have been intended by the knight as a badge of distinction, by which he was ranked before all other horses.

fruit, or a body without a soul. "If," said he, "for my sins, or rather for my honour, I should engage with some giant, an adventure common in knight errantry, and overthrow him in the field, by cleaving him in twain, or, in short, disarm and subdue him; will it not be highly proper that I should have a mistress, to whom I may send my conquered foe; who, coming into the presence of the charming fair, will fall upon his knees, and say, in an humble and submissive tone, "Incomparable princess, I am the giant Carculiambro, lord of the island Malindrania, who being vanquished in single combat by the invincible knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, am commanded by him to present myself before your beauty, that I may be disposed of, according to the pleasure of your highness?" How did the heart of our worthy knight dance with joy when he uttered this address; and still more, when he found a lady worthy of his affection! This, they say, was an hale, buxom country wench, called Aldonza Lorenzo, who lived in the neighbourhood, and with whom he had formerly been in love; though, by all accounts, she never knew, nor gave herself the least concern about the matter. Her he looked upon as one qualified, in all respects, to be the queen of his inclinations; and putting his invention again to the rack for a name that should bear some affinity with her own, and at the same time become a princess or lady of quality, he determined to call her Dulcinea del Toboso, she being a native of that place; a name, in his opinion, musical, romantick, and expressive, like the rest which he had appropriated to himself and his concerns.

CHAPTER II.

Of the sage Don Quixote's first Sally from his own Habitation.

THESE preparations being made, he could no longer resist the desire of executing his design; reflecting with impatience on the injury his delay occasioned in the world, where there was abundance of grievances to be redressed,

redressed, wrongs to be rectified, errors to be amended, abuses to be reformed, and doubts to be removed; he therefore, without communicating his intention to any body, or being seen by a living soul, one morning before day, in the scorching month of July, put on his armour, mounted Rozinante, buckled his ill-contrived helmet, braced his target, seized his lance, and through the back door of his yard sallied into the fields in a rapture of joy, occasioned by this easy and successful beginning of his admirable undertaking: but scarce was he clear of the village, when he was assaulted by such a terrible objection, as had well-nigh induced our hero to abandon his enterprize directly; for he recollected that he had never been knighted; and, therefore, according to the laws of chivalry, he neither could or ought to enter the lists with any antagonists of that degree; nay, even granting he had received that mark of distinction, it was his duty to wear white armour, like a new knight, without any device on his shield, until such time as his valour should entitle him to that honour.*

These cogitations made him waver a little in his plan; but his madness prevailing over every other consideration, suggested that he might be dubbed by the first person he should meet, after the example of many others who had fallen upon the same expedient; as he had read in those mischievous books which had disordered his imagination.† With respect to the white armour, he proposed, with the first opportunity, to scower his own, until it should be fairer than ermine: and having satisfied his conscience in this manner, he pursued his design, without following any other road than that which his horse

* According to the ancient rules of chivalry, no man was entitled to the rank and degree of knighthood, until he had been in actual battle, and taken a prisoner with his own hand.

† It was common for one knight to dub another. Francis I. King of France, was knighted, at his own desire, by the Chevalier Bayard, who was looked upon as the flower of chivalry.

horse was pleased to chuse; being persuaded that, in so doing, he manifested the true spirit of adventure. Thus proceeded our flaming adventurer, while he uttered the following soliloquy.

‘ Doubtless, in future ages, when the true history of my famed exploits shall come to light, the sage author, when he recounts my first and early folly, will express himself in this manner: “ Scarce had ruddy Phœbus, o’er this wide and spacious earth, displayed the golden threads of his refulgent hair; and scarce the little painted warblers with their forked tongues, in soft, mellifluous harmony, had hailed the approach of rosy winged Aurora, who, stealing from her jealous husband’s couch, through the balconies and aerial gates of Mancha’s bright horizon, stood confessed to wondering mortals; when lo! the illustrious knight Don Quixote de La Mancha, up-springing from the lazy down, bestrode famed Rozinante, his unrivalled steed! and through Monteil’s ancient, well-known field,” which was really the case, “ pursued his way.” Then he added, ‘ O fortunate age! O happy times! in which shall be made publick my incomparable achievements, worthy to be engraved in brass, on marble sculptured, and in painting shewn, as great examples to futurity! And O! thou sage enchanter, whosoever thou may’st be, doomed to record the wondrous story, forget not, I beseech thee, my trusty Rozinante, the firm companion of my various fate!’ Then making a sudden transition, he exclaimed, as if he had been actually in love, ‘ O Dulcinea, sovereign princess of this captive heart, what dire affliction hast thou made me suffer, thus banished from thy presence with reproach, and fettered by thy rigorous command, not to appear again before thy beautiful face! Deign, princess, to remember this thy faithful slave, who now endures such misery for love of thee!’ These, and other such rhapsodies, he strung together; imitating, as much as in him lay, the style of those ridiculous books which he had read; and jogging along, in spite of the sun, which beamed upon him so intensely

Not, that surely his brains, if any had remained, would have been fried in his skull: that whole day did he travel without encountering any thing worth mentioning; a circumstance that grieved him sorely, for he had expected to find some object on which he could try the prowess of his valiant arm*.

Some authors say, his first adventure was that of the pass of Lapice; but others affirm, that the windmills had the maidenhead of his valour: all that I can aver of the matter, in consequence of what I found recorded in the annals of La Mancha, is, that having travelled the whole day, his horse and he, about twilight, found themselves excessively wearied, and half dead with hunger; and that looking around for some castle or sheep-cote, in which he might allay the cravings of nature, by repose and refreshment, he descried, not far from the road, an inn, which he looked upon as the star that would guide him to the porch, if not the palace, of his redemption: in this hope, he put spurs to his horse, and just in the twilight reached the gate, where at that time there happened to be two ladies of the game; who, being on their journey to Seville, with the carriers, had chanced to take up their night's lodging in this place.

As our hero's imagination converted whatsoever he saw, heard, or considered, into something of which he had read in books of chivalry, he no sooner perceived the inn, than his fancy represented it as a stately castle, with its four towers and pinnacles of shining silver, accommodated with a draw-bridge, deep moat, and all other conveniencies that are described as belonging to buildings of that kind.

When he was within a small distance of this inn, which to him seemed a castle, he drew bridle, and stopped Rozinante, in hope that some dwarf would appear

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* He might have imitated the young knight described in Perce Forest, who having been dubbed by King Alexander, rode into a wood, and attacked the trees with such fury and address, that the king and his whole court were convinced of his prowess and dexterity.

upon the battlements, and signify his arrival by sound of trumpet: but as this ceremony was not performed so soon as he expected, and his steed expressed great eagerness to be in the stable, he rode up to the gate, and observing the battered wenches before mentioned, mistook them for two beautiful maidens, or agreeable ladies, enjoying the cool breeze at the cattle gate. At that instant, a swine-herd, who, in a field hard by, was tending a drove of hogs, (with leave be it spoken) chanced to blow his horn, in order to collect his scattered subjects: immediately the knight's expectation was fulfilled, and concluding that now the dwarf had given the signal of his approach, he rode towards the inn with infinite satisfaction. The ladies no sooner perceived such a strange figure, armed with lance and target, than they were seized with consternation, and ran affrighted to the gate; but Don Quixote, guessing their terror by their flight, lifted up his paste-board vizor, and discovering his meagre, lanthorn-jaws besmeared with dust, addressed them thus with gentle voice and courteous demeanor: 'Fly me not, ladies; nor dread the least affront; for it belongs not to the order of knighthood, which I profess, to injure any mortal, much less such high-born damiels as your appearance declares you to be.'

The wenches, who stared at him with all their curiosity, in order to discover his face, which the sorry beaver concealed, hearing themselves stiled **HIGH-BORN DAMSELS**, an epithet so foreign to their profession, could contain themselves no longer, but burst out into such a fit of laughter, that Don Quixote, being offended, rebuked them in these words: 'Nothing is more commendable in beautiful women than modesty; and nothing more ridiculous than laughter proceeding from a slight cause; but this I mention not as a reproach, by which I may incur your indignation; on the contrary, my intention is only to do you service.'

This address, which was wholly unintelligible to the ladies, together with the ludicrous appearance of him who pronounced it, increased their mirth; which kindled

the knight's anger, and he began to wax wroth; when luckily the landlord interposed. This inn-keeper, who, by reason of his unwieldy belly, was of a pacific disposition, no sooner beheld the preposterous figure of our hero, equipped with such ill-suited accoutrements as his bridle, lance, target, and corslet composed, than he was seized with an inclination to join the nymphs in their unreasonable merriment; but being justly afraid of incensing the owner of such unaccountable furniture, he resolved to behave civilly, and accordingly accosted him in these words: 'Sir knight, if your worship wants lodging, you may be accommodated in this inn with every thing in great abundance, except a bed; for at present we have not one unengaged.' Don Quixote perceiving the humility of the governor of the castle, for such he supposed the landlord to be, answered, 'For me, Signior Castellano, any thing will suffice; my dress is armour, battles my repose, &c.' Mine host imagining that he called him Castellano* because he looked like a hypocritical rogue, though, indeed, he was an Andalusian, born on the coast of St. Lucar, as great a thief as Cacus, and more mischievous than a collegian or a page, replied with a sneer, 'If that be the case, I suppose your worship's couch is no other than the flinty rock, and your sleep perpetual waking; so that you may alight with the comfortable assurance, that you will find, in this mansion, continual opportunities of defying sleep, not only for one night, but for a whole year, if you please to try the experiment.' With these words, he laid hold of the stirrup of Don Quixote; who, dismounting with infinite pain and difficulty, occasioned by his having travelled all day long without any refreshment, bade the landlord take special care of his steed; for, he observed, a better piece of horse flesh had never broke bread.

The innkeeper, though with all his penetration he could not discern any qualities in Rozinante sufficient to justify one half of what was said in his praise, led him

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* *Sana de Castilla* signifies a crafty knave.

civilly into the stable; and having done the honours of the place, returned to receive the commands of his other guest, whom he found in the hands of the high-born damsels; who having by this time reconciled themselves to him, were busied in taking off his armour: they had already disincumbered him of his back and breast-plates, but could fall upon no method of disengaging his head and neck from his ill-contrived helmet and gorget, which were fast tied with green ribbands, the Gordian knots of which no human hands could loose, and he would by no means allow them to be cut; so that he remained all night armed from the throat upwards, and afforded as odd and comical a spectacle as ever was seen †. While these kind harridans, whom he supposed to be the constable's lady and daughter, were employed in this hospitable office, he said to them with a smile of inconceivable pleasure, 'Never was knight so honoured by the service of ladies as Don Quixote, when he first ushered himself into the world; ladies ministered unto him, and princesses took charge of his Rozinante. O Rozinante! (for that, fair ladies, is the name of my steed, and Don Quixote de la Mancha the appellation of his master;) not that I intended to have disclosed myself until the deeds atchieved in your service should have made me known; but, in order to accommodate my present situation to that venerable romance of Sir Lancelot, I am obliged to discover my name a little prematurely; yet the time will come, when your highnesses shall command, and I will obey, and the valour of this arm testify the desire I feel of being your slave.'

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† This circumstance of the ladies disarming the knight, is exactly conformable to the practice of chivalry; though his refusing to lay aside his helmet is no great argument of his courtesy or attachment to the laws and customs of his profession; for, among knights, it was looked upon as an indispensable mark of respect, to appear without the helmet in church, and in presence of ladies, or respectable personages; and, indeed, in those iron times, this was considered as a necessary mark and proof of peaceable intention: hence we derive the custom of uncovering the head in salutation.

The charmers, whom nature never desired to expose to such extraordinary compliments, answered not a syllable, but asked if he chose to have any thing for supper. To which kind question Don Quixote replied, that from the information of his bowels, he belived nothing eatable could come amiss. As it was unluckily a meagre day, the inn afforded no other fare than some bundles of that fish which is called *abadexo* in Castile, *baccalao* in Andalusia, *curadillo* in some parts of Spain, and *truchuela* in others; so that they inquired if his worship could eat *truchuela*; for there was no other fish to be had. 'A number of troutlings,' answered the knight, 'will please me as much as one trout; for, in my opinion, eight single rials are equivalent to one piece of eight; besides, those troutlings may be as much preferable to trouts, as veal is to beef, or lamb to mutton *; be that as it will, let the fish be immediately produced; for the toil and burden of arms are not to be borne without satisfying the cravings of the stomach.' A table being therefore covered at the inn-door, for the benefit of the cool air, mine host brought out a cut of *baccalao*, wretchedly watered, and villainously cooked, with a loaf as black and greasy as his guest's own armour: but his manner of eating afforded infinite subject for mirth; for, his head being inclosed in his helmet, and the beaver lifted up, his own hands could be of no service in reaching the food to his mouth; and therefore one of the ladies undertook to perform that office: but they found it impossible to convey drink in the same manner; and our hero must have made an uncomfortable meal, if the landlord had not bored a cane, and putting one end of it in his mouth, poured some wine into the other; an operation he endured with patience, rather than suffer the ribbands of his helmet to be destroyed.

While they were thus employed, a sow-gelder happened to arrive at the inn, and winding three or four blasts with his horn, confirmed Don Quixote in his opinion, that he sat in some stately castle, entertained with

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musick

* In the original, or kid to he-goat.

musick during his repast, which consisted of delicate troutling and bread of the finest flour, was served up, not by a brace of harlots and a thievish innkeeper, but by the fair hands of two beautiful ladies, and the courteous governor of the place. This conceit justified his undertaking, and rendered him very happy in the success of his first sally: but he was mortified when he recollected that he was not as yet knighted; because he thought he could not lawfully atchieve any adventure without having been first invested with that honourable order.

CHAPTER III.

The diverting Expedient Don Quixote falls upon in order to be Knighted.

HARASSED by this reflection, he abridged his sorry meal, and called for the landlord; with whom having shut himself up in the stable, he fell upon his knees, and addressed the supposed constable in these words:— ‘Never will I rise from this suppliant posture, thrice valiant knight, until your courtesy shall grant the boon I mean to beg; a boon that will not only redound to your particular praise, but also to the inestimable benefit of mankind in general!†.’ The innkeeper, hearing such discourse proceed from the mouth of his guest, who kneeled before him, was astonished, and gazed at our hero, without knowing what to say or do: at length, however, he intreated him to rise; but this request was absolutely refused, until he assured him that his boon should be granted. ‘Signior,’ said Don Quixote, ‘I could expect no less from the courtesy of your magnificence; I will now therefore tell you, that the boon which I have begged, and obtained from your generosity, is, that you will, to-morrow morning, vouchsafe to confer upon me the honour of knighthood. This night will

† This request was a little premature, inasmuch as the practice of chivalry did not authorize the suppliant to ask a boon of his godfather until he was dubbed, and then he had a right to demand it.

will I watch my arms in the chapel of your castle; that the morning, as I said, may fulfil my eager desire, and enable me, as I ought, to traverse the four corners of the world, in search of adventures for the relief of the distressed, according to the duty and office of chivalry, and of those knights-errant, in imitation of whom my genius is strongly addicted to such achievements.'

The landlord, who, as we have already observed, was a sort of a wag, and had, from the beginning, suspected that his lodger's brain was none of the soundest, having heard him to an end, no longer entertained any doubts about the matter; and, in order to regale himself and the rest of his guests with a dish of mirth, resolved to humour him in his extravagance. With this view, he told him, that nothing could be more just and reasonable than his request, his conceptions being extremely well-suited, and natural to such a peerless knight as his commanding presence and gallant demeanour demonstrated him to be; that he himself had, in his youth, exercised the honourable profession of errantry, strolling from place to place in quest of adventures, in the course of which he did not fail to visit the suburbs of Malaga, the isles of Riaran, the booths of Seville, the market-place of Segovia, the olive gardens of Valencia, the little tower of Grenada, the bay of St. Lucar, the spout of Cordova*, the public-houses of Toledo, and many other places, in which he had exercised the dexterity of his hands as well as the lightness of his heels, doing infinite mischief; courting widows without number, debauching damsels, ruining heirs, and, in short, making himself known at the bar of every tribunal in Spain: that, at length, he had retired to the castle, where he lived on his own means, together with those of other people; accommodating knights-errant of every quality and degree, solely on account of the affection he bore to them, and to the coin which they parted with in return for his hospitality.

* Literally, the colt of Cordova, because the water gushes out of a fountain resembling an horse's mouth. These are places of resort frequented by thieves and sharpers.

hospitality. He, moreover, informed him, that there was no chapel in the castle at present, where he could watch his armour, it having been demolished in order to be rebuilt; but that, in case of necessity, as he very well knew, he might chuse any other place; that the court-yard of the castle would very well serve the purpose; where, when the knight should have watched all night, he, the host, would in the morning, with God's permission, perform all the other ceremonies required, and create him not only a knight, but such a one as should not have his fellow in the whole universe.

He then asked, if he carried any money about with him: and the knight replied that he had not a sou; for he had never read in the history of knights-errant, that they had ever troubled themselves with any such incumbrance. The innkeeper assured him, that he was very much mistaken; for that though no such circumstance was to be found in those histories, the authors having thought it superfluous to mention things that were so plainly necessary as money and clean shirts, it was not to be supposed that their heroes travelled without supplies of both: he might, therefore, take it for granted and uncontrovertible, that all those knights, whose actions are so voluminously recorded, never rode without their purses well lined in cases of emergency †; not forgetting to carry a stock of linen, with a small box of ointment to cure the wounds they might receive in the course of their adventures; for it was not to be imagined, that any other relief was to be had every time they should have occasion to fight, and be wounded in fields and desarts; unless they were befriended by some sage enchanter;

† Here the landlord was more selfish than observant of the customs of chivalry; for knights were actually exempted from all expence whatever; except when damages were awarded against them in a court of justice; and in that case they paid for their rank. This they looked upon as a mark of their pre-eminence; in consequence of which, at the siege of Don le Roy, in the year 1411, each knight was ordered to carry eight fascines, while the squire was quit for half the number.

enchanter, who would assist them, by transporting through the air, in a cloud, some damsel, or dwarf, with a cordial of such virtue, that one drop of it would instantly cure them of their bruises and wounds, and make them as sound as if no such mischance had happened: but the knights of former ages, who had no such assistance to depend upon, laid it down as a constant maxim, to order their squires to provide themselves with money and other necessaries, such as ointment and lint for immediate application: and when the knight happened to be without a squire, which was very seldom the case, he himself kept them in very small bags, that hung scarce perceptible, at his horse's rump, as if it were a treasure of much greater importance. Though, indeed, except upon such an occasion, that of carrying bags was not much for the honour of knight-errantry; for which reason, he advised Don Quixote, and now that he was on the brink of being his godson, he might command him, never thenceforward to travel without money, and those other indispensable necessaries, with which he should provide himself as soon as possible; and then he would, when he least thought of it, find his account in having made such provision.

The knight promised to follow his advice with all deference and punctuality; and thereupon received orders to watch his armour in a large court on one side of the inn; where having gathered the several pieces on a heap, he placed them in a cistern that belonged to the well; then bracing on his target, and grasping his lance, he walked with courteous demeanour backward and forward before the cistern; beginning this knightly exercise as soon as it was dark *. The roguish landlord having informed every

* This custom of watching armour in church or chapel, was a religious duty imposed upon knights, who used to consume the whole night in prayer to some saint, whom they chose as their patron; and this exercise of devotion was performed on the night preceding the said saint's day. The same ceremony was observed by those who were sentenced to the combat-proof.

every lodger in his house of our hero's frenzy, the watching of his armour, and his expectation of being dubbed a knight, they were astonished at such a peculiar strain of madness, and going out to observe him at a distance, beheld him with silent gesture sometimes stalking along, sometimes leaning on his spear, with his eyes fixed upon his armour, for a considerable space of time. Though it was now night, the moon shone with such splendour, as might even vie with the source from which she derived her brightness; so that every motion of our novice was distinctly perceived by all present. At this instant, a carrier, who lodged in the inn, took it in his head to water his mules; and it being necessary for this purpose to clear the cistern, he went to lift off Don Quixote's armour; when a loud voice accosted him in these words: 'O thou! whosoever thou art, bold and insolent knight! who presumest to touch the armour of the most valiant errant that ever girded himself with cold iron, consider what thou art about to attempt, and touch it not, unless thou art desirous of yielding thy life as the price of thy temerity.'

The carrier, far from regarding these threats, which, had he regarded his own carcase, he would not have despised, laid hold on the sacred deposit, and threw it piecemeal into the yard with all his might. Don Quixote no sooner beheld this profanation, than lifting up his eyes to Heaven, and addressing himself, in all likelihood, to his mistress Dulcinea, he said, 'Grant me thy assistance, dear lady of my heart! in this insult offered to thy lowly vassal, and let me not be deprived of thy favourable protection in this my last perilous atchievement.' Having uttered this and some other ejaculation, he quitted his target, and raising his lance with both hands, bestowed it with such good-will upon the carrier's head, that he fell prostrate on the ground, so effectually mauled, that had the blow been repeated, there would have been no occasion to call a surgeon. This exploit being performed, he replaced his armour, and returned to his walk, which he continued with his former composure.

It was not long before another carrier, not knowing what had happened to his companion, who still lay without sense or motion, arrived, with the same intention of watering his mules, and went straight up to the cistern, in order to remove the armour; when Don Quixote, without speaking a syllable, or asking leave of any living soul, once more quitted his target, and lifting up his lance, made another experiment of its hardnels upon the pate of the second carrier, which failed in the application, giving way in four different places. At the noise of this encounter, every body in the house, inn-keeper, and all, came running to the field; at sight of whom Don Quixote, snatching up his target, and drawing his sword, pronounced aloud, 'O lady, of transcendant beauty! the force and vigour of my enfeebled heart; now, if ever, is the time for thee to turn thy princely eyes on this thy caſtiff knight, who is on the eve of so mighty an adventure.' So saying he seemed to have acquired such courage, that had he been assaulted by all the carriers in the universe, he would not have retreated one step.

The companions of the wounded, seeing how their friends had been handled, began at a distance to discharge a shower of stones upon the knight; who, as well as he could, sheltered himself under his shield, not daring to leave the cistern, lest some mischance should happen to his armour. The inkeeper called aloud, entreating them to leave off; for, as he had told them before, the man being mad, would be acquitted on account of his lunacy, even though he should put every soul of them to death. At the same time, Don Quixote, in a voice louder still, upbraided them as cowardly traitors, and called the constable of the castle a worthless and base-born knight, for allowing his guest to be treated in such an inhospitable manner; swearing that if he had received the honour of knighthood, he would make him repent his discourteous behaviour. 'But as for you,' said he, 'ye vile, ill-mannered scum, ye are beneath my notice. Discharge, approach, come forward, and annoy me as much

as you can, you shall soon see what reward you will receive for your insolent extravagance.' These words, delivered in a bold and resolute tone, struck terror into the hearts of the assailants; who, partly for this menace, and partly on account of the landlord's persuasion, gave over their attack; while he, on his side, allowed the wounded to retire, and returned to his watch, with his former ease and tranquillity.

These pranks of the knight were not at all to the liking of the landlord, who resolved to abridge the ceremony, and bestow this unlucky order of knighthood immediately, before any other mischief should happen. Approaching him, therefore, he disclaimed the insolence with which his guest had been treated by those saucy plebeians, without his knowledge or consent; and observed that they had been justly chastised for their impudence: that, as he had told him before, there was no chapel in the castle; nor, indeed, for what was to be done, was it at all necessary; nothing of the ceremony now remaining unperformed, except the cuff on the neck, and the thwack on the shoulders, as they are prescribed in the ceremonial of the order; and that this part might be executed in the middle of a field: he assured him also, that he had punctually complied with every thing that regarded the watching of his armour, which might have been finished in two hours, though he had already remained double the time on that duty. Don Quixote believing every syllable that he spoke, said, he was ready to obey him in all things, and besought him to conclude the matter as soon as possible: for, in case he should be attacked again, after having been knighted, he would not leave a soul alive in the castle, except those whom he should spare at his request.

The constable, alarmed at this declaration, immediately brought out his day-book, in which he kept an account of the barley and straw that was expended for the use of the carriers, and, attended by a boy with a candle's end in his hand, together with the two ladies before mentioned, came to the place where Don Quixote stood; then

then ordering him to kneel before him, mumbled in his manual, as if he had been putting up some very devout petition; in the midst of which he lifted up his hand, and gave him an hearty thump on the neck; then, with the flat of his own sword, bestowed an handsome application across his shoulders, muttering all the time between his teeth, as if he had been employed in some fervent ejaculation *. This article being fulfilled, he commanded one of the ladies to gird on his sword, an office she performed with great dexterity and discretion, of which there was no small need to restrain her laughter at each particular of this strange ceremony: but the effects they had already seen of the knight's disposition, kept their mirth effectually under the rein.

When this good lady had girded on his sword, 'Heaven preserve your worship! adventurous knight,' said she, 'and make you fortunate in all your encounters.' Don Quixote then begged to know her name, that he might thenceforward understand to whom he was obliged for the favour he had received at her hands, and to whom he might ascribe some part of the honour he should acquire by the valour of his invincible arm. She answered with great humility, that her name was Tobosa, daughter of an honest butcher in Toledo, who lived in one of the stalls of Sancho Minaya: that she should always be at his service, and acknowledge him for her lord and master. The knight professed himself extremely obliged to her for her love; and begged she would, for the future, dignify her name by calling herself Donna Tobosa. This request she promised faithfully to comply with; and a dialogue of the same kind passed between him and the other lady who buckled on his spur: when he asked her name, she told him it was Molinera; and that her father was an honourable miller of Antequera. Don Quixote entreated her also to enoble her name with the

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* The slap on the shoulders, and the box on the ear being bestowed, the godfather pronounced, 'in the name of God, St. Michael, and St. George, I dub thee knight: be worthy, bold, and loyal.'

same title of Donna, loaded her with thanks, and made a tender of his service. These hitherto unseen ceremonies being dispatched, as it were with post-haste, Don Quixote, impatient to see himself on horseback, in quest of adventures, saddled and mounted Rozinante forthwith, and embracing his host, uttered such a strange rhapsody of thanks for his having dubbed him knight, that it is impossible to rehearse the compliment. The landlord, in order to get rid of him the sooner, answered in terms no less eloquent, though something more laconic, and let him march off in a happy hour, without demanding one farthing for his lodging.

CHAPTER IV.

Of what befel our Knight, when he sallied from the Inn.

IT was early in the morning when Don Quixote sallied from the inn, so well satisfied, so sprightly, and so glad to see himself invested with the order of knighthood, that the very girth of his horse vibrated with joy; but, remembering his landlord's advice, with regard to the necessaries he ought to carry along with him, in particular the money and clean shirts, he resolved to return to his own house, and furnish himself not only with these, but also with a squire. For this office he fixed, in his own mind, upon a poor ploughman who lived in his neighbourhood, maintaining a family of children by his labour; a person in all respects qualified for the lower services of chivalry. With this view he steered his course homeward: and Rozinante, as if he had guessed the knight's intention, began to move with such alacrity and nimbleness, that his hoofs scarce seemed to touch the ground.

He had not travelled far, when, from the thickest part of a wood that grew on his right hand, his ear was saluted with shrill repeated cries, which seemed to issue from the mouth of some creature in grievous distress. No sooner did our hero hear this lamentation, than he exclaimed, 'Heaven be praised for the favour with which it now indulges me, in giving me an opportunity to

soon of fulfilling the duties of my profession, and reaping the fruit of my laudable intention! These cries doubtless proceed from some miserable male or female, who stands in need of my immediate aid and protection.' Then turning Rozinante, he rode towards the place whence the complaint seemed to come; and having entered the wood a few paces, he found a mare tied to one oak, and a lad about fifteen, naked from the waist upwards, made fast to another. This was he who screamed so piteously, and indeed not without reason; for a sturdy peasant was employed in making applications to his carcase with a leathern strap, accompanying each stripe with a word of reproof and advice. Above all things laying upon him strong injunctions, to use his tongue less, and his eyes more. The young fellow replied, with great fervency, 'I will never do so again, master, so help me God! I won't do so any more; but for the future take more care, and use more more dispatch.'

Don Quixote observing what passed, pronounced aloud, with great indignation, 'Discourteous knight, it ill becomes thee to attack one who cannot defend himself: mount thy steed, couch thy lance,' (for there was actually a lance leaning against the tree to which the mare was tied,) 'and I will make thee sensible of the cowardice of the action in which thou art now engaged.' The peasant seeing this strange figure, buckled in armour, and brandishing a lance over his head, was mortally afraid, and with great humility replied, 'Sir knight, this lad whom I am chastising, is my own servant, hired to keep a flock of sheep, which feed in these fields; but he is so negligent, that every day I lose one of the number, and because I punish him for his carelessness, or knavery, he says that I scourge him out of avarice, rather than pay him his wages, though, upon my conscience, and as I shall answer to God, he tells a lie.'—'How! a lie, before me, base catiff!' cried Don Quixote; 'by the sun that enlightens this globe, I have a good mind to thrust this lance through thy body! Pay

the young man his wages straight, without reply; or, by the power that rules us, I will finish and annihilate thee in an instant! unbind him therefore without hesitation.'

The countryman hung his head, and, without speaking a syllable, untied his man; who, being asked by the knight how much money was due to him, said his master owed him for three quarters, at the rate of six rials a month. His deliverer having cast it up, found that the whole amounted to sixty-three rials, and ordered the peasant to disburse them instantly, unless he had a mind to perish under his hands. The affrighted farmer affirmed, by the grievous situation in which he was, and the oath he had already taken, though, by the bye, he had taken no oath at all, that the sum did not amount to so much; for that he was to discount and allow for three pair of shoes he had received, and a rial for two bleedings while he was sick. 'Granting that to be true,' replied Don Quixote, 'the shoes and the bleeding shall stand for the stripes you have given him without cause; for, if he has wore out the leather of the shoes that you paid for, you have made as free with the leather of his carcass; and if the barber let out his blood when he was sick, you have blooded him when he was well; he therefore stands acquitted of these debts.'—'The misfortune, Sir knight, said the peasant, is this; I have not coin about me: but if Andrew will go home to my house, I will pay him honestly in ready-money.'—'Go with you! cried the lad; the devil fetch me if I do! No, no, master, I must not think of that: were I to go home with him alone, he would slay me like another Saint Bartholomew.'—'He won't do so,' replied the knight, 'but shew more regard to my commands; and if he will swear to me by the laws of that order of knighthood which he has received, that he will pay you your wages, I will set him free, and warrant the payment.'—'Lord, how your worship talks!' said the boy: 'this master of mine is no gentleman, nor has he received any order of knighthood, but is known by the name of rich John

Haldudo,

Haldudo, and lives in the neighbourhood of Quintanar.' —'No matter,' replied Don Quixote, 'there may be knights among the Haldudos, especially as every one is the son of his own works.'—'True,' said Andrew; 'but what works is my master the son of, since he refuses to pay me for my labour, and the sweat of my brows?' —'I don't refuse, honest Andrew,' answered the peasant; 'thou wilt do me a pleasure in going home with me; and I swear by all the honours of knighthood in the universe, that I will pay thee thy wages, as I said before, in ready-money; nay, you shall have it perfumed into the bargain.'—'Thank you for your perfumes!' said the knight; 'pay him in lawful coin, and I shall be satisfied: and be sure you fulfil the oath you have taken; for, by the same obligation, I swear, that in case you fail, I will return to chastise you, and ferret you out, even though you should be more concealed than a lizard. If you would understand who it is that lays such commands upon you, that you may find yourself under a necessity of performing them with reverence and awe, know, that I am the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha, the redresser of wrongs, and scourge of injustice: so farewell. Remember not to belie your promise and oath, on pain of the penalty prescribed.' With these words, he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and was out of sight in a moment.

The countryman followed him with his eyes, till he saw him quite clear of the wood; then turning to Andrew, said, come hither child, I must pay what I owe you, according to the order of that redresser of wrongs.' —'And adad,' said Andrew, 'you had best not neglect the orders of that worthy knight, who (blessings on his heart!) is equally valiant and upright; for odds bobs, if you do not pay me, he will return and be as good as his word.'—'In faith, I am of the same opinion,' replied the peasant; 'but, out of my infinite regard for you, I am desirous of encreasing the debt, that the payment may be doubled.' So saying, he laid hold of his arm, and tying him again to the tree, flogged him so

severely, that he had like to have died on the spot. 'Now is the time, Mr. Andrew,' said the executioner, to call upon the redresser of grievances, who will find it difficult to redress this, which by the bye I am loth to finish, being very much inclined to justify your fear of being flayed alive.' At length, however, he unbound and left him at liberty to find out his judge, who was to execute the sentence he had pronounced. Andrew sneaked off, not extremely well satisfied: on the contrary, vowing to go in quest of the valiant Don Quixote de La Mancha, and inform him punctually of every thing that had happened, an account of which would certainly induce him to pay the countryman seventy-fold.

In spite of this consolation, however, he departed blubbering with pain, while his master remained weeping with laughter. And thus was the grievance redressed by the valiant Don Quixote, who, transported with the success, and the happy and sublime beginning which he imagined his chivalry had been favoured with, jogged on towards his own village, with infinite self satisfaction, pronouncing with a low voice, 'O Dulcinea del Toboso, fairest among the fair! well may'st thou be counted the most fortunate beauty upon earth, seeing it is thy fate to keep in subjection, and wholly resigned to thy will and pleasure, such a daring and renowned knight as Don Quixote de La Mancha now is, and always will remain. He who, as all the world knows, but yesterday received the honour of knighthood, and has this day redressed the greatest wrong and grievance that ever injustice hatched, and cruelty committed! To-day he wrested the lash from the hand of the merciless enemy, who so unjustly scourged the body of that tender infant!' Having uttered this exclamation, he found himself in a road that divided into four paths, and straight his imagination suggested those cross-ways that were wont to perplex knights-errant in their choice; in imitation of whom, he paused a little, and after mature deliberation, threw the reins on Rozinante's neck, leaving the decision to him,

him, who following his first intention, took the path that led directly to his own stable.

Having travelled about two miles farther, Don Quixote descried a number of people, who, as was afterwards known, were six merchants of Toledo, going to buy silks at Mercia, and who travelled with umbrellas, attended by four servants on horseback, and three mule-drivers on foot. Don Quixote no sooner perceived them at a distance, than he imagined them to be some new adventure; and, in order to imitate, as much as in him lay, those scenes he had read in his books of chivalry, he thought this was an occasion expressly ordained for him to execute his proposed atchievement.

He therefore, with gallant and resolute deportment, seated himself firmly in his stirrups, grasped his lance, braced on his target, and posting himself in the middle of the road, waited the arrival of those knights-errant, for such he judged them to be. When they were near enough to hear him, he pronounced in a loud and arrogant tone, 'Let the whole universe cease to move, if the whole universe refuses to confess, that there is not in the whole universe a more beautiful damsel than the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the high and mighty Empress of La Mancha.'

The merchants hearing this declaration, and seeing the strange figure from which it proceeded, were alarmed at both, and halting immediately, at a distance reconnoitred the madness of the author. Curious, however, to know the meaning of that confession which he exacted, one of them, who was a sort of a wag, though at the same time a man of prudence and discretion, accosted him thus: "Sir Knight, as we have not the honour to know who this worthy lady is, be so good as to produce her; and if we find her so beautiful as you proclaim her to be, we will gladly, and without any sort of reward, confess the truth, according to your desire."—'If I produce her,' replied Don Quixote: 'what is the mighty merit of your confessing such a notorious truth? The importance of my demand consists in your believ-
ing

ing, acknowledging, and affirming upon oath, and defending her beauty, before you have seen it. And this ye shall do, ye insolent and uncivil race, or engage with me in battle forthwith. Come on then, one by one, according to the laws of chivalry, or all together, as the treacherous custom is among such wretches as you; here I expect you with full hope and confidence in the justice of my cause.'—'Sir Knight,' replied the merchant, 'I humbly beg in the name of all these princes here present, that your worship will not oblige us to burden our consciences, by giving testimony to a thing that we have neither seen nor heard, especially as it tends to the prejudice of the queens and princesses of Alcarria and Estremadura; but, if your worship will be pleased to shew us any sort of a picture of this lady, though it be no bigger than a grain of wheat, so as we can judge the clue by the thread, we will be satisfied with this sample, and you shall be obeyed to your heart's content; for I believe we are already so prepossessed in her favour, that though the portrait should represent her squinting with one eye, and distilling vermilion and brimstone with the other, we will, notwithstanding, in compliance to your worship, say what you desire in her favour.'—'Her eyes, infamous wretch!' replied Don Quixote, in a rage, 'distil not such productions, but teem with amber and rich perfume; neither is there any defect in her sight, or in her body, which is more straight than a Guadarrama spindle; but you shall suffer for the licentious blasphemy you have uttered against the unparalleled beauty of my sovereign mistress.' So saying, he couched his lance, and attacked the spokesman with such rage and fury, that had not Rozinante luckily stumbled and fallen in the midst of his career, the merchant would have had no cause to rejoice in his rashness; but when the unhappy steed fell to the ground, the rider was thrown over his head, and pitched at a good distance upon the field, where he found all his endeavours to get up again ineffectual, so much was he incumbered with

his lance, target, helmet, and spurs, together with the weight of his ancient armour.

While he thus struggled, but in vain, to rise, he bel-
lowed forth, 'Fly not, ye cowardly crew; tarry a little,
ye base catiffs: not through any fault of my own, but
of my horse, am I thus dise-mitted.' One of the mule-
drivers, who seems not to have been of a very milky dis-
position, could not bear this arrogant language of the
poor overthrown knight, without making a reply upon
his ribs. Going up to him, therefore, he laid hold on
his lance, and breaking it, began to thresh him so se-
verely, that, in spite of the resistance of his armour, he
was almost beaten into mummy; and though the fel-
low's master called him to forbear, he was so incensed,
that he could not leave off the game, until he had ex-
hausted the whole of his choler. Gathering the other
pieces of the lance, he reduced them all to shivers, one
after another, on the miserable carcase of the Don, who,
notwithstanding the storm of blows, which descended on
him, never closed his mouth, but continued threatening
heaven and earth, and those banditti, for such he took
the merchants to be.

The driver was tired at length of his exercise, and
his masters pursued their journey, carrying with them
sufficient food for conversation about this poor battered
knight; who no sooner found himself alone, than he
made another effort to rise; but if he found this design
impracticable when he was safe and sound, much less
could he accomplish it now that he was disabled, and as
it were wrought into a paste. He did not, however,
look upon himself as unhappy, because this misfortune
was in his opinion peculiar to knights-errant; and,
that he was not able to rise on account of the innume-
rable bruises he had received, he ascribed entirely to the
fault of his horse.

CHAP.

DON QUIXOTE.
CHAPTER V.

In which the Story of our Knight's Misfortune is continued.

FINDING it therefore impossible to move, he was fain to have recourse to his usual remedy, which was to amuse his imagination with some passages of the books he had read; and his madness immediately recalled to his memory that of Valdovinos and the Marquis of Mantua, when Carloto left him wounded on the mountain; a piece of history that every body knows, that every young man is acquainted with, and which is celebrated, nay more, believed, by old age itself, though it be as apocryphal as the miracles of Mahomet: nevertheless, it occurred to him as an occasion expressly adapted to his present situation. Therefore, with marks of extreme affliction, he began to roll about upon the ground, and with a languid voice, exclaim, in the words of the wounded knight of the wood—

‘ Where art thou, lady of my heart,
‘ Regardless of my misery?
‘ Thou little know’st thy lover’s smart,
‘ Or faithless art and false pardie !

In this manner he went on repeating the romance until he came to these lines :

‘ O noble prince of Mantuan plains,
‘ My carnal kinsman, and my lord !’

Before he could repeat the whole couplet, a peasant, who was a neighbour of his own, and lived in the same village, chanced to pass, in his way from the mill, where he had been with a load of wheat. This honest countryman seeing a man lying stretched upon the ground, came up, and asked him who he was, and the reason of his lamenting so piteously. Don Quixote doubtless believed that this was his uncle the Marquis of Mantua, and made no other reply but the continuation of his remance, in which he gave an account of the amour
betwixt

betwixt his wife and the emperor's son, exactly as it is related in the book. The peasant, astonished at such a rhapsody, took off his beaver, which had been beaten to pieces by the mule-driver, and wiping his face, which was covered with dust, immediately knew the unfortunate knight. 'Signior Quixada,' said he, (for so he was called before he had lost his senses, and was transformed from a sober country gentleman into a knight-errant,) 'who has left your worship in such a woeful condition?' But he, without minding the question that was put to him, proceeded, as before, with his romance; which the honest man perceiving, went to work, and took off his back and breast plates, to see if he had received any wound, but he could perceive neither blood nor scar upon his body. He then raised him upon his legs, and with infinite difficulty mounted him upon his own beast, which appeared to him a safer carriage than the knight's steed.

Having gathered up his armour, even to the splinters of the lance, he tied them upon Rozinante, and taking hold of the reins, together with the halter of his own ass, jogged on towards the village, not a little concerned to hear the mad exclamations of Don Quixote, who did not find himself extremely easy; for he was so battered and bruised, that he could not sit upright upon the beast, but from time to time vented such dismal groans, as obliged the peasant to ask again what was the matter with him. Indeed, one would have thought, that the devil had assisted his memory in supplying him with tales accommodated to the circumstances of his own situation; for at that instant, forgetting Valdovinos, he recollected the story of Abindar-raez the Moor, whom Rodrigo de Narvaez, governor of Antequera, took prisoner, and carried into captivity to the place of his residence; so that when the countryman repeated his desire of knowing where he had been, and what was the matter with him, he answered to the purpose, nay, indeed, in the very words, used by the captive Abindar-raez to the said Rodrigo de Narvaez, as may be seen in

in the Diana of George Monte-major, which he had read, and so well-adapted for his purpose, that the countryman hearing such a composition of folly, wished them both at the devil.

It was then he discovered that his neighbour was mad; and therefore made all the haste he could to the village, that he might be the sooner rid of his uneasiness at the unaccountable harrangue of Don Quixote; who had no sooner finished this exclamation, than he accosted his conductor in these words—‘Know, then, valiant Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, that this same beautiful Xarifa, whom I have mentioned, is no other than the fair Dulcinea del Toboso, for whom I have performed, undertake, and will achieve, the most renowned exploits, that ever were, are, or will be seen on earth!’ To this address the countryman replied with great simplicity—‘How your worship talks! As I am a sinner, I am neither Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, nor the Marquis of Mantua, but Pedro Alonzo, your neighbour; nor is your worship either Valdevinos, or Abindar raez, but the worthy gentleman Signior Quixada.’—‘I know very well who I am,’ replied Don Quixote; and that it is possible for me to be not only those whom I have mentioned, but also the whole twelve peers of France, and even the Nine Worthies, seeing that my achievements will excel not only those of each of them singly, but even the exploits of them all joined together.’

Discouraging in this manner, they arrived at the village about twilight; but the peasant staid till it was quite dark, that the poor rib-raided knight might not be seen in such a woeful condition. Then he conducted Don Quixote to his own house, which was all in confusion. When he arrived, the curate and the barber of the village, two of his best friends and companions, were present, and his housekeeper was just saying with a woeful countenance, ‘Mr. Licentiate Pero Perez,’ that was the curate’s name, ‘some misfortune must certainly have happened to my master; for six days, both he and his horse, together with the target, lance, and armour, have

been

been missing * : as I am a sinner, it is just come into my head, and it is certainly as true as that every one is born to die, those hellish books of knight-errantry, which he used to read with so much pleasure, have turned his brain; for now I remember to have heard him say to himself more than once, that he longed to be a knight errant, and stroll about in quest of adventures. May the devil and Barrabas lay hold of such legends, which have perverted one of the soundest understandings in all La Mancha!

To this remark the niece assented, saying—‘ Moreover, you must know, Mr. Nicolas,’ (this was the name of the barber,) ‘ my uncle would frequently, after having been reading in these profane books of misadventures, for two whole days and nights together, start up, throw the book upon the ground, and drawing his sword, fence with the walis till he was quite fatigued, then affirm that he had killed four giants as big as steeples, and swear that the sweat of his brows, occasioned by this violent exercise, was the blood of the wounds he had received in battle; then he would drink of a large pitcher of cold water, and remain quiet and refreshed, saying, that the water was a most precious beverage, with which he was supplied by the sage Isquise, a mighty inchanter and friend of his; but I take the whole blame to myself, for not having informed your worship of my dear uncle’s extravagancies, that some remedy might have been applied before they had proceeded to such excess; and that you might have burnt all those excommunicated books, which deserve the fire as much as if they were crammed with heresy.’

‘ I am of the same opinion,’ said the curate; ‘ and assure you, before another day shall pass, they shall undergo a severe trial, and be condemned to the flames, that they may not induce other readers to follow the same path

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path

* The author seems to have committed a small oversight in this paragraph; for the knight had not been gone above two days and one night, which he spent in watching his amour.

path which I am afraid my good friend has taken.' Every syllable of this conversation was overheard by Don Quixote and his guide, which last had now no longer any doubt about his neighbour's infirmity, and therefore pronounced with a loud voice—'Open your gates to the valiant Valdovinos, and the great Marquis of Mantua, who comes home wounded from the field, together with the Moor Abindar-raez, who drags in captivity the valiant Rodrigo de Narvaez, governor of Antequera.'

Alarmed at these words, they came all to the door, and perceiving who it was, the barber and curate went to receive their friend, and the women ran to embrace their master and kinsman; who, though he had not as yet alighted, for indeed it was not in his power, proclaimed aloud—'Let the whole world take notice, that the wounds I have received were owing to the fault of my horse alone; carry me therefore to bed, and send if possible for the sage Urganda *, to search and cure them.'—'See now, in an evil hour,' cried the housekeeper, hearing these words, 'if I did not truly foretel of what leg my master was lame!—Your worship shall understand in good time, that without the assistance of that same Urganda, we know how to cure the hurts you have received; and cursed, I say, nay, a hundred and a hundred times cursed, be those books of chivalry, which have so disordered your honour's brain!' Having carried him to his bed, they began to search for his wounds, but could find none; and he told them that his whole body was one continued bruise, occasioned by the fall

* The name of a good-natured enchantress in Amadis de Gaul. During the age of knight-errantry, it was usual for ladies to study the art of surgery, in order to dress the wounds of those knights who were their servants. One of the heroines of Perce Forest says to Norgal, 'Fair nephew, methinks your arm is not at ease.'---'In faith, dear lady,' answered Norgal, 'you are in the right; and I beseech you to take it under your care.' Then she called her daughter Helen, who entertained her cousin with good cheer, and afterwards reduced his arm, which was dislocated.

SELECT NOVELS.



DON QUIXOTE.

Don Quixote's return to his home after
being severely beat by the Mule driver.

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fall of his horse Rozinante, during his engagement with ten of the most insolent and outrageous giants that ever appeared upon the face of the earth. 'Ah, hah!' cried the curate, 'have we got giants too in the dance! Now, by the faith of my function, I will reduce them all to ashes before to-morrow night!'

A thousand questions did they ask of the knight, who made no other answer, but desired them to bring him some food, and leave him to his repose, which indeed was what he had most occasion for. They complied with his request and the curate informed himself at large of the manner in which he had been found by the countryman, who gave him full satisfaction in that particular, and repeated all the nonsense he had uttered when he first found him, as well as what he afterwards spoke in their way home. This information confirmed the licentiate in his resolution, which was executed next day, when he brought his friend master Nicolas the barber along with him to Don Quixote's house.

CHAPTER VI.

Of the diverting and minute Scrutiny performed by the Curate and the Barber, in the Library of our sagacious Hero.

WHILE the knight was asleep, his friends came and demanded of his niece the key of the closet in which those books, the authors of his misfortune, were kept; and she delivering it with great chearfulness, they went into it in a body, housekeeper and all, and found upwards of a hundred volumes, great and small, extremely well bound; which were no sooner perceived by the governante, than she ran out with great eagerness, and immediately returned with a porringer of holy water, and a sprig of hyssop, saying—'Here, Master Licentiate, pray take and sprinkle the closet, lest some one of the many inchanters contained in these books should exercise his art upon us, as a punishment for our burning and banishing them from the face of the earth.'

The licentiate, smiling at the old housekeeper's simplicity,

plicity, desired the barber to hand him the books one by one, that he might see of what subjects they treated, because they might possibly find some that did not deserve to be purged by fire. 'There is not one of them,' replied the niece, 'which deserves the least mercy, for they are all full of mischief and deceit. You had better, therefore, throw them out of the window into the court-yard, and there set fire to them in a heap: or let them be carried into the back-yard, where the bonfire may be made, and the smoke will offend nobody.' The housekeeper assented to this proposal, so eager were they both to destroy those innocents; but the curate would by no means encourage such barbarity, without reading first, if possible, the title-pages.

The first that Master Nicolas delivered into his hand, were the four volumes of *Amadis de Gaul*. 'There is,' said the good man, 'something mysterious in this circumstance; for, as I have heard, that was the first book of chivalry printed in Spain, from which all the rest have derived their origin and plan; and therefore, in my opinion, we ought to condemn him to the fire without hesitation, as the law-giver of such a pernicious sect.'—'By no means,' cried the barber; 'for I have also heard, that this is the best book of the kind that was ever composed; and therefore ought to be pardoned, as an original and model in it's way.'—'Right,' said the curate; 'and for that reason he shall be spared for the present. Let us see that author who stands next to him.'—'This,' says the barber, 'contains the achievements of *Esplandian*, the lawful son of *Amadis de Gaul*.'—'Truly, then,' said the curate, 'the virtues of the father shall not avail the son. Here, Mrs. Housekeeper, open that window, and toss him into the yard, where he shall serve as a foundation for the bonfire we intend to make.'

This task the housekeeper performed with infinite satisfaction; and the worthy *Esplandian* took his flight into the yard, to wait in patience for the fire with which he was threatened. 'Proceed,' cried the curate. 'This that

that comes next,' said the barber, 'is Amadis of Greece; and I believe all the authors on this shelf are of the same family.'—'To the yard, then, with all of them,' replied the curate; for rather than not burn queen Pintiquiniefta, and the shepherd Darinel with his eclogues, together with the unintelligible and be-deviled discourses of his author; I would even consume the father who begat me, should he appear in the figure of a knight-errant.'—'I am of your opinion,' said the barber. 'And I,' cried the niece. 'Since that is the case,' said the housekeeper, 'to the yard with them immediately.' Accordingly, they delivered a number into her hands; and she, out of tenderness for the staircase, sent them all out of the window.

'Who may that tun-like author be?' said the curate. 'This here,' answered the barber, 'is Don Olivante de Laura.'—'The very same,' replied the curate, 'who composed the Garden of Flowers; and truly it is hard to determine, which of his two books is the most true, or rather which of them is least false: all that I know is, that he shall go to the pile for his arrogance and folly.'—'He that follows,' says the barber, 'is Florismarte of Hircania.'—'What, Signior Florismarte?' replied the curate: 'in faith, then, he must prepare for his fate; notwithstanding his surprizing birth, and mighty adventures, and the unparalleled stiffness and sterility of his stile.—Down with him, Mrs. Housekeeper! and take this other along with you also.'—'With all my heart, dear Sir!' replied the gover-nante; who executed his commands with vast alacrity.

'He that comes next,' said the barber, 'is the 'knight Platir.'—'That is an old book,' said the clergyman; 'but as I can find nothing in him that deserves the least regard, he must e'en keep the rest company.' He was accordingly doomed to the flames, without farther question. The next book they opened was intituled, The Knight of the Cross; which the curate having read, 'The ignorance of this author,' said he, 'might be pardoned, on account of his holy

‘title; but according to the proverb, “The devil skulks behind the cross;” and therefore let him descend into the fire.’ Master Nicolas taking up another book, found it was the *Mirror of Chivalry*. ‘Oh, ho!’ cried the curate, ‘I have the honour to know his worship. Away with Signior Rinaldo de Mont-alban, with his friends and companions, who were greater thieves than Cacus, not forgetting the Twelve Peers, together with Turpin, their candid historian. Though, truly, in my opinion, their punishment ought not to exceed perpetual banishment, because they contain some part of the invention of the renowned Matteo Boyardo, on which was weaved the ingenious web of the Christian poet Ludovico Ariosto; to whom, should I find him here speaking in any other language than his own, I would pay no regard; but, if he talks in his own idiom, I will place him on my head, in token of respect.’—‘I have got him at home,’ said the barber, ‘in Italian, but I don’t understand that language.’—‘Nor is it necessary you should,’ replied the curate; ‘and here let us pray Heaven to forgive the captain, who has impoverished him so much, by translating him into Spanish, and making him a Castilian. And, indeed, the same thing will happen to all those who pretend to translate books of poetry into a foreign language; for, in spite of all their care and ability, they will find it impossible to give the translation the same energy which is found in the original. In short, I sentence this book, and all those which we shall find treating of French matters, to be thrown and deposited in a dry well, until we can determine at more leisure what fate they must undergo, except Bernardo del Carpio, and another called Roncevalles, which, if they fall into my hands, shall pass into those of the housekeeper, and thence into the fire, without any mitigation.’

This was approved of as an equitable decision, and accordingly confirmed by the barber, who knew the curate to be such a good Christian, and so much a friend to truth, that he would not be guilty of an equivocation

tion for the whole universe. The next volume he opened was Palmerin D'Oliva; and hard by him stood another, called Palmerin of England; which was no sooner perceived by the licentiate, than he cried, 'Let that Oliva be hewn in pieces, and burned, so as not so much as a cinder of him shall remain; but let the English Palmerin be defended, and preserved as an inestimable jewel, and such another casket be made for him as that which Alexander found among the spoils of Darius, and destined as a case for the works of Homer. That book, neighbour, is venerable for two reasons; first, because it is in itself excellent; and, secondly, because it is said to have been composed by an ingenious king of Portugal. All the adventures of the castle of Miraguarda are incomparable, and contrived with infinite art; the language perspicuous and elegant, and the characters supported with great propriety of sentiment and decorum. I propose, Mr. Nicolas, saving your better judgment, to exempt this book and Amadis de Gaul from the flames, and let all the rest perish without farther enquiry."

'Pardon me, neighbour,' replied the barber; 'I have here got in my hand the renowned Don Bellianis.'—'Even he,' answered the priest, 'with the second, third, and fourth parts, stands very much in need of a little rhubarb to purge his excessive choler, and ought to be pruned of that whole Castle of Fame, and other more important impertinencies. For which reason, let the sentence be changed into transportation! and, according as he reforms, he shall be treated with lenity and justice. In the mean time, friend Nicclas, keep him safe in your house, out of the reach of every reader.'—'With all my soul!' answered the barber; and without giving themselves the trouble of reading any more titles, they ordered the housekeeper to dismiss all the large books into the yard.

This direction was not given to a person who was either doating or deaf, but to one who was much more inclined

inclined to perform that office than to compose the largest and finest web that ever was seen. Taking up, therefore, seven or eight at a time, she heaved them out of the window with incredible dispatch. While she was thus endeavouring to lift a good many together, one of them chanced to fall at the feet of the barber, who being seized with an inclination of knowing the contents, found, upon examination, that it was called the History of the famous Knight Tirante the White. 'Heaven be praised!' cried the curate, aloud, 'that we have discovered Tirante the White in this place: pray give it me, neighbour; for in this book I reckon I have found a treasure of satisfaction, and a rich mine of amusement. Here is the famous God-a-mercy* of Mont-alban, and his brother Thomas of Mont-alban, and the knight Fonseca; as also an account of the battle fought between Alano and the valiant Detriante, together with the Witticisms of the Young Lady, Joy of my Life, with the amorous stratagems of the Widow Quiet, and her highness the Empress who was enamoured of her Squire Hippolito. I do assure you, upon my word, Mr. Nicolas, that, in point of stile, this is the best book that ever was written. Here the knights eat, sleep, and die, in their beds, after having made their wills, with many circumstances that are wanting in other books of the same kind. Notwithstanding, the author who composed it certainly deserved to be sent to the galleys for life, for having spent his time in writing so much nonsense. Take and read him at home, and you shall find what I say is true.'— 'Very like,' replied the barber: 'What shall we do with these small books that remain?'

'These,' said the curate, 'cannot be books of chivalry, but must be poems.' Accordingly, opening one, he found it was the Diana of George de Montemajor, and taking it for granted that all the rest were of the same kind, said, 'These books do not deserve to be

* In the original, *Quirielyson*, from the two Greek words *κύριε* *ἐλέησον*, signifying, Lord have mercy.

be burnt with the rest; for they neither are nor ever will be guilty of so much mischief, as those of chivalry have done; being books of entertainment, and no ways prejudicial to religion.—‘Pray, Sir,’ said the niece, ‘be so good as to order these to be burnt with the rest; for my uncle will no sooner be cured of his knight-errantry, than by reading these, he will turn shepherd, and wander about the groves and meadows piping and singing. Nay, what is worse, perhaps turn poet, which they say is an infectious and incurable distemper.’—‘The young woman is in the right,’ said the curate; ‘and therefore it won’t be amiss to remove this temptation and stumbling block out of our friend’s way. Since we have therefore begun with the *Diana* of Monte-major, I am of opinion that we should not burn him, but only expunge what relates to the sage Felicia, and the enchanted water, together with all the larger poems, and leave to him a God’s-name, all the prose, and the honour of being the ringleader of the writers of that class.’

‘This that follows,’ said the barber, ‘is called *Diana the Second of Salmantino*; and this other, that bears the same name, is written by *Gil Polo*.’—‘Let *Salmantino*,’ replied the curate, ‘increase the number of those that are already condemned to the yard; but let *Gil Polo* be preserved as carefully as if it was the production of *Apollo* himself. Proceed, friend *Nicolas*, and let us dispatch, for it grows late.’—‘This here book,’ said the barber, opening the next, ‘is called the ten books of the *Fortune of Love*, the production of *Antonio Lofrasco*, a Sardinian poet.’—‘By my holy orders,’ cried the curate, ‘since *Phœbus* was *Apollo*, the *Muses* the daughters of *Jove*, and bards delighted in poetry, there never was such a pleasant and comical performance composed as this, which is the best and most original of the kind which ever saw the light; and he who has not read it may assure himself, that he has never read any thing of taste: reach it me, neighbour;
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it gives me more pleasure to have found this, than if I had received a cassock of Florence silk.'

Accordingly, he laid it carefully by with infinite pleasure, and the barber proceeded in his task, saying, 'Those that come next are the shepherd of Iberia, the Nymphs of Henares, and the Undeceptions of Jealousy.'—'Then there is no more to do,' said the priest, 'but to deliver them over to the secular arm of the house-keeper; and do not ask me why, else we shall never have done.'—'Here comes the Shepherd of Filida.'—'He is no shepherd,' cried the curate, 'but a very elegant courtier, and therefore preserve him as a precious jewel.' Then the barber laid hold of a very large volume, which was entitled, *The Treasure of Poetry*. 'If there was not so much of him, he would be more esteemed,' said the licentiate: 'that book ought to be weeded, and cleared of certain meannesses, which have crept into the midst of its excellencies: take care of it, for the author is my friend, and deserves regard for some other more heroick and elevated works, which he has composed.'—'And this,' continued the barber, 'is a Collection of Songs, by Lopez Maldonado.'—'That author is my very good friend also,' replied the curate; 'and his own verses out of his own mouth are the admiration of every body; for he chants them with so sweet a voice, that the hearers are enchanted. His eclogues are indeed a little diffuse, but there cannot be too much of a good thing. Let them be preserved among the elect: but, pray what book is that next to it?' When the barber told him it was the *Galatea* of Miguel de Cervantes; 'That same Cervantes,' said he, 'has been an intimate friend of mine these many years, and is to my certain knowledge more conversant with misfortunes than poetry. There is a good vein of invention in his book, which proposes something, though it concludes nothing. We must wait for the second part, which he promises, and then perhaps his amendment may deserve a full pardon, which is now denied: until

until that happens, let him be close confined in your closet.'

'With all my heart,' replied the barber; 'but here come three more together, the Araucana of Don Alonso de Ercilla, the Aufriada of Juan Rufo Jurado de Cordova, and the Monserrato of Christoval de Virues, a Valentian poet.'—'These three books,' said the curate, 'are the best epick poems in the Castilian language, and may be compared with the most renowned performances of Italy. Let them be kept as the inestimable pledges of Spanish poetry.' The curate grew tired of examining more books, and would have condemned all the rest, contents unknown, if the barber had not already opened another, which was called the Tears of Angelica. 'I should have shed tears for my rashness,' said the curate, hearing the name, 'if I had ordered that book to be burned: for it's author was one of the most celebrated poets not only of Spain, but of the whole world; and, in particular, extremely successful in translating some of the Metamorphoses of Ovid.'

CHAPTER VII.

The second Sally of our worthy Knight Don Quixote De La Mancha.

WHILE they were busied in this manner, Don Quixote began to cry aloud, 'This way, this way, ye valiant knights! now is the time to shew the strength of your invincible arms, that the courtiers may not carry off the honour of the tournament.' The scrutiny of the books that remained was deserted by the curate and barber, who hastened to the author of this noisy exclamation; and it is believed that all were committed to the flames, unseen, unheard, not even excepting the Carolea, and Lyon of Spain, together with the exploits of the emperor, composed by Don Louis D'Avila; which were, doubtless, among those committed to the fire; though, perhaps, had the curate seen them, they would not have undergone so severe a sentence.

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When they arrived in Don Quixote's chamber, they found him on the floor, proceeding with his rhapsody, and fencing with the walls, as broad awake as if he had never felt the influence of sleep. Laying hold on him, by force they re-conveyed him to his bed; where, after having rested a little, he returned to his ravings, and addressed himself to the curate in these words: 'Certainly, my Lord Archbishop Turpin, we, who are called the Twelve Peers of France, will be greatly disgraced, if we allow the court-knights to win the victory in this tournament, after we, the adventurers, have gained the prize in the three preceding days.'—'Give yourself no trouble about that consideration, my worthy friend,' said the curate; 'for Providence may turn the scale, and what is lost to-day may be retrieved to-morrow. In the mean time, have a reverend care of your health, for you seem to be excessively fatigued, if not wounded grievously.'—'I am not wounded,' replied the knight: 'but that I am battered and bruised, there is no manner of doubt; for the bastard Don Orlando has mauled me to mummy with the trunk of an oak, and all out of mere envy, because he saw that I alone withstood his valour. But may I no longer deserve the name of Reynaldos de Mont-alban, if, when I rise from this bed, I do not repay him in his own coin, in spite of all his enchantments! Meanwhile, bring me some food, which is what I chiefly want at present, and let me alone to take vengeance for the injury I have received.'

In compliance with his desire they brought him something to eat, and left him again to his repose, not without admiration of his madness and extravagance. That very night the housekeeper set fire to, and consumed, not only all the books that were in the yard, but also every one she could find in the house; and no doubt many were burned, which deserved to have been kept as perpetual archives. But this their destiny, and the laziness of the inquisitors, would not allow; so that in them was fulfilled the old proverb, *a saint may sometimes suf-*

fer for a sinner. Another remedy which the curate and barber prescribed for the distemper of their friend, was to alter and block up the closet where his books had been kept; that upon his getting up, he should not find them, and the cause being taken away, the effect might cease; and that, upon his inquiry, they should tell him an inchanter had carried them off, closet and all: this resolution was executed with all imaginable dispatch, during the two days that Don Quixote kept his bed.

The first thing he did when he got up, was to go and visit his books, and not finding the apartment where he had left it, he went from one corner of the house to the other in quest of his study. Coming to the place where the door stood, he endeavoured, but in vain, to get in, and cast his eyes all around without uttering one syllable; but after he had spent some time in this sort of examination, he inquired of his housekeeper whereabouts he might find his book-closet. She being well instructed, readily answered, "What closet, or what nothing is your worship in search of? There are neither books nor closet in this house; for the devil himself has run away with both."—"It was not the devil," cried the niece, "but an inchanter that conveyed himself hither in a cloud, one night after your worship's departure, and alighting from a dragon on which he was mounted, entered the closet, where I know not what he did, but having staid a very little while, he came flying through the roof, leaving the whole house full of smoke. And when we went to see what he had done, we could neither find books nor closet; only the housekeeper and I can very well remember, that when the old wicked conjuror went away, he cried in a loud voice, that for the hatred he bore to the master of those books and closet, he had done that mischief, which would afterwards appear: he said also, that his name was the sage Munatón."—"You mean Freston," said Don Quixote. "I do not know," answered the housekeeper, whether it was Freston or Friton; but this I am certain of, that his name ended in ton."—"The case then is plain," said the

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knight; 'that same sage inchanter is one of my greatest enemies; who bears me a grudge, because he knows, by the mystery of his art, that the time will come when I shall fight and vanquish in single battle a certain knight, whom he favours, in spite of all he can do to prevent my success; and for this reason, he endeavours to give me every mortification in his power; but let me tell him he won't find it an easy matter to contradict or evade what heaven has decreed.'—'Who ever doubted that?' said the niece: 'but what business have you, dear uncle, with these quarrels? Would it not be better to live in peace at home, than to stray up and down the world in search of superfine bread, without considering that many a one goes out for wool, and comes home quite shorn.'—'My dear niece,' replied Don Quixote, 'you are altogether out of your reckoning. Before I be shorn, I will pull and pluck off the beards of all those who pretend to touch a single hair of my mustacho.'

The two women did not chuse to make any farther answer, because they perceived that his choler was very much inflamed. After this transaction, however, he staid at home fifteen days in great tranquillity, without giving the least sign or inclination to repeat his folly; during which time, many infinitely diverting conversations passed between him and his friends, the curate and the barber; wherein he observed, that the world was in want of nothing so much as of knights-errant, and that in him this honourable order was revived. The clergyman sometimes contradicted him, and sometimes assented to what he said, because, without this artful conduct, he would have had no chance of bringing him to reason.

About this time too, the knight tampered with a peasant in the neighbourhood, a very honest fellow, if a poor man may deserve that title, but one who had a very small quantity of brains in his skull. In short, he said so much, used so many arguments to persuade, and promised him such mountains of wealth, that this poor
simpleton

simpleton determined to follow and serve him in quality of squire. Among other things, that he might be disposed to engage chearfully, the knight told him that an adventure might one day happen, in which he should win some island in the twinkling of an eye, and appoint him governor of his conquest. Intoxicated with these and other such promises, Sancho Panza (so was the countryman called) deserted his wife and children, and listed himself as his neighbour's squire.

Thus far successful, Don Quixote took measures for supplying himself with money; and what by selling one thing, mortgaging another, and making a great many very bad bargains, he raised a tolerable sum. At the same time accommodating himself with a target, which he borrowed of a friend, and patching up the remains of his vizor as well as he could, he advertised his squire Sancho of the day and hour in which he resolved to set out, that he might provide himself with those things which he thought most necessary for the occasion; above all things, charging him to purchase a wallet. Sancho promised to obey his orders; and moreover said he was resolved to carry along with him an excellent ass which he had, as he was not designed by nature to travel far on foot.

With regard to the ass, Don Quixote demurred a little, endeavouring to recollect some knight-errant who had entertained a squire mounted on an ass; but as no such instance occurred to his memory, he was nevertheless determined to allow it on this occasion, on a supposition that he should be able to accommodate him with a more honourable carriage, by dismounting the first discourteous knight he should meet with. He also laid in a store of linen, and every thing else in his power, conformable to the advice of the innkeeper.

Every thing being thus settled and fulfilled, Panza, without taking leave of his children and wife, and Don Quixote, without bidding adieu to his niece and housekeeper, sallied forth from the village one night, unperceived by any living soul, and travelled so hard, that

before dawn they found themselves secure from all search, if any such had been made: Sancho Panza journeying upon his ass like a venerable patriarch, with his wallet and leathern bottle, longing extremely to see himself settled in the government of that island which was promised to him by his master.

The knight happened to take the same route and follow the same road in which he travelled at his first fall through the field of Montiel, over which he now passed with much less pains than formerly, because it was now early in the morning, the rays of the sun were more oblique, consequently he was less disturbed by the heat. It was hereabouts that Sancho first opened his mouth, saying to his master, 'Sir knight-errant, I hope your worship will not forget that same island which you have promised me, and which I warrant myself able to govern, let it be as great as it will.' To this remembrance Don Quixote replied, 'You must know, friend Sancho Panza, that it was an established custom among the ancient knights-errant, to invest their squires with the government of such islands and kingdoms as they had laid under their subjection; and I am firmly resolved, that such a grateful practice shall never fail in me, who, on the contrary, mean to improve it by my generosity; for they sometimes, nay generally, waited until their squires turned grey-haired, and then, after they were worn out with service, and had endured many dismal days and doleful nights, bestowed upon them the title of count or marquis, at least of some valley or province, more or less; but if Heaven spares thy life and mine, before six days be at an end, I may chance to acquire such a kingdom as shall have others depending upon it, as if expressly designed for thee to be crowned sovereign in one of them. And thou oughtest not to be surprized, that such incidents and accidents happen to knights-errant, by means never before known or conceived, as will enable me even to exceed my promise.'— 'In that case,' replied Sancho Panza, 'if I should ever become a king, by any of those miracles which
your

your worship mentions, my duck Juana Gutierrez would also be a queen, and each of my daughters an infanta.'—'Certainly' said the knight; 'who doubts that?'—'That do I,' said the squire; 'for certain I am, that though it were to rain kingdoms upon the earth, not one of them would sit seemly on the head of Mary Gutierrez*: your worship must know, she is not worth a farthing for a queen; she might do indeed for a countess, with the blessing of God, and good assistance.'—'Recommend the matter to Providence,' replied Don Quixote, 'which will bestow upon thee what will be best adapted to thy capacity; but let not thy soul be so far debased, as to content itself with any thing less than a vice-royalty.'—'That I will not,' answered Sancho, 'especially as I have a powerful master in your worship, who will load me with as much preferment as I can conveniently bear.'

CHAPTER VIII.

Of the happy Success of the valiant Don Quixote, and the dreadful and inconceivable Adventure of the Windmills, with other Incidents worthy to be recorded by the most able Historian.

IN the midst of this their conversation, they discovered thirty or forty windmills all together on the plain, which the knight no sooner perceived, than he said to his squire, 'Chance has conducted our affairs even better than we could either wish or hope for: look there, friend Sancho, and behold thirty or forty outrageous giants, with whom I intend to engage in battle, and put every soul of them to death, so that we may begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils; for it is a meritorious warfare, and serviceable both to God and man, to extirpate such a wicked race from the face of the earth.'—'What giants do you mean?' said Sancho Panza in amaze. 'Those you see yonder,' replied his master, 'with vast extended arms; some of which are

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* How comes Juana to be so suddenly metamorphosed into Mary?

two leagues long.'—'I would your worship would take notice,' replied Sancho, 'that those you see yonder are no giants, but wind-mills; and what seem arms to you, are sails, which being turned with the wind, make the mill-stone work.'—'It seems very plain,' said the knight, 'that you are but a novice in adventures: these I affirm to be giants; and if thou art afraid, get out of the reach of danger, and put up thy prayers for me, while I join with them in fierce and unequal combat.' So saying, he put spurs to his steed Rozinante, without paying the least regard to the cries of his squire Sancho, who assured him, that those he was going to attack were no giants, but innocent wind-mills: but he was so much possessed with the opinion that they were giants, that he neither heard the advice of his squire Sancho, nor would use the intelligence of his own eyes, though he was very near them; on the contrary, when he approached them, he called aloud, 'Fly not, ye base and cowardly miscreants, for he is but a single knight who now attacks you.' At that instant a breeze of wind springing up, the great sails began to turn; which being perceived by Don Quixote, 'Tho' you wield,' said he, 'more arms than ever belonged to the giant Briareus, I will make you pay for your insolence.' So saying, and heartily recommending himself to his Lady Dulcinea, whom he implored to succour him in this emergency, bracing on his target, and setting his lance in the rest, he put his Rozinante to full speed, and assaulting the nearest wind-mill, thrust it into one of the sails, which was drove about by the wind with so much fury, that the lance was shivered to pieces, and both knight and steed whirled aloft, and overthrown in very bad plight upon the plain.

Sancho Panza rode as fast as the ass could carry him to his assistance; and when he came up, found him unable to stir, by reason of the bruises which he and Rozinante had received. 'Lord have mercy upon us!' said the squire, 'did not I tell your worship to consider well what you were about? Did not I assure you, they

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COOKE'S EDITION OF SELECT NOVELS.



DON QUIXOTE.
The adventure of the Windmill.

Read Page 54

Drawn by R. Orbell.

C. Cooke.

May 6 1798

Engraved by C. Warren

they were no other than wind-mills? Indeed, nobody could mistake them for any thing else, but one who has wind-mills in his own head!—‘Pr’ythee, hold thy peace, friend Sancho,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘the affairs of war are more than any thing subject to change. How much more so, as I believe, nay, am certain, that the sage Freston, who stole my closet and books, has converted those giants into mills, in order to rob me of the honour of their overthrow; such is the enmity he bears me; but in the end, all his treacherous arts will but little avail against the vigour of my sword.’—‘God’s will be done!’ replied Sancho Panza, who helped him to rise and mount Rozinante, that was almost disjointed.

While they conversed together upon what had happened, they followed the road that leads to the pass of Lapice; for in that, which was a great thoroughfare, as Don Quixote observed, it was impossible but they must meet with many and divers adventures. As he jogged along, a good deal concerned for the loss of his lance, he said to his squire, ‘I remember to have read of a Spanish knight, called Diego Perez de Vargas, who, having broke his sword in battle, tore off a mighty branch or bough from an oak, with which he performed such wonders, and felled so many Moors, that he retained the name of Machuca, or the Feller, and all his descendants from that day forward have gone by the name of Vargas and Machuca. This circumstance I mention to thee, because, from the first ash or oak that I meet with, I am resolved to rend as large and stout a bough as that, with which I expect, and intend to perform such exploits, as thou shalt think thyself extremely happy in being thought worthy to see, and give testimony to feats otherwise incredible.’—‘By God’s help,’ says Sancho, ‘I believe that every thing will happen as your worship says: but pray, Sir, sit a little more upright; for you seem to lean strangely to one side, which must proceed from the bruises you received in your fall.’—‘Thou art in the right,’ answered

ed Don Quixote; 'and if I do not complain of the pain, it is because knights-errant are not permitted to complain of any wound they receive, even though their bowels should come out of their bodies.'—'If that be the case, I have nothing to reply,' said Sancho; 'but God knows, I should be glad your worship would complain when any thing gives you pain: this I know, that, for my own part, the smallest prick in the world would make me complain, if that law of not complaining does not reach to the squires as well as the knights.' Don Quixote could not help smiling at the simplicity of his squire, to whom he gave permission to complain as much and as often as he pleased, whether he had cause or no; for, as yet, he had read nothing to the contrary in the history of knight-errantry.

Then Sancho observing that it was dinner-time, his master told him, that for the present he had no occasion for food; but that he, his squire, might go to victuals when he pleased. With this permission, Sancho adjusted himself as well as he could upon his ass, and taking out the provision with which he had stuffed his wallet, he dropped behind his master a good way, and kept his jaws agoing as he jogged along, lifting the bottle to his head, from time to time, with so much satisfaction, that the most pampered vintner of Malaga might have envied his situation.

While he travelled in this manner, repeating his agreeable draughts, he never thought of the promise which his master had made to him, nor considered it as a toil, but rather as a diversion, to go in quest of adventures, how dangerous soever they might be: in fine, that night they passed under a tuft of trees, from one of which Don Quixote tore a withered branch to serve instead of a lance; and fitted to it the iron head he had taken from that which was broken: all night long the knight closed not an eye, but mused upon his Lady Dulcinea, in order to accommodate himself to what he had read of those errants who had passed many sleepless nights

nights in woods and deserts, entertaining themselves with the remembrance of their mistresses.

This was not the case with Sancho Panza, whose belly being well replenished, and that not with plantane water, made but one nap of the whole night, and even then would not have waked, unless his master had called to him, notwithstanding the sun-beams, that played upon his face, and the singing of the birds, which in great numbers, and joyous melody, saluted the approach of the new day. The first thing he did, when he got up, was to visit his bottle, which finding considerably more lank than it was the night before, he was grievously afflicted, because in the road that they pursued, he had no hopes of being able in a little time to supply it's defect. Don Quixote refusing to breakfast, because, as we have already said, he regaled himself with the savoury remembrance of his mistress, they pursued their journey towards the pass; which, after three days travelling, they discovered. 'Here,' cried Don Quixote, 'here, brother Sancho Panza, we shall be able to dip our hands up to our elbows in what is called adventure; but take notice, although thou seest me beset with the most extreme danger, thou must by no means even so much as lay thy hand upon thy sword, with design to defend me, unless I am assaulted by vulgar and low-born antagonists; in which case thou mayest come to my assistance; but if they are knights, thou art by no means permitted or licensed, by the laws of chivalry, to give me the least succour, until thou thyself hast received the honour of knighthood*.'—

* Here Don Quixote seems to have been too scrupulous: for though no squire was permitted to engage with a knight on horseback, yet they were allowed, and even enjoined, to assist their masters when they were unhorsed, or in danger, by mounting them on fresh steeds, supplying them with arms, and warding off the blows that were aimed at them. Davy Gam, at the battle of Agincourt, lost his life in defending Henry V. of England; and Saint Severin met with the same fate in warding off the blows that were aimed at Francis I. of France, in the battle of Pavia.

‘As for that matter,’ replied Sancho, ‘your worship shall be obeyed to a tittle; for I am a very peaceable man, and not at all fond of meddling with riots and quarrels. True, indeed, in the defence of my own person, I shall not pay much regard to the said laws, seeing every one that is aggrieved is permitted to defend himself by all the laws of God and man.’—‘I say nothing to the contrary,’ replied Don Quixote; but in the affair of assisting me against knights, thou must keep thy natural impetuosity under the rein.’—‘That will I,’ answered Sancho, ‘and keep your honour’s command as strictly as I keep the Lord’s day.’

While they were engaged in this conversation, there appeared before them two Benedictine monks mounted upon dromedaries, for their mules were not much less, with their travelling spectacles and umbrellas: after them came a coach, accompanied by four or five people on horseback, and two mule-drivers on foot. In this carriage, it was afterwards known, a Biscayan lady was travelling to Seville to her husband, who was bound to the Indies with a rich cargo.

Don Quixote no sooner perceived the friars (who, though they travelled the same road, were not of her company) than he said to his squire, ‘If I am not very much mistaken, this will be the most famous adventure that ever was known; for those black apparitions on the road must doubtless be enchanters, who are carrying off in that coach some princess they have stolen; and there is a necessity for my exerting my whole power in redressing her wrongs.’—‘This will be worse than the windmills,’ cried Sancho: ‘for the love of God! Sir, consider that these are Benedictine friars; and those who are in the coach can be no other than common travellers. Mind what I say, and consider what you do, and let not the devil deceive you.’—‘I have told thee already, Sancho,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘that with regard to adventures, thou art utterly ignorant: what I say is true, and in a moment thou shalt be convinced.’

So saying, he rode forward, and placed himself in the middle of the highway through which the friars were to pass; and when he thought them near enough to hear what he said, he pronounced, in a loud voice, 'Monstrous and diabolical race! surrender, this instant, those high-born princesses, whom you carry captives in that coach; or prepare to receive immediate death, as a just punishment for your misdeeds.' The friars immediately stopped short, astonished as much at the figure as at the discourse of Don Quixote: to which they replied, 'Sir knight, we are neither diabolical nor monstrous, but innocent monks of the order of St. Benedict, who are going this way about our own affairs; neither do we know of any princesses that are carried captives in that coach.'—'These fawning speeches,' said Don Quixote, 'shall not impose upon me, who know too well what a treacherous pack you are.' And without waiting for any other reply, he put spurs to Rozinante; and couching his lance, attacked the first friar with such fury and resolution, that if he had not thrown himself from his mule, he would have come to the ground extremely ill-handled, not without some desperate wound, nay, perhaps stone dead. The second monk, who saw how his companion had been treated, clapped spurs to the flanks of his trusty mule, and flew threw the field even swifter than the wind.

Sancho Panza seeing the friar on the ground, leaped from his ass with great agility, and beginning to uncase him with the utmost dexterity, two of their servants came up, and asked for what reason he stripped their master. The squire replied, that the cloaths belonged to him, as the spoils that Don Quixote, his lord, had won in battle: but the others, who did not understand rallery, nor knew any thing of spoils and battles, seeing Don Quixote at a good distance, talking with the lady in the coach, went to loggerheads with Sancho, whom they soon overthrew; and, without leaving one hair of his beard, mauled him so unmercifully, that he lay stretched upon the ground, without sense or motion.

Then,

Then, with the utmost dispatch, the friar mounted, as pale as a sheet, and almost frightened to death; and no sooner found himself on horseback, than he galloped towards his companion, who tarried at a good distance, to see the issue of this strange adventure. However, being joined again, without waiting for the conclusion of it, they pursued their journey; making as many crosses as if the devil had been at their backs.

Don Quixote, in the mean time, as we have already observed, was engaged in conversation with the lady in the coach, to whom he expressed himself in this manner: 'Beautiful lady, you may now dispose of your own person according to your pleasure; for the pride of your ravishers lies level with the ground, being overthrown by this my invincible arm; and that you may be at no difficulty in understanding the name of your deliverer, know that I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, adventurer, and captive of the unparalleled and beautiful Donna Dulcinea del Toboso: and the only acknowledgment I expect for the benefit you have received is, that you return to that place, and presenting yourself before my mistress, tell her what I have performed in behalf of your liberty.' This whole address of the knight was overheard by a Biscayan squire, who accompanied the coach, and who, seeing that he would not allow the carriage to pass forward, but insisted upon their immediate returning to Toboso, rode up to Don Quixote, and laying hold of his lance, spoke to him thus in bad Castilian, and worse Biscayan: 'Get thee gone, cavalier! go to the devil, I say! vor, by the God that made her, if thou wilt not let the coach alone, che will kill thee dead, as zure as che was a Biscayan.' The knight, understanding very well what he said, replied with great composure, 'If thou wast a gentleman, as thou art not, I would chastise thy insolence and rashness, wretched creature.'—'I not a gentleman!' replied the Biscayan in great choler; 'by God in heaven, thou liest, as I am a christian! if thou wilt throw away thy lance, and draw thy sword, che will soon zee which

be

be the better man *. Biscayan by land, gentleman by sea, gentleman by devil; and thou liest, look ye, in thy throat, if thou sayest otherwise.'—'Thou shalt see that presently, as Agragis said,' replied Don Quixote; who, throwing his lance upon the ground, unsheathing his sword, and bracing on his target, attacked the Biscayan with full resolution to put him to death †.

His antagonist, who saw him approach, fain would have alighted from his mule, (which being one of the worst that ever was let out for hire, could not much be depended upon;) but he scarce had time to draw his sword: however, being luckily near the coach, he snatched out of it a cushion, which served him as a shield, and then they flew upon each other as two mortal enemies. The rest of the people who were present endeavoured, but in vain, to appease them: for the Biscayan swore, in his uncouth expressions, that if they did not leave him to fight the battle, he would certainly murder his mistress, and every body who should pretend to oppose it. The lady in the coach, surprized and frightened at what she saw, ordered the coachman to drive a little out of the road, to a place from whence she should see at a distance this rigorous engagement. In the course of which, the Biscayan bestowed such a huge stroke upon the shoulder of Don Quixote, that if it had not been for the defence of his buckler, he would have been cleft down to his girdle. The knight feeling the shock of such an unconscionable blow, exclaimed aloud, 'O Dulcinea! lady of my soul, thou rose of beauty, succour thy knight, who, for the satisfaction of thy ex-

* The literal meaning of the Spanish is, 'Thou shalt soon see who is to carry the cat to the water:' or rather, in the corrupted Biscayan phrase, 'The water how soon thou wilt see, that thou carriest to the cat.'

† The behaviour of Don Quixote was exactly conformable to the rules of chivalry; which, though they hindered a knight from fighting in armour with a squire, did not prevent him from giving satisfaction to an inferior, at sword and target; and every squire who was aggrieved had a right to demand it.

cessive goodness, is now involved in this dreadful emergency.' To pronounce these words, to raise his sword to secure himself with his target, and attack the Biscayan, was the work of one instant; for he was determined to risk his all upon a single stroke. His antagonist, who saw him advance, and by this time was convinced of his courage by his resolution, determined to follow his example; and covering himself with his cushion, waited his assault, without being able to turn his mule either on one side or the other; for she was already so jaded, and so little accustomed to such pastime, that she would not move one step out of the way.

Don Quixote, then, as we have said, advanced against the cautious Biscayan, his sword lifted up with an intention to cleave him through the middle: the Biscayan waited his attack in the same posture, being shielded with his cushion. The frightened by-standers stood aloof, intent upon the success of those mighty strokes that threatened each of the combatants; and the lady in the coach, with the rest of her attendants, put up a thousand prayers to Heaven, and vowed an offering to every image and house of devotion in Spain, provided God would deliver the squire and them from the imminent danger in which they were: but the misfortune is, that in this very critical instant, the author of the history has left this battle in suspense, excusing himself, that he could find no other account of Don Quixote's exploits, but what has already been related. True it is, that this second author of this work could not believe that such a curious history was consigned to oblivion; nor, that there could be such a scarcity of curious virtues in La Mancha, but that some papers relating to this famous knight should be found in their archives or cabinets: and therefore possessed of this opinion, he did not despair of finding the conclusion of this delightful history, which indeed he very providentially lighted upon in the manner which will be related in the second book.

PART

PART I. BOOK II.

CHAPTER I.

The Conclusion and Consequence of the stupendous Combat between the gallant Biscayan, and the valiant Knight of La Mancha.

IN the first book of this history we left the valiant Biscayan and renowned Don Quixote with their gleaming swords brandished aloft, about to discharge two such furious strokes, as must (if they had cut sheer) have cleft them both asunder from top to toe, like a couple of pomegranates; and in this dubious and critical conjuncture, the delicious history abruptly breaks off, without our being informed by the author where or how that which is wanting may be found.

I was not a little concerned at this disappointment; for the pleasure I enjoyed in the little I had read, was changed into disgust, when I reflected on the small prospect I had of finding the greater part of this relishing story, which in my opinion was lost; and yet it seemed impossible, and contrary to every laudable custom, that such an excellent knight should be unprovided with some sage to undertake the history of his unheard of exploits; a convenience which none of those knights errant, who went in quest of adventures, ever wanted, each of them having been accommodated with one or two necromancers, on purpose to record not only his achievements, but even his most hidden thoughts and amusements. Surely, then, such a compleat errant could not be so unlucky as to want that, which even Platel, and other such second-rate warriors, enjoyed.

I could not therefore prevail upon myself to believe that such a spirited history was left so lame and unfinished, but laid the whole blame on the malignity of time, which wastes and devours all things, and by which, no doubt, this was either consumed or concealed: on the other hand, I considered, that as some books had been found in his library so modern as the Undeceptions of

Jealousy, together with the Nymphs and Shepherds of Henares, his own history must also be of a modern date, and the circumstances, though not committed to writing, still fresh in the memory of his neighbours and to usmen. This consideration perplexed and inflamed me with the desire of knowing the true and genuine account of the life and wonderful exploits of our Spanish worthy Don Quixote de La Mancha, the sun and mirror of Manchegan chivalry; the first who, in this our age, and these degenerate times, undertook the toil and exercise of errantry and arms, to redress grievances, support the widow, and protect those damsels who stroll about with whip and palfrey, from hill to hill, and from dale to dale, on the strength of their virginity alone: for in times past, unless some libidinous clown with hatchet and morrion, or monstrous giant, forced her to his brutal wishes, a damsel might have lived fourscore years without ever lying under any other cover than that of heaven, and then gone to her grave as good a maiden as the mother that bore her. I say, therefore, that for these and many other considerations, our gallant Don Quixote merits incessant and immortal praise; and even I myself may claim some share, for my labour and diligence in finding the conclusion of this agreeable history; though I am well aware, that if I had not been favoured by fortune, chance, or Providence, the world would have been deprived of that pleasure and satisfaction which the attentive reader may enjoy for an hour or two, in perusing what follows: the manner of my finding it I will now recount.

While I was walking one day on the exchange of Toledo, a boy coming up to a certain mercer, offered to sell him a bundle of old papers he had in his hand. Now, as I have always a strong propensity to read even those scraps that sometimes fly about the streets, I was led by this my natural curiosity to turn over some of the leaves: I found them written in Arabic, which not being able to read, though I knew the characters, I looked about for some Portuguese Moor who should understand

stand it; and, indeed, though the language had been both more elegant and ancient, I might easily have found an interpreter. In short, I lighted upon one, to whom expressing my desire, and putting the pamphlet into his hands, he opened it in the middle, and after having read a few lines, began to laugh: when I asked the cause of his laughter, he said it was occasioned by a whimsical annotation in the margin of the book. I begged he would tell me what it was, and he answered, still laughing, 'What I find written in the margin, is to this purpose: "this same Dulcinea, so often mentioned in the history, is said to have had the best hand at salting pork of any woman in La Mancha."'

Not a little surprized at hearing Dulcinea del Toboso mentioned, I immediately conjectured that the bundle actually contained the history of Don Quixote. Possessed with this notion, I bade him, with great eagerness, read the title-page, which having perused, he translated it extempore from Arabic to Spanish in these words: 'The History of Don Quixote de La Mancha, written by Cid Hamet Benengeli, an Arabian author.' No small discretion was requisite to dissimble the satisfaction I felt, when my ears were saluted with the title of these papers, which, snatching from the master, I immediately bought in the lump for half a rial; though, if the owner had been cunning enough to discover my eagerness to possess them, he might have laid his account with getting twelve times the sum by the bargain.

I then retired with my Moor through the cloisters of the cathedral, and desired him to translate all those papers that related to Don Quixote into the Castilian tongue, without addition or diminution, offering to pay any thing he should charge for his labour: his demand was limited to two quarters of rams, and as many bushels of wheat, for which he promised to translate them with great care, conciseness, and fidelity: but I, the more to facilitate the business, without parting with such a rich prize, conducted him to my own house,

where, in little less than six weeks, he translated the whole, in the same manner as shall here be related.

In the first sheet was painted to the life the battle betwixt Don Quixote and the Biscayan, who were represented in the same posture as the history has already described, their swords brandished aloft, one of the antagonists covered with his shield, the other with his cushion, and the Biscayan's mule so naturally let forth, that you might have known her to have been an hireling at the distance of a bow-shot. Under the feet of her rider was a label containing these words, 'Don Sancho de Azpetia,' which was doubtless his name; and beneath our knight was another, with the title of 'Don Quixote.' Rozinante was most wonderfully delineated, so long and raw-boned, so lank and meagre, so sharp in the back, and consumptive, that one might easily perceive, with what propriety and penetration the name of Rozinante had been bestowed upon him. Hard by the steed was Sancho Panza, holding his ass by the halter, at whose feet there was a third label, inscribed 'Sancho Zancas,' who, in the picture, was represented as a person of a short stature, swag belly, and long spindle-shanks: for this reason he ought to be called indiscriminately by the names of Panza* and Zancas; for by both these surnames is he sometimes mentioned in history.

There were divers other minute circumstances to be observed, but all of them of small importance and concern to the truth of the history, though, indeed, nothing that is true can be impertinent: however, if any objection can be started to the truth of this, it can be no other, but that the author was an Arabian, of a nation but too much addicted to falsehood, though, as they are at present our enemies, it may be supposed, that he has rather failed than exceeded in the representation of our hero's exploits; for, in my opinion, when he had frequently opportunities and calls to exercise his pen in the praise of

* Panza, in Castilian, signifies Paunch; and Zancas, Spindle-shanks.

such an illustrious knight, he seems to be industriously silent on the subject; a circumstance very little to his commendation; for an historian ought to be punctual, candid, and dispassionate, that neither interest, rancour, fear, or affection, may mislead him from the road of Truth, whose mother is History, that rival of Time, that repository of great actions, witness of the past, example and pattern of the present, and oracle of future ages. In this, I know, will be found whatsoever can be expected in the most pleasant performance; and if any thing seems imperfect, I affirm it must be owing to the fault of the infidel it's author, rather than to any failure of the subject itself: in short, the second book in the translation begins thus—

The flaming swords of the two valiant and incensed combatants, brandished in the air, seemed to threaten heaven, earth, and hell, such was the rage and resolution of those that wielded them; but the first blow was discharged by the cholerick Biscayan, who struck with such force and fury, that if the blade had not returned by the way, that single stroke would have been sufficient to have put an end to this dreadful conflict, and all the other adventures of our knight; but his good genius, which preserved him for mightier things, turned the sword of his antagonist aside, so that though it fell upon his left shoulder, it did no other damage than disarm that whole side, slicing off in it's passage, the greatest part of his helmet, with half of his ear, which fell to the ground with hideous ruin, leaving him in a very uncomfortable situation. Good Heavens! where is the man who can worthily express the rage and indignation which entered into the heart of our Manchegan, when he saw himself handled in this manner! I shall only say, his fury was such, that raising himself again in his stirrups, and grasping his sword with both hands, he discharged it so full upon the cushion and head of the Biscayan, which it but ill-defended, that, as if a mountain had fallen upon him, he began to spout blood from his nostrils, mouth, and ears, and seemed ready to fall from his mule,

mule, which would certainly have been the case, if he had not laid hold of the mane: yet, notwithstanding this effort, his feet falling out of the stirrups, and his arms quitting their hold, the mule, which was frightened at the terrible stroke, began to run across the field, and after a few plunges came with her master to the ground. Don Quixote, who sat observing him with great tranquillity, no sooner perceived him fall, than leaping from his horse, he ran up to him with great agility, and setting the point of his sword to his throat, bade him surrender on pain of having his head cut off. The Biscayan was so confounded by the blow and fall he had sustained, that he could not answer one syllable; and as Don Quixote was blinded by his rage, he would have fared very ill, if the ladies of the coach, who had hitherto, in great consternation, been spectators of the battle, had not run to the place where he was, and requested, with the most fervent entreaties, that his worship would grant them the favour to spare the life of their squire.

To this petition the knight replied, with great stateliness and gravity, ‘Assuredly, most beautiful ladies, I am very ready to do what you desire, but it shall be upon condition and proviso, that this cavalier promise to go straight to Toboso, and present himself in my behalf, before the unparalleled Donna Dulcinea, that she may use him according to her good pleasure.’ The timorous and disconsolate ladies, without entering into the detail of what Don Quixote desired, or enquiring who this Dulcinea was, promised that the squire should obey the knight’s commands in every thing. ‘Upon the faith of your word, then,’ said Don Quixote, ‘I will do him no farther damage, though he has richly deserved it at my hand.’



CHAPTER II.

Of what farther happened between Don Quixote and the Biscayan.

ALL this time Sancho Panza having got up, though very roughly handled by the lacquies of the friars, stood very attentively beholding the battle of his master Don Quixote, and put up ejaculatory petitions to heaven, that it would please to grant him the victory, and that he might gain by it some island, of which he himself might be made governor, in consequence of the knight's promise. Seeing therefore the battle ended, and his master returning to mount Rozinante, he went to hold his stirrup, and before he got up, fell on his knees before him; then laying hold of his hand, and kissing it, pronounced with great fervency, 'Sir Don Quixote, will your worship be pleased to bestow on me the government of that island which you have won in this dreadful combat; for let it be ever so great, I find I have strength enough to govern it, as well as any he who governs an island in this world.' To this request Don Quixote replied, 'You must know, brother Sancho, that such as these are not adventures of islands, but frays that happen in bye-roads, in which there is nothing to be got but a broken head, with the loss of an ear: have a little patience, and we shall meet with adventures, which will enable me to make you not only a governor, but something more.' Sancho made him many hearty acknowledgments for his promise; then kissing his hand again, and his coat of mail, helped him to mount Rozinante; and he himself getting upon his ass, followed his master, who set off at a round pace, and without bidding adieu, or speaking one syllable to those in the coach, entered a wood that was in the neighbourhood.

Sancho followed him as hard as his beast would trot; but Rozinante exerted such speed, that seeing himself left behind, he was obliged to call to his master to wait for him. The knight complied with his request, and
checked

checked his horse, until he was overtaken by his weary squire; who, when he approached him, 'Sir,' said he, 'methinks it would be the wisest course for us to retreat to some church; for as he with whom you fought remains but in a sorry condition, it is odds but they inform the holy brotherhood of the affair*, and have us apprehended; and verily, if they do, before we get out of prison, we may chance to sweat for it.'—'Peace, Sancho,' said Don Quixote; 'where didst thou ever see or hear, that a knight-errant was brought to justice for the greatest homicides he had committed?'—'I know nothing of your honey-seeds,' answered Sancho, 'nor in my life did I ever see one of them; this only I know, that the holy brotherhood commonly looks after those who quarrel and fight up and down the country; and as to the other affair, I have no business to intermeddle in it.'

'Set your heart at ease then, friend Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'for I will deliver you from the hands of the Philistines, much more from the clutches of the brotherhood: but tell me, on thy life, hast thou ever seen a more valiant knight than me in any country of the known world? Hast thou ever read in story of any other who possesses, or has possessed, more courage in attacking, more breath in persevering, more dexterity in wounding, and more agility in overthrowing his antagonist?'—'The truth is,' answered Sancho, 'I never read a history since I was born; for indeed I can neither read nor write; but what I will make bold to wager upon is, that a more daring master than your worship I never served in the days of my life; and I wish to God, that your courage may not meet with that reward I have already mentioned. What I beg of your worship at present is, that you will allow me to dress that ear, which bleeds very much, for I have got some lint, and a little white ointment in my wallet.'—'These would have

* Santa Hermandad was a brotherhood or society instituted in Spain in times of confusion, to suppress robbery, and render travelling safe.

have been altogether needlers,' answered the knight, 'if I had remembered to make a phial of the balsam of Fierabras, one single drop of which would save abundance of time and trouble.'—'What sort of a phial and balsam is that?' said Sancho Panza. 'It is a balsam,' replied Don Quixote, 'the receipt of which I retain in my memory, and he that possesses the valuable composition needs be in no fear of death, nor think of perishing by any wound whatsoever: and therefore, when I shall have made it, and delivered it into thy keeping, thou hast no more to do, when thou seest me in any combat cut through the middle, a circumstance that very often happens, but to snatch up that part of the body which falls to the ground, and, before the blood shall congeal, set it upon the other half that remains in the saddle, taking care to join them with the utmost nicety and exactness; then making me swallow a couple of draughts of the aforesaid balsam, thou wilt see me in a twinkling as whole and as sound as an apple.'

'If that be the case,' said Sancho Panza, 'I henceforth renounce the government of that island you promised me, and desire no other reward for my long and faithful service, but that your worship will give me the receipt of that same most exceeding liquor; for I imagine, that it will sell for two rials an ounce at least, and that will be sufficient to make me spend the rest of my days in credit and ease: but it will be necessary to know if the composition be costly.'—'I can make a gallon of it for less than three rials,' replied the knight. 'Sinner that I am!' cried Sancho, 'what hinders your worship from teaching me to make it this moment?'—'Hold thy tongue, friend,' said the knight. 'I intend to teach thee greater secrets, and bestow upon thee more considerable rewards than that; but, in the mean time, let us dress my ear, which pains me more than I could wish.'

The squire accordingly took out his lint and ointment: but when his master found that his helmet was quite demolished, he had almost run stark mad: he laid

his hand upon his sword, and lifting up his hands to heaven, pronounced aloud, 'I swear by the Creator of all things, and by all that is written in the four holy evangelists! to lead the life which the great Marquis of Mantua led, when he swore to revenge the death of his cousin Valdovinos; neither to eat food upon a table, nor enjoy his wife, with many other things, which, though I do not remember, I here consider as expressed, until I shall have taken full vengeance upon him who has done me this injury *.' Sancho hearing this invocation, 'Sir Don Quixote,' said he, 'I hope your worship will consider, that if the knight shall accomplish what he was ordered to do, namely, to present himself before my Lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he will have done his duty, and certainly deserves no other punishment, unless he commits a new crime.'—'Thou hast spoke very much to the purpose, and hit the nail on the head,' replied Don Quixote; 'therefore I annul my oath, so far as it regards my revenge; but I make and confirm it anew, to lead the life I have mentioned, until such time as I can take by force as good a helmet as this from some other knight; and thou must not think, Sancho, that I am now making a smoke of straw; for I know very well whom I imitate in this affair; the same thing having literally happened about the helmet of Mambrino, which cost Sacripante so dear †.'

* These ridiculous oaths or vows are not confined to romances. Philip, the good Duke of Burgundy, at a public banquet, vowed to God, the holy virgin, the peacock, and the ladies, that he would declare war against the infidels; and a great number of persons who were present, lifted themselves under the same vow, and incurred voluntary penance until it should be accomplished. Some swore they would never lie upon a bed, others renounced the use of a table cloth, a third set obliged themselves to fast one particular day in the week, a fourth went without one particular piece of armour, a fifth wore his armour night and day, and many confined themselves to shirts of sackcloth and hair.

† Geoffroi de Rancon, having been injured by the Count de la Marche, swore by the saints that he would wear his

buskin

‘Sir, Sir,’ replied Sancho, with some heat, ‘I wish your worship would send to the devil all such oaths, which are so mischievous to the health and prejudicial to the conscience; for, tell me now, if we should not find in many days, a man armed with a helmet, what must we do? must we perform this vow, in spite of all the rubs and inconveniencies in the way; such as to lie in one’s cloaths, and not to sleep in an inhabited place, with a thousand other penances contained in the oath of that old mad Marquis of Mantua, which your worship now wants to renew? Pray, Sir, consider that there are no armed people in these roads, none but carriers and carters, which, far from wearing helmets themselves, perhaps never heard of any such thing during the whole course of their lives.’— ‘There thou art egregiously mistaken,’ replied Don Quixote; ‘for, before we are two hours in the cross-ways, we shall see armed men more numerous than those that came to Albraca, in order to win Angelica the Fair.’— ‘On then, and be it so,’ said Sancho; ‘and pray God we may succeed, and that the time may come when we shall gain that island which has cost me so dear, and then I care not how soon I die.’— ‘I have already advised thee, Sancho,’ said the knight, ‘to give thyself no trouble about that affair; for, should we be disappointed in the expectation of an island, there is the kingdom of Denmark; or that of Sobrediza, which will suit thee as well as ever a ring fitted a finger, and ought to give thee more joy, because it is situated on Terra Firma; but let us leave these things to the determination of buskin like a woman, and never suffer himself to be shaved in the manner of chivalry, until he should be revenged. This oath he scrupulously observed, until he saw his adversary, with his wife and children, kneeling in distress before the king, and imploring his forgiveness; then he called for a stool, adjusted his buskin, and was shaved in presence of his majesty and the court.

The knight’s forehead was commonly shaved, that in case he should lose his helmet in combat, his antagonist should have no hold by which he might be pulled off his horse.

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of time, and see if thou hast got any thing in thy wallet; for we must go presently in quest of some castle, where we may procure a night's lodging, and ingredients to make that same balsam I mentioned; for, I vow to God! my ear gives me infinite pain.'

'I have got here in my bags,' said Sancho, 'an onion, a slice of cheese, and a few crusts of bread; but these are eatables which do not suit the palate of such a valiant knight errant as your worship.'—'How little you understand of the matter!' answered Don Quixote. 'Thou must know, Sancho, that it is for the honour of knight-errant, to abstain whole months together from food, and when they do eat, to be contented with what is next at hand; this thou wouldst not have been ignorant of, hadst thou read so many histories as I have perused, in which, numerous as they are, I have never found any account of knights errant eating, except occasionally, at some sumptuous banquet made on purpose for them; at other times, living upon air; and though it must be taken for granted, that they could not altogether live without eating, or complying with the other necessities of nature, being in effect men as we are; yet we are likewise to consider, that as the greatest part of their lives was spent in travelling through woods and deserts, without any cook or caterer, their ordinary diet was no other than such rustick food as thou hast now got for our present occasions *; therefore, friend Sancho, give thyself no uneasiness, because thou hast got nothing to gratify the palate, nor seek to unhinge or alter the constitution of things.'—'I beg your worship's pardon,' said Sancho; 'for as I can neither read nor write, as I have already

observed,

* We read in Perce Forest, that there were flat stones placed at certain distances in uninhabited parts of the country, for the use of knights-errant; who, having killed a reebuck, pressed the blood out of it upon one of these tables by the help of another smooth stone, and then eat it with some salt and spices, which they carried along with them for that purpose. This diet is called in the French romances, *Chevaux de presse, nourriture des heraux*.

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observed, I may have mistaken the rules of your knightly profession; but from henceforward I will store my budget with all sorts of dry fruits for your worship, who are a knight; and for myself, who am none, I will provide other more volatile and substantial food *.—‘I do not say, Sancho, that knights-errant are obliged to eat nothing except these fruits, but only that their most ordinary sustenance is composed of them and some certain herbs, which they know how to gather in the fields; a species of knowledge which I myself am no stranger to.’—‘Surely,’ answered Sancho, ‘it is a great comfort to know these same herbs; for it comes into my head, we shall one day or another have occasion to make use of the knowledge:’ and taking out the contents of his wallet, they eat together with great harmony and satisfaction: but, being desirous of finding some place for their night’s lodging, they finished their humble repast in a hurry, and mounting their beasts, put on at a good rate, in order to reach some village before it should be dark; but the hope of gratifying that desire failed them with day-light, just when they happened to be near a goatherd’s hut, in which they resolved to pass the night; and in the same proportion that Sancho was disgusted at not being able to reach some village, his master was rejoiced at an opportunity of sleeping under the cope of heaven, because he looked upon every occasion of this kind as an act of possession that strengthened the proof of his knight-errantry.

CHAPTER III.

Of what happened to Don Quixote while he remained with the Goatherds.

HE received a very hearty welcome from the goatherds; and Sancho having, as well as he could, accommodated Rozinante and his ass, was attracted by

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* Volatile, in the original, signifies any things that fly; and therefore Sancho may be supposed to mean, he would provide himself with game or poultry; but the blunder which we have made him commit seems to be more in character.

the odour that issued from some pieces of goat's flesh that were boiling in a kettle; but though he longed very much at that instant to see if it was time to transfer them from the kettle to the belly, he checked his curiosity, because the landlord took them from the fire, and spreading some sheep-skins upon the ground, set out their rustick table without loss of time; inviting their two guests to a share of their mess, with many expressions of good-will and hospitality. Then those who belonged to the cot, being six in number, seated themselves round the skins, having first, with their boorish ceremony, desired Don Quixote to sit down on a trough, which they had overturned for that purpose.

The knight accepted their offer, and Sancho remained standing, to administer the cup, which was made of horn; but his master perceiving him in this attitude, 'Thou may'st see, Sancho,' said he, 'the benefit which is centered in knight-errantry, and how near all those who exercise themselves in any sort of ministry belonging to it, are to preferment and esteem of the world, I desire thee to sit down here by my side, in company with these worthy people; and that thou may'st be on an equal footing with me, thy natural lord and master, eating in the same dish, and drinking out of the same cup that I use; for what is said of love may be observed of knight-errantry, that it puts all things upon a level.'

'I give you a thousand thanks,' said Sancho; 'but I must tell your worship that, provided I have plenty, I can eat as much, nay more to my satisfaction, standing on my legs, and in my own company, than if I was to sit by the side of an emperor; and, if all the truth must be told, I had much rather dine by myself in a corner, though it should be upon a bit of bread and an onion, without all your niceties and ceremonies, than eat turkey-cocks at another man's table, where I am obliged to chew softly, to drink sparingly, to wipe my mouth every minute, to abstain from sneezing or coughing, though I should be never so much inclined to either, and from a great many other things, which I can freely do

when

when alone; therefore, Sir master of mine, I hope these honours which your worship would put upon me, as being the servant and abettor of knight errantry, which to be sure I am, while I remain in quality of your squire, may be converted into other things of more ease and advantage to me, than those which, though I hold them as received in full, I renounce from henceforth for ever, amen.—‘Thou must nevertheless sit thee down,’ said his master; ‘for him that is humble, God will exalt;’ and, seizing him by the arm, he pulled him down to the seat on which he himself sat.

The goatherds, who understood not a word of all this jargon of squire and knights-errant, did nothing but eat in silence, and gaze upon their guests; who, with keen appetite, and infinite relish, solaced their stomachs, by swallowing pieces as large as their fists. This service of meat being finished, they spread upon their skins great quantities of acorns, and half a cheese, harder than plaister of Paris. All this time the horn was not idle, but went round so fast, sometimes full, sometimes empty, like the buckets of a well, that they soon voided one of the two skins of wine that hung in view.

Don Quixote having satisfied his appetite, took up an handful of the acorns, and after looking at them attentively, delivered himself to this purpose: ‘Happy age, and happy days were those, to which the ancients gave the name of golden: not that gold, which in these our iron times is so much esteemed, was to be acquired without trouble, in that fortunate period; but because people were then ignorant of those two words MINE and THINE: in that sacred age, all things were in common; no man was necessitated, in search of his daily food, to undergo any other trouble than that of reaching out his hand, and receiving it from the sturdy oak, that liberally invited him to pull his sweet and salutary fruit. The limpid fountains and murmuring rills afforded him their savoury and transparent waters in magnificent abundance. In clefts of rocks and hollow trees, the prudent and industrious bees formed
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their commonwealths, offering without interest to every hand the fruitful harvest of their delicious toil. The stately cork-trees voluntarily stripped themselves of their light extended bark, with which men began to cover their rural cottages, supported upon rustick poles, with a view only to defend themselves from the inclemencies of the weather. All was then peace, all was harmony, and all was friendship. As yet the ponderous coulter of the crooked plough had not presumed to open or visit the pious entrails of our first mother, who, without compulsion, presented on every part of her wide and fertile bosom, every thing that could satisfy, sustain, and delight her sons, who then possessed her. Then did the simple and beautiful shepherdesses rove from hill to hill, and dale to dale, bare-headed in their braided locks, without any other cloaths than what were necessary to cover modestly that which modesty commands, and always has commanded to be covered. Neither were their ornaments such as are used now-a-days, enhanced in value by the Tyrian purple, and the manyways martyred silk, but composed of verdant dock-leaves and ivy interwove together; with which they appeared, perhaps, with as great pomp and contrivance as the court ladies of our days, dressed in all the rare and foreign fashions which idle curiosity has invented. Then were the amorous dictates of the soul expressed in sensible simplicity, just as they were conceived, undisguised by the artificial cloak of specious words. There was no fraud, no deceit, no malice intermixed with plain-dealing truth; justice then kept within her proper bounds, undisturbed and unbiaſſed by interest and favour, which now impair, confound, and persecute, her so much; law was not then centered in the arbitrary bosom of the judge, for, at that time, there was neither cause nor contest. Damsels and decency, as I have already said, went about single, and without fear of being injured by insolence or lust; and their ruin, when it happened, was the fruit of their own will and pleasure. But, now-a-days, in this detestable age, no
maid

maid is secure, though she was concealed and shut up in such another labyrinth as was that of Crete; for, even there, the amorous pestilence, with the zeal of mischievous importunity, would enter either by the help of wings, or by gliding through some chink or other, and all her barricaded chastity would go to wreck. For the security of this virtue, in process of time, when mischief grew to a greater head, the order of knight-errantry was first instituted to defend damsels, protect widows, and succour the needy and the fatherless. This order, brother goatherds, I profess; and thank you for this kind entertainment and reception, which I and my squire have received at your hands; for though, by the law of nature, all mankind are obliged to favour and assist knights-errant during the whole course of their lives, yet, as you have received and regaled me, before you knew yourselves to be under that obligation, I think it my duty to return my most sincere acknowledgment for your hospitality.'

The whole of this tedious harangue, which might very well have been spared, was pronounced by our knight, because the acorns they presented recalled to his memory the golden age: therefore he took it in his head to make these useless reflections to the goatherds; who, without answering one syllable, listened with suspense and astonishment. Sancho was also silent, but kept his teeth employed upon the acorns, and paid many a visit to the second wine-bag; which, that the contents might be the cooler, was hung upon a cork-tree. Don Quixote was less tedious in his discourse than at his meal, which being ended, one of the goatherds said, 'That your worship, knight-errant, may be convinced of our readiness and good-will to give you all the entertainment in our power, you shall have the pleasure and satisfaction of hearing a song from one of our companions, who will soon be here. He is an understanding young fellow, very much in love, who, moreover, can
read

read and write, and play upon the rebeck*, that it will delight you to hear him.' Scarce had the goatherd pronounced these words, when their ears were saluted with a sound of this instrument; and presently after appeared the musician, who was a young fellow of about twenty, or twenty-two years of age, and of a very graceful appearance. His companions asked him if he had supped, and he answering in the affirmative, one of them, who made the offer to the knight, said to him, 'If that be the case, Antonio, you will do us the pleasure to sing a song, that this gentleman, our guest, may see there are some, even among these woods and mountains, who understand musick. We have already informed him of thy uncommon talents, and we desire thou wouldst shew them, in order to justify what we have said in thy praise. I therefore earnestly beseech thee to sit down and sing the ballad of thy love, composed by thy uncle the curate, which is so much commended in our village.'—'With all my heart,' replied the young man; who, without farther entreaty, sat down upon the trunk of an ancient oak, and tuning his instrument, began in a very graceful manner to sing and accompany the following song.

I.

YOU love, Olalla, nay, adore me;
 In spite of all your art I know it,
 Although you never smile before me,
 And neither tongue nor eyes avow it.

II.

For sure to slight a lover's passion,
 So try'd as that which lives this heart in,
 Were but small proof of penetration;
 And that you are no fool is certain.

III.

Sometimes, indeed, and 'tis amazing,
 Tho' prov'd by evidence of twenty,
 You've plainly shewn your soul was brazen,
 And eke your snowy bosom flinty.

* A sort of small fiddle of one piece, with three strings, used by shepherds.

IV.

Yet in the midst of maiden shyness,
Affected scorn and decent scolding,
Kind Hope appear'd with proffer'd spy-glafs,
The border of her robe unfolding.

V.

Then balance in the scales of reason,
My love unshaken and untainted,
Unapt to change from truth to treason,
By frowns impair'd, by smiles augmented.

VI.

If love be courtesy refin'd,
And you be civil to profusion,
That you will to my hopes prove kind,
Is but a natural conclusion.

VII.

If gratitude that breast can soften,
Which bids to other arts defiance,
The services I've render'd often,
Must melt your soul to kind compliance.

VIII.

For, more than once, had you attended,
You might have seen me wear on Monday,
My best apparel scower'd and mended,
With which I went to honour Sunday.

IX.

As love delights in finery,
And women oft are won by tightness,
I've still endeavour'd in your eye,
To shine the mirror of politeness.

X.

That I have danc'd the swains among,
To please your pride, what need I mention;
Or with the cock begun my song,
To wake my sleeping fair's attention!

XI.

Or that, enamour'd of your beauty,
I've loudly sounded forth it's praises;
A task which, though a lover's duty,
The spite of other women raises!

XII.

For once Teresa of the hill
 Beneath all notice would have sunk ye:
 ' You think Olalla angel still,'
 Said she, ' but others scorn the monkey.

XIII.

' Thanks to her beads of glittering glass,
 ' And her false locks in ringlets curling,
 ' And the false colour of her face,
 ' Which Love himself might take for sterling.'

XIV.

She ly'd I told her in her throat;
 And when her kinsman kept a racket,
 You know I made him change his note,
 And soundly thresh'd the booby's jacket.

XV.

Your lovely person, not your wealth,
 At first engag'd my inclination;
 Nor would I now possess by stealth
 The guilty joys of fornication.

XVI.

The church has silken ties in store,
 Then yield thy neck to Hymen's fetters;
 Behold, I put my own before,
 And truit the noose that binds our betters.

XVII.

Else, by each blessed saint I swear,
 And Heav'n forbid I prove a liar!
 Never to quit this desert drear,
 Except in form of hooded friar*.

Thus

* The reader will perceive that I have endeavoured to adapt the versification to the plainness and rusticity of the sentiment, which are preserved through the whole of this ballad; though all the other translators seem to have been bent upon setting the poetry at variance with the pastoral simplicity of the thoughts. For example, who would ever dream of a goatherd's addressing his mistress in these terms?

' With

Thus ended the goatherd's ditty; and though Don Quixote desired him to sing another, yet Sancho Panza would by no means give his consent, being more inclined to take his natural rest than to hear ballads; and therefore, he said to his master, 'Your worship had better consider, where you are to lodge this night; for the labour that these honest men undergo in the day, will not suffer them to pass the night in singing.'—'I understand thee, Sancho,' replied the knight; 'it plainly appears that the visits thou hast made to the wine-bag, demand the consolation of sleep, rather than that of music.'—'They agreed with us all very well, blessed be God!' replied Sancho. 'I do not deny it,' said the knight; 'and thou mayest bestow thyself in the best manner thou canst; but it is more seemly for those of my profession to watch than to sleep: it would not be amiss, however, Sancho, to dress my ear again; for it gives me more pain than I could wish.' Sancho did as he desired: when one of the goatherds perceiving the wound, bade him give himself no trouble about it, for he would apply a remedy that would heal it in a trice: so saying, he took some leaves of rosemary, which grew in great plenty round the hut, and having chewed and mixed them with a little salt, applied the poultice to his ear; and binding it up carefully, assured him, as it actually happened, that it would need no other plaister.

CHAPTER

- 'With rapture on each charm I dwell,
- 'And daily spread thy beauty's fame;
- 'And still my tongue thy praise shall tell,
- 'Though envy swell, or malice blame.'

The original sentiments which this courtly stanza is designed to translate, are literally these:

'I do not mention the praises I have spoke of your beauty, which, though true in fact, are the occasion of my being hated by some other women.'

CHAPTER IV.

What was related by a Goatherd, who chanced to come into the Hut.

IN the mean time, another of the lads, who brought them victuals from the village, entering the hut, said, ‘Do you know what has happened in our town, comrades?’ When one of them answered, ‘How should we!’ ‘Know, then, continued he, that the famous student Chrysofom died this morning; and it is murmured about, that his death was occasioned by his love for that devilish girl Marcella, daughter of William the Rich. She that roves about these plains in the habit of a shepherdess.’—‘For Marcella, said you!’ cried one. ‘The same,’ answered the goatherd; ‘and it is certain, that in his last will he ordered himself to be buried in the field like a Moor (God bless us!) at the foot of the rock, hard by the cork-tree spring; for, the report goes, and they say he said so himself, as how the first time he saw her was in that place; and he has also ordained many other such things as the clergy say must not be accomplished; nor is it right they should be accomplished; for, truly, they seem quite heathenish: to all which objections his dear friend, Ambrosio the student, who also dressed himself like a shepherd, to keep him company, replies, that he will perform every thing, without fail, that Chrysofom has ordered; and the whole village is in an uproar about it: but it is believed that every thing, at last, will be done according to the desire of Ambrosio, and all the rest of the shepherds, his friends; and that to-morrow he will be interred with great pomp in the very spot I have mentioned. I am resolved, therefore, as it will be a thing well worth seeing, to go thither without fail, even though I thought I should not be able to return to the village that night.—‘We will do so too,’ replied the goatherds, ‘and cast lots to see which of us must stay and take care of our flocks.’—‘You are in the right, Pedro,’ said one; ‘but there will be no occasion to use that shift,

shift, for I myself will stay and take care of the whole ; and you must not impute my tarrying to virtue, or the want of curiosity, but to the plaguy thorn that ran into my foot the other day, and hinders me from walking.’ — ‘We are obliged to thee, however,’ answered Pedro ; whom Don Quixote desired to tell him who that same dead shepherd and living shepherdess were.

To this question the goatherd replied, all that he knew of the matter was, that the deceased was the son of a rich farmer, who lived in the neighbourhood of a village in these mountains ; that he had studied in Salamanca many years, at the end of which he had returned to his family with the character of a great scholar : in particular, they said, he was very knowing in the science of the stars, and what passed betwixt the sun and moon, and the heavens ; for he had punctually foretold the eclipse of them both ! ‘The obscuration of those two great luminaries,’ said the knight, ‘is called the eclipse, and not the clipe, friend.’ But Pedro, without troubling his head with these trifles, proceeded, saying, ‘he likewise foresaw when the year would be plentiful or staril.’ — ‘You mean, sterile,’ said Don Quixote. ‘Sterile, or Staril,’ replied Pedro, ‘comes all to the same purpose ; and I say, that his father and his friends, taking his advice, became very rich : for they gave great credit to his words, and followed his counsel in all things. When he would say, this year you must sow barley, and no wheat ; here you must sow carabances, but no barley ; next year there will be a good harvest of oil ; but for three years to come there will not be a drop.’ — ‘That science,’ replied Don Quixote, is called astrology. — ‘I know not how it is called,’ replied Pedro, ‘but this I know, that he knew all this, and much more. In short, not many months after he came from Salamanca, he appeared all of a sudden in shepherd-weeds, with his woolly jacket, and a flock of sheep, having laid aside the long dress of a student. And he was accompanied by a friend of his in the same habit, whose name was Ambrosio, and who had been his fel-

low-student at college. I forgot to tell you that Chrysofom the defunct was such a great man at composing couplets, that he made carols for Christmas eve, and plays for the lord's day, which were represented by the young men in our village; and every body said, they were tip-top. When the people of the village saw the two scholars so suddenly cloathed like shepherds, they were surprised, and could not guess their reason for such an odd change. About that time the father of this Chrysofom dying, he inherited great riches, that were in moveables and in lands, with no small number of sheep, more or less, and a great deal of money: of all which this young man remained desolate lord and master: and truly he deserved it all; for he was an excellent companion, very charitable, a great friend to good folks, and had a most blessed countenance. Afterwards it came to be known, that his reason for changing his garb, was no other than with a view of strolling through the woods and desarts after that same shepherd's Marcella, whose name my friend mentioned just now, and with whom the poor defunct Chrysofom was woundily in love: and I will now tell you, for it is necessary that you should know who this wench is; for, mayhap, nay, even without a mayhap, you never heard of such a thing in all the days of your life, though you be older than St. Paul.* — 'Say, Paul's,' replied Don Quixote, offended at the goatherd's perverting the words. 'St. Paul was no chicken,' replied Pedro; 'and if your worship be resolved to correct my words every moment, we shall not have done in a twelvemonth.' — 'I ask your pardon friend,' said the knight; 'I only mention this, because there is a wide difference between the person of St. Paul, and a church that goes by his name: but, however, you made

* In the original Spanish, the goatherd, instead of saying as old as Sarah, says, as old as Sarna, which in that language signifies the itch; but as it is impossible to preserve these mistakes in the translation, I have substituted another in its room, which I apprehend is equally natural and expressive.

made a very sensible reply; for, to be sure, the saint lived long before the church was built: therefore go on with your story, and I promise not to interrupt you again.'

'Well, then, my good master,' said the goatherd, 'there lived in our village a farmer, still richer than Chrysostom's father; his name was William, and God gave him, over and above great wealth, a daughter, who, at her birth, was the death of her mother, the most worthy dame in all the country. Methinks I see her now with that face of her's, which seemed to have the sun on one side and the moon on the other; she was an excellent housewife, and a great friend to the poor, for which reason I believe her soul is enjoying the presence of God in paradise. Her husband died of grief for the loss of so good a wife, leaving his daughter Marcella, young and rich, to the care of an uncle, who has got a living in our village. The girl grew up with so much beauty, that she put us in mind of her mother, who had a great share, and yet it was thought it would be surpassed by the daughter's. It happened accordingly; for, when she came to the age of fourteen or fifteen, nobody could behold her without blessing God, for having made so beautiful a creature; and every body almost grew desperately in love with her. Her uncle kept her up with great care; but, for all that, the fame of her exceeding beauty spread in such a manner, that both for her person and her fortune, not only the richest people in our town, but likewise in many leagues about, came to ask her in marriage of her uncle, with much importunity and solicitation. But he, who, to give him his due, was a good christian, although he wanted to dispose of her as soon as she came to the age fit for matrimony, would not give her away without her own consent; neither had he a view in deferring her marriage, to the gain and advantage which he might enjoy in managing the girl's fortune. And truly I have heard this spoken in more companies than one, very much to the praise of the honest priest. For I would have you know, Sir traveller,

that in these small towns people intermeddle and grumble about every thing. And this you may take for certain, as I know it to be so, that a clergyman must be excessively good indeed, if he can oblige his flock to speak well of him, especially in country villages.— ‘You are certainly in the right,’ said Don Quixote; ‘and pray go on, for your story is very entertaining; and you, honest Pedro, relate it with a good grace.— ‘May I never want God’s grace!’ said the shepherd; ‘for that is the main chance; and you must know, moreover, that though the uncle proposed to his niece, and described the good qualities of each in particular who asked her in marriage, desiring her to give her hand to some one or other, and chuse for herself; she never would give him any other answer, but that she did not chuse to marry, for that she was too young to bear the burden of matrimony. On account of these excuses, which seemed to have some reason in them, her uncle forbore to importune her, and waited till she should have more years and discernment to make choice of her own company; for he said, and to be sure it was well said, that parents should never dispose of their children against their own inclinations. But behold, when we least thought of it, the timorous Marcella one day appeared in the habit of a shepherdess; and without imparting her design to her uncle, or any body in the village, for fear they might have dissuaded her from it, she took to the field with her own flock, in company of the other damsels of the village. As she now appeared in public, and her beauty was exposed to the eyes of every body, you cannot conceive what a number of rich youths, gentlemen, and farmers, immediately took the garb of Chrysolom, and went wooing her through the fields. One of these suitors, as you have heard, was the deceased, who, they say, left off loving to adore her; and you must not think, that because Marcella took to this free and unconfined way of living, she brought the least disparagement upon her chastity and good name; on the contrary, such is the vigilance with which she guards her

her honour, that of all those who serve and solicit her, not one has boasted, nor indeed can boast with any truth, that she has given him the smallest hope of accomplishing his desire; for though she neither flies or avoids the company and conversation of the shepherds, but treats them in a courteous and friendly manner, whenever any one of them comes to disclose his intention, let it be ever so just and holy, even marriage itself, she throws him from her like a stone from a sling: and being of this disposition, does more damage in this country, than if a pestilence had seized it; for her affability and beauty allures all the hearts of those that converse with her to serve and love her, but her coyne's and plain dealing drives them even to the borders of despair; therefore they know not what to say, but upbraid her with cruelty and ingratitude, and give her a great many such titles, as plainly shew the nature of her disposition: and if your worship was but to stay here one day, you would here these hills and dales resound with the lamentations of her rejected followers. Not far from this place there is a tuft of about a dozen of tall beeches, upon every one of which you may read engraved the name of Marcella, and over some a crown cut out in the bark, as if her lover would have declared, that Marcella wears, and deserves to wear, the crown of all earthly beauty. Here one shepherd sighs, there another complains; in one place you may hear amorous ditties, in another the dirges of despair: one lover sits musing through all the hours of the night, at the foot of some tall ash or rugged rock, and there, without having closed his weeping eyes, shrunk up as it were, and entranced in his own reflections, he is found by the rising sun; a second, without giving respite or truce to his sighs, exposed to the heat of the most sultry summer's sun, lies stretched upon the burning sand, breathing his complaints to pitying heaven; and over this and that, and these and those, the free, the unconcerned, the fair Marcella triumphs. We who are acquainted with her disposition, wait with impatience to see the end of all this

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disdain,

disdain, and long to know what happy man will tame such an unlovable humour, and enjoy such exceeding beauty. As every thing that I have recounted is true to a tittle, I have no reason to doubt the truth of what our comrade said concerning the cause of Chrysofom's death; and therefore I advise you, Sir, not to fail being to-morrow at his burial, which will be well worth seeing; for Chrysofom had a great many friends, and the spot in which he ordered himself to be buried is not more than half a league from hence.'

'I will take care to be present,' said the knight, 'and thank you heartily for the pleasure you have given me in relating such an interesting story.'—'Oh! as for that,' cried the goatherd, 'I do not know one half of what has happened to the lovers of Marcella; but to-morrow, perhaps, we may light upon some shepherd on the road, who is better acquainted with them. In the mean time you will do well to go to sleep under some cover, for the cold night air may not agree with the hurt your jaws have received, though the remedy I have applied is such, that you have nothing else to fear.'

Sancho Panza, who wished the goatherd's loquacity at the devil, earnestly intreated his master to go to sleep in Pedro's hut. This request the knight complied with, and spent the greatest part of the night in thinking of his Lady Dulcinea, in imitation of Marcella's lovers; while Sancho Panza, taking up his lodging betwixt Rozinante and his ass, slept soundly, not like a discarded lover, but like one who had been battered and bruised the day before.

CHAPTER V.

The Conclusion of the Story of the Shepherdes Marcella, and other Incidents.

SCARCE had Aurora disclosed herself through the balconies of the East, when five of the six goatherds arising, went to waken Don Quixote, and told him, that

that if he continued in his resolution of going to see the famous funeral of Chrysothom, they would keep him company. The knight, who desired nothing better, arose, and commanded Sancho to saddle his horse and pannel his ass immediately. This order was executed with great dispatch, and they set out without loss of time. They had not travelled more than a quarter of a league, when, upon crossing a path, they saw coming towards them six shepherds, cloathed in jackets of black sheep skin, and crowned with garlands of cypress and bitter-bay, each having a club of holly in his hand. Along with them came also two gentlemen on horse-back, very well equipped for travel, accompanied by three young men on foot.

When they advanced they saluted one another; and understanding, upon inquiry, that they were all bound to the place of interment, they joined company, and travelled together. One of the horsemen said to his companion, 'Signior Vivaldo, we shall not have reason to grudge our tarrying to see this famous funeral, which must certainly be very extraordinary, by the strange account we have received from these people, of the dead shepherd, and the murderous shepherdess.'—'I am of the same opinion,' answered Vivaldo; 'and would not only tarry one day, but even four or five, on purpose to see it.' Don Quixote asking what they had heard of Marcella and Chrysothom, the traveller replied, that early in the morning they had met with these shepherds, of whom inquiring the cause of their being cloathed in such melancholy weeds, they had been informed of the coyness and beauty of a certain shepherdess called Marcella, and the hapless love of many who courted her, together with the death of that same Chrysothom to whose funeral they were going. In short, he recounted every circumstance of what Pedro had told Don Quixote before.

This conversation being ended, another began by Vivaldo's asking Don Quixote why he travelled thus in armour in a peaceable country. To this question the knight

knight replied, 'The exercise of my profession will not permit or allow me to go in any other manner. Revels, feasting, and repose, were invented by effeminate courtiers; but toil, anxiety, and arms, are peculiar to those whom the world calls knights-errant, of which order I, though unworthy, and the least, am one.' He had no sooner pronounced these words, than all present took him for a madman; but, in order to confirm their opinion, and discover what kind of madness it was, Vivaldo desired to know what he meant by knights-errant. 'What!' said Don Quixote, 'have you never read the annals and history of England, which treat of the famous exploits of Arthur, who, at present, in our Castilian language, is called King Artus, and of whom there is an ancient tradition, generally believed all over Great Britain, that he did not die, but was, by the art of enchantment, metamorphosed into a raven; and that the time will come when he shall return, and recover his sceptre and throne; for which reason it cannot be proved, that from that period to this, any Englishman has killed a raven. In the reign of that excellent king was instituted that famous order of chivalry, called the Knights of the Round Table; and those amours punctually happened, which are recounted of Don Lancelot of the Lake, with Queen Ginebra, by the help and mediation of that sage and venerable duenna Quitaniona, from whence that delightful ballad, so much sung in Spain, took its rise:

- ' For never, sure, was any knight
- ' So serv'd by damsel or by dame,
- ' As Lancelot, that man of might,
- ' When he at first from Britain came.'

' With the rest of that most relishing and delicious account of his amours and valiant exploits. From that time the order of knight-errantry was extended, as it were, from hand to hand, and spread through divers and sundry parts of the world, producing, among many other worthies celebrated for their achievements, the valiant Amadis de Gaul, with all his sons and nephews,

even

even to the fifth generation; the courageous Florisnarte of Hicarnia; the never-enough to be commended Tirante the White; and he whom, in this our age, we have as it were seen, heard, and conversed with, the invincible and valorous knight Don Bellianis of Greece. This, gentlemen, is what I meant by knights-errant; and such as I have described is the order of chivalry, which, as I have already told you, I, though a sinner, have professed; and the very same which those knights I mentioned professed, I profess also. On which account I am found in these deserts and solitudes, in quest of adventures, fully determined to lift my arm, and expose my person, to the greatest danger that my destiny shall decree, in behalf of the needy and oppressed.'

By this declaration, the travellers were convinced that the knight had lost his wits, and easily perceived the species of folly which had taken possession of his brain, and which struck them with the same surprise that always seized those who became acquainted with our knight. Vivaldo, who was a person of discretion, and a great deal of archness, in order to travel agreeably the rest of the road which they had to go till they should come to the place of interment, wanted to give him an opportunity of proceeding in his extravagance, and in that view said to him, 'Sir knight-errant, methinks your worship professes one of the strictest orders upon earth; nay, I will affirm, more strict than that of the Carthusian friars.'

'The order of the Carthusians,' answered Don Quixote, 'may be as strict; but, that it is as beneficial to mankind, I am within a hair's breadth of doubting; for, to be plain with you, the soldier, who executes his captain's command, is no less valuable than the captain who gave the order. I mean that the monks pray to God for their fellow-creatures in peace and safety; but we soldiers and knights put in execution that for which they pray, by the valour of our arms, and the edge of our swords; living under no other cover than the cope of heaven; set up in a manner as marks for the intolerable

able heat of the sun in summer, and the chilly breath of frosty winter; we are therefore God's ministers, and the arms by which he executes his justice upon earth; and as the circumstances of war, and what has the least affinity and concern with it, cannot be accomplished without sweat, anxiety, and fatigue; it follows, that those who profess it, are doubtless more subject to toil, than those who in rest and security implore the favour of God for persons who can do nothing for themselves: not that I would be thought to say or imagine, the condition of a knight-errant is equal to that of a recluse monk; I would only infer from what we suffer, that it is without doubt more troublesome, more battered, more famished, more miserable, ragged, and lousy; for the knights-errant of past times certainly underwent numberless misfortunes in the course of their lives. And if some of them came to be emperors by the valour of their arms, considering the blood and sweat it cost them, in faith it was a dear purchase; and if those who attained such a supreme station, had been without their sage enchanters to assist them, they might have been defrauded by their desires, and grievously baulked of their expectations.'

'I am very much of your opinion,' answered the traveller: 'but there is one thing among you knights-errant, that I cannot approve of; and that is, when any great and dangerous adventure occurs, in which you run a manifest risk of losing your lives, in the instant of an engagement, you never think of recommending your souls to God, as every Christian ought to do on such occasions; but, on the contrary, put up your petitions to your mistresses, with as much fervour and devotion as if they were your deities; a circumstance which, in my opinion, smells strong of paganism.'

'Sir,' replied Don Quixote, 'that practice must in no degree be altered; and woe be to that knight-errant who should do otherwise; for, according to the practice and custom of chivalry, every knight, when he is upon the point of atchieving some great feat, must call

up

up the idea of his mistress, and turning his eyes upon her with all the gentleness of love, implore, as it were, by his looks, her favour and protection in the doubtful dilemma in which he is about to involve himself: nay, even though nobody should hear him, he is obliged to mutter between his teeth an ejaculation, by which he heartily and confidently recommends himself to her good wishes; and of this practice we have innumerable examples in history; but I would not have you think, that we are to forbear recommending ourselves to God also; there will be time and opportunity enough for that duty in the course of action.

‘But, nevertheless,’ said the traveller, ‘I have still one scruple remaining; which is, that I have often read of a dispute between two knights, which proceeding to rage from one word to another, they have turned about their steeds, to gain ground for a good career; and then, without any more ceremony, returned to the encounter at full gallop, recommending themselves to their mistresses by the way; and the common issue of such an engagement is, that one of them is thrown down by his horse’s crupper, struck through and through with his adversary’s lance, while the other, with difficulty, avoids a fall by laying hold of his horse’s mane: now, I cannot comprehend how the dead man could have time to recommend himself to God, in the course of so sudden an attack; surely it would have been better for his soul, if, instead of the words he uttered in his career, he had put up a petition to Heaven, according to the duty and obligation of every Christian; especially, as I take it for granted, that every knight-errant has not a mistress; for all of them cannot be in love.’—‘That’s impossible,’ answered Don Quixote. ‘I affirm, that there never could be a knight-errant without a mistress; for to be in love is as natural and peculiar to them, as the stars are to the heavens. I am very certain that you never read an history that gives an account of a knight-errant without an amour; for he that has never been in love, would not be held as a legitimate

gitimate member, but some adulterate brood, who had got into the fortress of chivalry, not through the gate, but over the walls, like a thief in the night.

‘Yet, notwithstanding,’ said the traveller, ‘I have read that Don Galaor, brother of the valiant Amadis de Gaul, never had any known mistress to whom he could recommend himself; and he was not disregarded, but looked upon as a very valiant and famous knight.’

—‘Signior,’ answered our hero, Don Quixote, ‘one swallow makes not a summer; besides, to my certain knowledge, that knight was privately very much in love; indeed, he made love to every handsome woman who came in his way; for that was his natural disposition, which he by no means could resist: in short, it is very well attested, that he had one mistress, whom he enthroned as sovereign of his heart, and to whom he recommended himself with great caution and privacy, because he piqued himself upon being a secret knight.’

‘Since, then, it is essential to every knight to be in love, we may conclude that your worship, being of that profession, is no stranger to that passion: and if you do not value yourself upon being as secret a knight as Don Galaor, I earnestly entreat you, in behalf of myself, and the rest of the company, to tell us the name, country, station, and qualities of your mistress; who must think herself extremely happy in reflecting, that all the world knows how much she is beloved and adored by so valiant a knight as your worship appears to be.’

Here Don Quixote uttered a grievous sigh, saying, ‘I am not positively certain, whether or not that beautiful enemy of mine takes pleasure in the world’s knowing I am her slave; this only I can say, in answer to the question you asked with so much civility, that her name is Dulcinea; her native country, a certain part of La Mancha called Toboso; her station must at least be that of a princess, since she is queen and lady of my soul; her beauty supernatural, in that it justifies all those impossible and chimerical attributes of excellence, which the poets bestow upon their nymphs; her hair is

of gold, her forehead the Elysian Fields, her eye-brows heavenly arches, her eyes themselves suns, her cheeks roses, her lips of coral, her teeth of pearl, her neck alabaster, her breast marble, her hands ivory, her skin whiter than snow; and those parts which decency conceals from human view, are such, according to my belief and apprehension, as discretion ought to enhance above all comparison.*

‘I wish we knew her lineage, race, and family,’ replied Vivaldo. To this hint the knight answered; ‘She is not descended of the ancient Cais, Curtii, and Scipios of Rome, nor of the modern Colonas and Orsini, nor of the Moncades and Requesnes of Catalonia, much less of the Rebellas and Villanovas of Valencia; or the Palafaxes, Newcas, Rocabertis, Corellas, Lunas, Alagones, Urreas, Fozes and Gurrias of Arragon; or the Cerdas, Manriquez, Mendozas and Gusmans of Castile; or the Alencastros, Pallas and Menesis of Portugal: but she sprung from the family of Toboso de La Mancha: a lineage which, though modern, may give a noble rise to the most illustrious families of future ages: and let no man contradict what I say, except upon the conditions expressed in that inscription placed by Cerbino under the trophy of Orlando’s arms!

“That knight alone these arms shall move,

“Who dares Orlando’s prowess prove*.”

‘Although

* When a knight challenged the whole world, he wore an emprise, consisting of a gold chain, or some other badge of love and chivalry; and sometimes this emprise was fixed in a public place, to attract the attention of strangers. When any person accepted the challenge for a trial of chivalry, called the combat of courtesy, he touched this emprise; but if he tore it away, it was considered as a resolution to fight the owner to extremity or outrage. The combat of courtesy is still practised by our prize-fighters and boxers, who shake hands before the engagement, in token of love.

But no defiance of this kind could be either published or accepted without the permission of the prince at whose court

‘Although I myself am descended from the Cachopines of Loredó*,’ said the traveller, ‘I won’t presume to compare with that of Toboso de La Mancha; though, to be plain with you, I never before heard of any such generation.’—‘How, not heard!’ replied Don Quixote. The rest of the company jogged on, listening with great attention to this discourse, and all of them, even the goatherds, by this time were convinced, that our knight’s judgment was grievously impaired. Sancho alone believed that every thing his master said was true, because he knew his family, and had been acquainted with himself from his cradle. The only doubt that he entertained was of this same beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso; for never had such a name or such a princess come within the sphere of his observation, although he lived in the neighbourhood of that place.

While they travelled along, conversing in this manner, they perceived about twenty shepherds descend through a cleft made by two high mountains. They were all clad in jackets of black sheep-skin, and each of them crowned with a garland, which was composed, as we afterwards learned, partly of cypress, and partly of yew; six of the foremost carried a bier, upon which they had strewed a variety of branches and flowers. And this was no sooner perceived by one of the goat-herds,

the combatants chanced to be. Accordingly, we are told by Oliver de La Marche, that the lord of Ternant having published a defiance at the court of Burgundy, in the year 1445, Galiot asked the duke’s permission to touch the challenger’s emprise; which being granted, he advanced and touched it, saying to the bearer, while he bowed very low, ‘Noble knight, I touch your emprise; and, with God’s permission, will do my utmost to fulfil your desire, either on horseback, or on foot.’ The lord of Ternant humbly thanked him for his condescension, said he was extremely welcome, and promised to send him that same day a cartel, mentioning the arms they should use.

* Cachopines is the name given to the Europeans by the Indians of Mexico.

herds, than he said, 'These are the people who carry the corpse of Chrysoptom, and the foot of that mountain is the place where he ordered himself to be interred.'

Upon this information they made haste, and came up just at the time that the bearers, having laid down the body, began to dig the grave with pick-axes on one side of a flinty rock. They received our travellers with great courtesy; and Don Quixote, with his company, went towards the bier to look at the dead body, which was covered with flowers, clad in shepherds' weeds, and seemingly thirty years old. Notwithstanding he was dead, they could plainly perceive that he had been a man of an engaging aspect, and genteel stature; and could not help wondering at the sight of a great many papers, both sealed and loose, that lay round him in the coffin.

While the new comers were observing this phenomenon, and the shepherds busied in digging a grave, a wonderful and universal silence prevailed, till such time as one of the bearers said to another, 'Consider, Ambrosio, if this be the very spot which Chrysoptom mentioned, that his last will may be punctually fulfilled.'—'This,' answered Ambrosio, 'is the very place in which my unhappy friend has often recounted to me the story of his misfortunes. Here it was he first beheld that mortal enemy of the human race; here also did he first declare his amorous and honourable intention; and here, at last, did Marcella signify her disgust and disdain, which put an end to the tragedy of his wretched life; and in this place, as a monument of his mishap, did he desire to be deposited in the bowels of eternal oblivion.'

Then addressing himself to Don Quixote and the travellers, he thus proceeded: 'This corpse, gentlemen, which you behold with compassionate eyes, was the habitation of a soul which possessed an infinite share of the riches of Heaven: this is the body of Chrysoptom, who was a man of unparalleled genius, the pink of courtesy

and kindness; in friendship a very phoenix, liberal without bounds, grave without arrogance, gay without meanness, and in short second to none in every thing that was good, and without second in all that was unfortunate. He loved, and was abhorred; he adored, and was disdained; he implored a savage; he importuned a statue; he hunted the wind; cried aloud to the desert; he was a slave to the most ungrateful of women; and the fruit of his servitude was death, which overtook him in the middle of his career: in short, he perished by the cruelty of a shepherdess, whom he has eternized in the memory of all the people in this country; as these papers which you gaze at would shew, if he had not ordered me to commit them to the flames as soon as his body shall be deposited in the earth.'

'You will use them, then, with more cruelty and rigour,' said Vivaldo, 'than that of the author himself; seeing it is neither just nor convenient to fulfil the will of any man, provided it be unreasonable. Augustus Cæsar would have been in the wrong, had he consented to the execution of what the divine Mantuan ordered on his death-bed. Wherefore, Signior Ambrosio, while you commit the body of your friend to the earth, you ought not likewise to consign his writings to oblivion; nor perform indiscreetly what he in his affliction ordained; on the contrary, by publishing these papers, you ought to immortalize the cruelty of Marcella, that it may serve as an example, in time to come, and warn young men to shun and avoid such dangerous precipices; for I, and the rest of this company, already know the history of that enamoured and unhappy friend, the nature of your friendship, the occasion of his death, together with the orders that he left upon his death-bed: from which lamentable story, it is easy to conclude how excessive must have been the cruelty of Marcella, the love of Chrysothem, the faith of your friendship, and the check which those receive, who precipitately run through the path exhibited to them by idle and mischievous love. Last night, we understood the death of Chrysothem,

Chrysofom, who, we are informed, was to be buried in this place; and therefore, out of curiosity and concern, have turned out of our way, resolving to come and see with our eyes, what had affected us so much in the hearing; and in return for that concern, and the desire we felt in remedying it, if it had been in our power, we entreat thee, O discreet Ambrosio! at least, for my own part, I beg of thee, not to burn these papers, but allow me to preserve some of them.

Accordingly, without staying for an answer, he reached out his hand, and took some of those that were nearest him; which Ambrosio perceiving, said, 'Out of civility, Signior, I will consent to your keeping what you have taken up; but to think that I will fail to burn the rest, is a vain supposition.' Vivaldo being desirous of seeing the contents, immediately opened one, intitled, A Song of Despair; which Ambrosio hearing, said, 'That is the last poem my unhappy friend composed; and that you may see, Signior, to what a pass his misfortunes had reduced him, read it aloud, and you'll have time enough to finish it before the grave be made!'—'That I will do with all my heart,' said Vivaldo; and every body present being seized with the same desire, they stood around him in a circle, and he read what follows, with an audible voice.

A SONG OF DESPAIR.

I.

SINCE then thy pleasure, cruel maid,
Is, that thy rigour and disdain
Should be from clime to clime convey'd,
All hell shall aid me to complain!
The torments of my heart to tell,
And thy atchievements to record,
My voice shall raise a dreadful yell,
My bowels burst at every word:
Then listen to the baleful sound
That issues from my throbbing breast;
Thy pride, perhaps, it may confound,
And yield my madd'ning soul some rest.

II.

Let the snake's hiss and wolf's dire howl,
 The bull's harsh note, the lion's roar,
 The boding crow, and screeching owl,
 The tempest rattling on the shore,
 The monster's scream, the turtle's moan,
 The shrieks of the infernal crew,
 Be mingled with my dying groan,
 A concert terrible and new !
 The hearer's senses to appal,
 And Reason from her throne depose ;
 Such melody will suit the gall
 That from my burning liver flows !

III.

Old Tagus with his yellow hair,
 And Betis with her olive wreath,
 Shall never echo such despair,
 Or listen to such notes of death,
 As here I'll utter and repeat,
 From hill to dale, from rock to cave,
 In wilds untrod by human feet,
 In dungeons dreary as the grave.
 The beasts of prey, that scour the plain,
 Shall thy more savage nature know,
 The spacious earth resound my strain ;
 Such is the privilege of woe !

IV.

Disdain is death, and doubt o'erturns
 The patience of the firmest mind ;
 But jealousy still fiercer burns,
 Like all the flames of hell combin'd !
 The horrors of that cursed fiend,
 In absence to distraction rage,
 And all the succour hope can lend,
 The direful pangs will not assuage.
 Such agonies will surely kill ;
 Yet spite of absence, doubts and scorn,
 I live a miracle, and still
 Those deadly flames within me burn !

V.

Hope's shadow ne'er refresh'd my view,
 Despair attends with wakeful strife;
 The first let happier swains pursue,
 The last my comfort is for life.
 Can hope and fear at once prevail,
 When fear on certainty is led?
 To shut mine eyes will nought avail,
 When thunder bursts around my head.
 When cold disdain in native dye
 Appears, and falsehood's cunning lore
 Perverts the tale of Truth, shall I
 Against Despondence shut the door?

VI.

O jealousy! love's tyrant lord,
 And thou, soul-chilling, dire disdain!
 Lend me the dagger and the cord,
 To stab remembrance, strangle pain.
 I die bereft of hope in death,
 Yet still those are the freest souls
 (I'll vouch it with my latest breath)
 Whom love's old tyranny controuls.
 My fatal enemy is fair,
 In body and in mind, I'll say,
 And I have earn'd the woes I bear:
 By rigour love maintains the sway.

VII.

With this opinion let me fall
 A prey to unrelenting scorn;
 No fun'ral pomp shall grace my pall,
 No laurel my pale corpse adorn.
 O thou! whose cruelty and hate
 The tortures of my breast proclaim,
 Behold how willingly to fate
 I offer this devoted frame.
 If thou, when I am past all pain,
 Should'st think my fall deserves a tear,
 Let not one single drop detain
 Those eyes so killing and so clear.

VIII.

No! rather let thy mirth display
 The joys that in thy bosom flow ;
 Ah! need I bid that heart be gay
 Which always triumph'd in my woe!
 Come then, for ever barr'd of bliss,
 Ye, who with ceaseless torment dwell,
 And agonizing, howl and hiss
 In the profoundest shades of hell :
 Come, Tantalus, with raging thirst,
 Bring, Syfiphus, thy rolling stone,
 Come, Titius, with thy vulture curst,
 Nor leave Ixion rack'd alone.

IX.

The toiling sisters too shall join,
 And my sad, solemn dirge repeat,
 When to the grave my friends consign
 These limbs deny'd a winding-sheet ;
 Fierce Cerberus shall clank his chain,
 In chorus with chimæras dire :
 What other pomp, what other strain,
 Should he who dies of love require ?
 Be hush'd, my song, complain no more
 Of her whose pleasure gave thee birth ;
 But let the sorrows I deplore
 Sleep with me in the silent earth.

This ditty of Chrysofom was approved by all the hearers ; but he who read it observed, that it did not seem to agree with the report he had heard of Marcella's virtue and circumspection ; inasmuch as the author complained of jealousy, absence, and suspicion, which tended to the prejudice of her morals and reputation. To this objection, Ambrosio, as one that was acquainted with the most secret sentiments of his friend, answered, ' Signior, for your satisfaction in this point, it is necessary you should know, that the forlorn shepherd composed this song in the absence of Marcella, from whose presence he had gone into voluntary exile, in order to try if he could reap the usual fruits of absence, and forget the cause of his despair ; and as one in that situation

situation is apt to be fretted by every circumstance, and invaded by every apprehension, poor Chrysoptom was harrassed by groundless jealousy and imaginary fears, which tormented him as much as if they had been real; for which reason, this circumstance ought not to invalidate the fame of Marcella's virtue, against which, exclusive of her cruelty, arrogance, and disdain, envy itself hath not been able to lay the least imputation.'

'That may be very true,' replied Vivaldo; who, being about to read another of the papers he had saved from the flames, was diverted from his purpose by a wonderful vision, for such it seemed, that all of a sudden presented itself to their eyes. This was no other than the shepherdess Marcella, who appeared upon the top of the rock, just above the grave they were digging, so beautiful that she surpassed all report. Those who had never seen her before, gazed with silent admiration; nor were the rest, who had been accustomed to see her, less astonished at her appearance. But no sooner did Ambrosio perceive her, than, with indignation in his looks, he cried—

'Comest thou hither, fierce basilisk of these mountains! to see if the wounds of this unhappy youth, whom thy cruelty hath slain, will bleed at thy approach? or art thou come to rejoice in the exploits of thy barbarity, and from the top of that mountain behold, like another Nero, the flames which thy impiety hath kindled? or inhumanly to trample upon this unfortunate corpse, as the unnatural daughter insulted the dead body of her father Tarquin? Tell us at once the cause of thy approach, and deign to signify thy pleasure, that I, who know how devoutly Chrysoptom obeyed thee, when alive, may, now that he is dead, dispose his friends to yield the same obedience.'

'I come not,' answered Marcella, 'for any of the purposes you have mentioned, Ambrosio; but rather personally to demonstrate how unreasonably people blame me for their own affliction, as well as for the death and sufferings of Chrysoptom. I beg, therefore, that

that all present will give me the hearing, as it will be unnecessary to spend much time, or waste many words, to convince those that are unprejudiced of the truth. Heaven, you say, hath given me beauty, nay, such a share of it, as compels you to love me, in spite of your resolutions to the contrary; from whence you draw this inference, and insist upon it, that it is my duty to return your passion. By the help of that small capacity which nature has bestowed upon me, I know that which is beautiful is lovely; but I can by no means conceive, why the object which is beloved for being beautiful, is bound to be enamoured of its admirer; more especially, as it may happen that this same admirer is an object of disgust and abhorrence; in which case, would it be reasonable in him to say, "I love thee because thou art beautiful, and thou must favour my passion, although I am deformed?" But granting the beauty equal on both sides, it does not follow that the desires ought to be mutual; for all sorts of beauty do not equally affect the spectator; some, for example, delighting the eye only, without captivating the heart. And well it is for mankind, that things are thus disposed; otherwise there would be a strange perplexity and confusion of desires, without power of distinguishing and chusing particular objects; for beauty being infinitely diversified, the inclination would be infinitely divided: and I have heard, that true love must be undivided and unconstrained: if this be the case, as I believe it is, why should I constrain my inclination, when I am under no other obligation so to do, but your saying that you are in love with me? Otherwise tell me, if Heaven, that made me handsome, had created me a monster of deformity, should I have had cause to complain of you for not loving me? Besides, you are to consider, that I did not chuse the beauty I possess; such as it is, God was pleased of his own free will and favour to bestow it upon me, without any solicitation on my part. Therefore, as the viper deserves no blame for its sting, although it be mortal, because it is the gift of nature;

neither

neither ought I to be reviled for being beautiful: for beauty in a virtuous woman, is like a distant flame and a sharp sword afar off, which prove fatal to none but those who approach too near them. Honour and virtue are the ornaments of the soul; without which the body, though never so handsome, ought to seem ugly. If chastity then be one of the virtues which chiefly adorns and beautifies both body and soul, why should she that is beloved lose that jewel for which she is chiefly beloved, merely to satisfy the appetite of one who, for his own selfish enjoyment, employs his whole care and industry to destroy it? I was born free; and to enjoy that freedom, have I chosen the solitude of these fields. The trees on these mountains are my companions; and I have no other mirror than the limpid streams of these crystal brooks. With the trees and the streams I share my contemplation and my beauty; I am a distant flame, and a sword afar off; those whom my eyes have captivated, my tongue has undeceived; and if hope be the food of desire, as I gave none to Chrysothorn, or to any other person, so neither can his death, nor that of any other of my admirers, be justly imputed to my cruelty, but rather to their own obstinate despair. To those who observe that his intentions were honourable, and that therefore I was bound to comply with them, I answer, when he declared the honesty of his designs in that very spot where now his grave is digging, I told him, my purpose was to live in perpetual solitude, and let the earth alone enjoy the fruits of my retirement, and the spoils of my beauty: wherefore, if he, notwithstanding this my explanation, persevered without hope, and sailed against the wind, it is no wonder that he was overwhelmed in the gulph of his rashness. Had I rejoiced him, I should have been perfidious; had I gratified his inclination, I should have acted contrary to my own reason and resolution. But because he persisted after I had explained myself, and despaired before he had cause to think I abhorred him, I leave you to judge whether or not it be reasonable to lay his misfortune at my

my door. Let him whom I have deceived complain, and let him despair to whom I have broke my promise; if I call upon any man, he may depend upon me; if I admit of his addresses, he may rejoice in his success; but why should I be stiled a barbarous homicide by him whom I never soothed, deceived, called, or admitted? Hitherto Heaven has not thought fit that I should love by destiny; and the world must excuse me from loving by election. Let this general declaration serve as an answer to all those who solicit me in particular, and henceforward give them to understand, that whoever dies for me, perishes not by jealousy or disdain, for she who never gave her love can never give just cause of jealousy; neither ought her plain-dealing to be interpreted into disdain. Let him who terms me a fierce basilisk, shun me as an evil being; if any man thinks me ungrateful, let him refuse his services when I ask them. If I have disowned any one, let him renounce me in his turn; and let him who has found me cruel, abandon me in my distress; this fierce basilisk, this ungrateful, cruel, supercilious wretch, will neither seek, serve, own, nor follow you, in any shape whatever. If Chrysothom perished by the impatience of his own extravagant desire, why should my innocent reserve be inveighed against? If I have preserved my virginity in these deserts, why should he that loves me wish to see me lose it among mankind! I have riches of my own, as you all know, and covet no man's wealth. I am free, and will not be subjected; I neither love nor hate any man; I do not cajole this one, nor teaze that, nor do I joke with one, or discourse with another; but amuse myself with the care of my goats, and the innocent conversation of the shepherdesses belonging to the neighbouring villages. My desires are bounded by these mountains; or if my meditation surpasses these bounds, it is only to contemplate the beauty of the heavens, those steps by which the soul ascends to its original mansion. So saying, without waiting for any reply, she turned her back, and vanished into a thicket on a neighbouring mountain,

mountain, leaving all that were present equally surprized with her beauty and discretion.

Some of the by-standers being wounded by the powerful shafts that were darted from her fair eyes, manifested an inclination to follow her, without availing themselves of the ingenuous declaration they had heard; which being perceived by Don Quixote, who thought this a proper occasion for exercising his chivalry in defence of distressed damsels, he laid his hand upon the hilt of his sword, and in a lofty and audible voice pronounced, 'Let no person, of whatsoever rank or degree, presume to follow the beautiful Marcella, on pain of incurring my most furious indignation. She has demonstrated, by clear and undeniable arguments, how little, if at all, she is to be blamed for the death of Chrysothom; and how averse she is to comply with the desires of any of her admirers; for which reason, instead of being pursued and persecuted, she ought to be honoured and esteemed by all virtuous men, as the only person in the universe who lives in such a chaste and laudable intention.' Whether it was owing to these menaces of the knight, or to the advice of Ambrosio, who desired them to perform the last office to their deceased friend, not one of the shepherds attempted to stir from the spot, until the grave being finished, and the papers burnt, the body of poor Chrysothom was interred, not without abundance of tears shed by his surviving companions. The grave was secured by a large fragment of the rock which they rolled upon it, till such time as a tomb-stone could be made, under the direction of Ambrosio, who was resolved to have the following epitaph engraved upon it.

The body of a wretched swain,
Kill'd by a cruel maid's disdain,
In this cold bed neglected lies.
He liv'd, fond hapless youth! to prove,
Th' inhuman tyranny of love,
Exerted in Marcella's eyes.

Having strewed the place with a profusion of flowers and branches, every body present condoled, and took leave of the afflicted executor; and Don Quixote bade farewell to his kind landlords, as well as to the travellers, who would have persuaded him to accompany them to Seville, which they said was a city so well adapted for adventures, that they occurred in every street, nay, at the corner of every blind alley. Our hero thanked them most courteously for their advice, and the inclination they expressed to give him pleasure; but assured them, he neither could nor would set out for Seville, until he should have cleared these desarts of the robbers and banditti, of whom they were reported to be full.

The travellers seeing him thus laudably determined, importuned him no farther, but, taking leave of him anew, pursued their journey, during which they did not fail to discuss the story of Marcella and Chrysoptom, as well as the madness of Don Quixote; who, on his part, resolved to go in quest of the shepherds, and offer her all the service in his power: but this scheme did not turn out according to his expectation, as will be related in the course of this faithful history, the second book of which is here concluded.

PART I. BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

Wherein is recounted the unlucky Adventure which happened to Don Quixote, in meeting with certain unmerciful Yangueshians.

THE sage Cid Hamet Benengeli relates, that Don Quixote, having bid adieu to his entertainers, and to all who were present at the funeral of the shepherd Chrysoptom, entered, with his squire, the same wood to which Marcella had retreated; where, when they had wandered about upwards of two hours, without seeing her, they chanced to find themselves in
a delightful

a delightful spot, overgrown with verdant grass, and watered by a cool and pleasant stream; which was so inviting as to induce them to stay in it during the heat of the day, that now began to be very sultry; the knight and squire, therefore, dismounting, and leaving the afs and Rozinante at pleasure to regale themselves with the rich pasture, emptied their knapsack; and, without any ceremony, attacked the contents, which they eat together like good friends, laying aside all vain distinction of master and man.

Sancho had been at no pains to tether Rozinante; secure, as he thought, in knowing him to be so meek and peaceable, that all the mares in the meadows of Cordova could not provoke his concupiscence. Chance, however, or the devil, who is not often found napping, ordered it so, as that a drove of Gallician fillies, belonging to certain Yangueshian carriers, happened, at that very instant, to be feeding in the same valley: for, it being the custom of these people to halt and refresh themselves and their beasts in places where there is plenty of water and grass, they could not have lighted on a more convenient spot than that where Don Quixote chanced to be. It was then that Rozinante, seized with an inclination to solace himself with some of those kittish females, no sooner had them in the wind, than deviating from his natural disposition and accustomed deliberation, without asking leave of his lord and master, he went off at a small trot, to communicate his sensations to the objects of his desire. But they, it seems, more fond of their pasture than of his addresses, received him so uncivilly with their hoofs and teeth, that, in a twinkling, his girth was broke, his saddle kicked off, and he himself remained in cuerpo. But what he chiefly suffered was from the carriers, who, seeing violence offered to their mares, ran to their assistance with long staves, which they exercised upon him so unmercifully, that he fell prostrate to the ground, almost battered to death.

The

The knight and Sancho seeing their steed thus basted, made all the haste they could to his rescue; the former addressing the latter in this manner: 'I perceive, friend Sancho, that these are no knights, but fellows of a low degree and infamous descent: this particular I mention, because thou mayest now assist me in taking just vengeance upon them, for the injury they have done to Rozinante before my face.'—'What a devil of vengeance can we pretend to take,' answered the squire, 'when they are more than twenty, and we but two? Nay, I believe, if it was put to the trial, no better than one and a half.'—'I myself am worth an hundred of such vagabonds!' cried Don Quixote; and without uttering another syllable, he unsheathed his sword, and assaulted the Yangueshians, being seconded by Sancho, who suffered himself to be roused and encouraged by the example of his master; and, indeed, the knight lent the first he met with such a hearty stroke, as laid open a leathern jacket he wore, together with a large portion of his shoulder.

The carriers seeing themselves thus maltreated by two men only, took the benefit of their numbers, and ran to sustain one another with their staves; then surrounding the two assailants, began to drum upon their carcases with infinite eagerness and dexterity. True it is, at the second application, Sancho fell to the earth; a misfortune that also happened to his master; who, in spite of all his own address, together with the assistance of his good friend, soon found himself stretched at the feet of Rozinante, who had not as yet been able to rise from whence we may learn what furious execution is often done by pack-slaves, when managed by the hands of such enraged clowns.

The carriers perceiving the havoc they had made, thought proper to load again with all dispatch, and pursue their journey, leaving our adventurers in miserable plight and doleful dilemma. The first that recovered the use of his senses was Sancho Panza; who, finding himself laid along by the side of his master, pronounced

nounced, with a weak and lamentable voice, 'Sir Don Quixote! ah, Sir Don Quixote!'—'What wouldst thou have, brother Sancho?' replied the knight, in the same feeble and complaining tone. 'I wish,' resumed Sancho, 'your worship would, if it be possible, comfort me with a couple of gulps of that same balsam made by fairy Blas, if you have got any of it about you: perhaps it may be serviceable in bruises and broken bones, as well as in wounds and running sores.'—'Would to God I had it here, unfortunate wight that I am!' cried Don Quixote; 'but I swear to thee, Sancho, on the faith of a knight-errant, that ere two days pass, if some mischievous accident does not intervene, I will have it in my possession, if my hands do not very much misgive me.'—'In how many days does your worship think we shall be able to move our feet?' said the squire. 'With regard to myself,' answered the battered knight, 'I really cannot fix any number of days; but this I know, that I alone am to blame for what has happened, in condescending to use my sword against antagonists who were not dubbed and knighted like myself. I therefore firmly believe, that, as a punishment for having transgressed the laws of chivalry, the God of battles hath permitted me to receive this disgraceful chastisement; for which reason, brother Sancho, it is proper that thou shouldst be apprized of what I am going to say, as it may be of great importance to the safety of us both: whenever thou shalt see us insulted or aggrieved for the future, by such rascally scum, thou shalt not wait for my drawing upon them; for I will in no shape meddle with such unworthy foes; but lay thy hand upon thy sword, and with thy own arm chastise them to thy heart's content; but should any knights make up to their defence and assistance, then shall I know how to protect thee, and assault them with all my might; and thou art already convinced, by a thousand amazing proofs, how far extends the valour of this my invincible arm.' So arrogant was the poor knight become by his victory over the valiant Biscayan.

This wholesome advice, however, was not so much relished by Sancho, but that he replied, 'Sir, I am a quiet, meek, peaceable man, and can digest any injury, be it never so hard; for I have a wife and small children to maintain and bring up: wherefore, let me also apprise (since I cannot lay my commands upon) your worship, that I will in no shape whatever use my sword against either knight or knave; and that henceforward, in the sight of God, I forgive all injuries, past, present, or to come, which I have already received, at this present time suffer, or may hereafter undergo, from any person whatsoever, high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple, without exception to rank or circumstance.'

His master hearing this declaration, answered, 'I wish the grievous pain I feel in this rib would abate a little, so as that I could speak for a few moments with ease, and convince thee of thy damnable error, Panza. Hark ye me, sinner! suppose the gale of fortune, which hath been hitherto so adverse, should change in our favour; and, swelling the sails of our desire, conduct us safely, without the least impediment, into the haven of some one of those islands which I have promised thee: what would become of thy wretched affairs, if, after I had won and given it into thy possession, thou shouldst frustrate my intention, by thy lack of knighthood, ambition, valour and courage, to revenge thy wrongs, or defend thy government? for I would have thee to know, that in all new-conquered kingdoms or provinces, the friends of their natural masters are never so quiet or reconciled to their new sovereign, as to dispel all fear of some fresh insurrection, to alter the government again, and, as the saying is, try fortune once more: it is therefore requisite that the new possessor should have understanding to govern, resolution to punish, and valour to defend himself, in case of any such accident.'

'In this last accident which hath befallen us,' said Sancho, 'I wish the Lord had pleased to give me that same understanding and valour your worship mentions: but

but I protest, upon the word of a poor sinner, that I am at present more fit for a scarcloth than such conversation. See if your worship can make shift to rise, and then we will give some assistance to Rozinante, though it be more than he deserves; for he was the principal cause of all this plaguy-rib-roasting: never could I believe such a thing of Rozinante, who I always thought was as chaste and sober a person as myself; but this verifies the common remark, that you must keep company a long time with a man before you know him thoroughly; and that there is nothing certain in this life. Who could have thought that those huge back-strokes your worship dealt so heartily to the unlucky traveller, would be followed, as it were post-haste, by such a mighty tempest of blows, as just now discharged itself upon our shoulders!—‘Thy carcase, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘was formed for enduring such rough weather; but my limbs were tenderly nursed in soft wool and fine linen; and therefore must feel more sensibly the pain of this discomfiture; and if I did not believe (believe, said I, if I were not certain) that all these inconveniencies are inseparably annexed to the exercise of arms, I would lie still where I am, and die with pure vexation.’

To this protestation the squire replied, ‘Seeing these misfortunes are the natural crops of chivalry, pray good your worship, do they happen at all times of the year, or only fall at an appointed season; because, in my simple conjecture, two such harvests will leave us altogether incapable of reaping a third, if God, of his infinite mercy, will not be pleased to send us extraordinary succour.’—‘Thou must know, friend Sancho,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘that the life of a knight-errant is subject to a thousand dangers and mishaps; but then he enjoys the self-same chance of being a king or emperor, as experience demonstrates to have been the case of divers and sundry knights; the history of whose lives I am perfectly well acquainted with; and I could now relate, if this pain would give me leave, the fortunes of some, who, by their valour alone, have risen to that
supreme

supreme degree: and those very persons, both before and after their success, have undergone various calamities and affliction; witness the valiant Amadis de Gaul, who saw himself in the power of his mortal enemy Arcalaus the inchanter, of whom it is positively affirmed, that while the knight was his prisoner, he caused him to be bound to a pillar in his court-yard, and gave him two hundred stripes with the reins of his horse's bridle. There is likewise a certain secret author of no small credit, who relates that the knight of the sun was caught in a trap in a certain castle, and falling, found himself tied hand and foot in a deep dungeon below ground, where was administered unto him one of those things they call clysters, composed of sand and water, which had well nigh cost him his life; and if he had not been succoured in that perilous conjuncture, by a sage who was his good friend, the poor knight would have fared very ill. Wherefore what hath happened to me, may easily pass unheeded among those much greater affronts that such worthy people have undergone: besides, I would have thee know, Sancho, that it is never reckoned an affront to be wounded by those instruments which are casually in the hands of our enemies; for it is expressly mentioned in the laws of duelling, that if a shoemaker beats a man with a last he has by accident in his hand, the man cannot properly be said to be cudgelled, although the said last was made of wood. This particular I mention, that thou mayest not suppose us affronted, although we have been mauled in this unlucky fray; for the weapons with which those men threshed us so severely, were no other than their own pack-staves; and so far as I can remember, there was neither tuck, poignard, nor sword, among them.'

'They did not give me time,' answered Sancho, 'to make any such observation: for scarce had I laid my fingers upon my Toledo*, when there rained a shower of

* Tizona, which is the word in the original, is a romantic name given to the sword that belonged to Roderick Dias de Bivar, the famous Spanish general against the Moors.

of cudgels upon my poor shoulders, that banished the light from my eyes, and strength from my feet, and laid me flat upon the spot where I now lie, not so much concerned about thinking whether this drubbing be an affront or not, as about the intolerable pain of the blows, which remain imprinted upon my memory as well as upon my carcase.'—'Notwithstanding all this complaining,' said the knight, 'I aver, brother Sancho, that there is no remembrance which time does not efface, nor pain that death does not remove.'—'And pray, what greater misfortune can there be,' answered Sancho, 'than that which nothing but time can remove, or death put a stop to? If this mishap of ours were such a one as might be cured with a couple of snips of searcloth, it would not be altogether so vexatious; but so far as I can see, all the plaister of an hospital will not be sufficient to set us cleverly on our legs again.'

'Truce with thy reflections,' replied Don Quixote, 'and collecting strength out of weakness, as I will endeavour to do, let us rise and examine Rozinante's case; for, in all appearance, the poor beast hath not suffered the least part of the misfortune.'—'That is not to be wondered at,' said the squire, 'he being a knight-errant also; but what surprizes me most is, that my dapple should get off without paying his score, when we are scored all over.'—'Destiny, when one door is shut always leaves another open, is a resource in all calamities,' said Don Quixote: 'this I observe, because thy ass will now supply the place of Rozinante, and carry me from hence to some castle, where my wounds may be cured: more especially as such carriage will be no dishonour to chivalry; for I remember to have read, that the good old Silenus, tutor and companion to the jolly god of mirth and wine, entered the city of the hundred gates, lolling at his ease upon a most comely ass.'—'It may be very true that he rode upon an ass,' replied Sancho; 'but there is some difference, I apprehend, between riding, and lying across the beast like a bag

bag of dirt.' To this observation the knight answered, 'Those wounds which are received in battle, may well give, but can never deprive one of honour: therefore, friend Sancho, do as I bid thee, without farther reply; get up as well as thou canst, and lay me upon dapple just as thou shalt find most convenient, that we may be gone before night comes to surprize us in this unfrequented place.'

'And yet,' said Sancho, 'I have heard your worship remark, that it is usual for knights-errant to sleep upon commons and heaths the greatest part of the year; aye, and to be thankful for their good fortune in being able so to do.'—'Yes,' said the knight, 'when they can do no better, or are in love; and this is so true, that there was a knight who lay upon a bare rock, exposed to the sultry noon and midnight damps, with all the inclemencies of the weather, during two whole years, before his mistress knew any thing of the matter: this was no other than Amadis, who, assuming the name of Beltenebros, took up his quarters upon the naked rock for the space of either eight years, or eight months, I really do not remember which; only that he remained doing penance in that place, for some disgust shewn to him by his dame Oriana: but truce with this conversation, Sancho, and make haste, before such another accident can happen to thy beast, as that which hath already befallen Rozinante.'

'Ods my life! that would be the devil indeed,' cried Sancho, who uttering thirty ah's and sixty oh's! together with a hundred and fifty ola's! and curses upon him who had brought him to that pass, raised himself up, though he could not for his soul stand upright, but, in spite of all his efforts, remained bent like a Turkish bow; and in that attitude, with infinite labour, made shift to equip his ass, which had also gone a little astray, presuming upon the excessive licence of the time: he then lifted up Rozinante, who, could he have found a tongue to complain with, would certainly have surpassed both his master and Sancho in lamentation:

tion: in short, the squire disposed of Don Quixote upon the ass, to whose tail Rozinante was tied; then taking his own dapple by the halter, jogged on, sometimes faster, sometimes slower, towards the place where he conjectured the high road to lie; and, indeed, they had not exceeded a short league, when by good luck, which now seemed to take the management of their affairs, they arrived at the highway, and discovered an inn, which, to Sancho's great grief, was mistaken for a castle by the joyful knight. This difference of opinion begat an obstinate dispute, that lasted until they arrived at the place, into which Sancho immediately conveyed his cargo, without farther expostulation.

CHAPTER II.

The Adventure that happened to this sagacious Knight at the Inn, which he mistook for a Castle.

THE innkeeper seeing Don Quixote laid athwart the ass, asked what was the matter? to which interrogation Sancho replied, 'Nothing but a few bruises which my master has received in a fall from a rock in this neighbourhood.' The landlady, who differed in disposition from most of your inn-keepers wives, being naturally charitable, and sympathising with the calamities of her fellow-creatures, came running to the relief of the battered knight, and brought her daughter, who was a very handsome girl, to assist in taking care of her guest. There was in the same house a servant-maid from the Asturias, remarkable for her capacious countenance, beetle-brow'd, flat-nosed, blind of one eye, and bleared in the other: true it is, the gentility of her shape made amends for her other defects; she was something short of seven hands from head to foot, and moreover incumbered so much by her shoulders, that she was obliged to contemplate the dust beneath her feet oftener than she could have wished.

This comely creature, with the assistance of the other damsel, made up a sort of sorry bed for our hero in a garret; which gave evident tokens of having formerly
been

been an hay-loft, and in which at that time a certain carrier had taken up his quarters, in a bed of his own making, a little on one fide our knight's: and though his couch was compofed of the pannels and furniture of his mules, it had greatly the advantage over Don Quixote's, which confifted only of four rough boards, fupported on two benches of unequal height, covered by a mattras, fo thin it might have paffed for a quilt, and full of knots fo hard as to be miftaken for pebble ftones, had not the wooll appeared through divers openings; with a couple of fheets made of bull's hide; and a blanket fo bare, that you might have counted every thread.

In this wretched bed, Don Quixote having laid himfelf down, was anointed from head to foot by the good woman and her daughter, while Maritornes (that was the Afturian's name) flood hard by holding a light. The landlady, in the courfe of her application, perceiving the knight's whole body black and blue, obferved that thofe marks feemed rather the effects of drubbing than of a fall; but Sancho affirmed fhe was miftaken, and that the marks in queftion were occafioned by the knobs and corners of the rocks among which he fell. 'And now I think of it,' faid he, 'pray, Madam, manage matters fo as to leave a little of your ointment, for it will be needed, I'll affure you; my own loins are none of the foundeft at prefent.'—'What did you fall too?' faid fhe. 'I can't fay I did,' answered the fquire, 'but I was fo infected by feeing my mafter tumble, that my whole body aches as much as if I had been cudgelled without mercy.'—'That may very eafily happen,' cried the daughter: 'I myfelf have often dreamed that I was falling from a high tower, without ever coming to the ground; and, upon waking, have found myfelf bruifed and battered, as if I had actually got a great fall.'—'Ah, miftreis!' replied the fquire, 'here is the point; I, without dreaming at all, but on the contrary, being as broad awake as I am this precious minute, found almoft as many marks upon my own foulders, as you have obferved upon thofe of my mafter

Don

Don Quixote.—‘What is the name of that knight?’ said the Asturian. ‘Don Quixote de La Mancha,’ answered the squire: ‘he is a knight-adventurer, and one of the greatest and most valiant that have been seen in this world for many ages.’—‘And what is a knight-adventurer?’ resumed the wench. ‘Are you such a suckling as not to know that?’ cried Sancho: ‘well, I’ll tell you, mistress of mine; a knight-adventurer is a thing, that before you count a couple, may be kicked and be crowned: to day he is the most despicable and beggarly wretch upon earth, and to-morrow he will have a brace of kingdoms to bestow upon his squires.’—‘Methinks,’ said the landlady, ‘seeing you appertain to such a great man, you ought to be a count at least.’—‘All in good time,’ replied Sancho; ‘we have not been out a month in search of adventures, and have found none worth naming; besides, people sometimes go in quest of one thing, and meet with another: indeed, if my master Don Quixote gets well of this drubbing (fall I mean) and I myself escape without being crippled, I won’t barter my hopes for the best lordship in Spain.’

The knight having listened attentively to this whole conversation, sat up in his bed as well as he could, and taking his landlady by the hand, ‘Believe me, beautiful lady,’ said he, ‘you may count yourself extremely happy in having within your castle my person as your guest; such a guest, that if I praise him not, it is on account of the common saying, that self commendation is in effect self-dispraise. My squire, however, will intimate who I am; while I content myself with assuring you, that I will, to all eternity, preserve engraven upon the tables of my memory the benevoience you this day vouchsafed unto me, that I may be grateful for the favour as long as life shall remain. And, oh! that it pleased you, Heaven supreme, that love had not so vanquished and enslaved my heart to the triumphant eyes of the beautiful ingrate whom I now mention between my teeth, but that the charms of this amiable young lady could be the authors of my freedom.’

The good woman, her daughter, and the gentle Maritornes, were astonished at this rhapsody, which they understood as much as if it had been delivered in Greek; though they could easily comprehend, that the whole of it tended to compliment and proffers of service: as they were therefore altogether unaccustomed to such language, they gazed at him with admiration, as a person of a different species from other men; and having thanked him for his courtesy, left him to his repose; while the Asturian Maritornes administered to Sancho, who had as much need of assistance as his master.

She and the carrier had made an assignation to divert themselves that night; nay, she had given her word that as soon as the company should be quiet, and her master and mistress asleep, she would visit him in the dark, and give him all the satisfaction he desired; and indeed it is recorded, for the honour of this good creature, that she never failed to perform her promises of that kind punctually, although they had been made in the midst of a heath, and out of the hearing of all evidence: for she valued herself much upon her gentility, and did not look upon it as any affront to be servant at an inn, because, she observed, disappointments and misfortunes had reduced her to that condition.

The bed of Don Quixote, which we have described so hard, so narrow, crazy, and uncomfortable, stood foremost, and exactly in the middle of this ruinous hay-loft; hard by had Sancho taken up his quarters upon a rush-mat, covered with a rug, which seemed to be manufactured of hemp, rather than wool; and last of all was the carrier's couch, composed, as we have already said, of the pannels and furniture of his two best mules; for he had no less than twelve plump, sleek, and notable beasts, being one of the richest carriers in Arevalo, according to the report of the author of this history, who makes particular mention of him, and says he knew him perfectly well; nay, some go so far as to affirm, that he was his distant relation: be this as it will, Cid Hamet Benengeli was a most curi-

ous historian, and punctual to admiration, as appears from what had been related, which, though in itself mean and trivial, he would by no means pass over in silence. This ought to serve as an example to those important and weighty historians, who recount events so succinctly and superficially, that the reader can scarce get a smack of them; while the most substantial circumstances are left, as it were, in the ink-horn, through carelessness, ignorance, and malice. A thousand times blessed be the authors of *Tablante* and *Ricamonte*, and he that compiled that other book, in which are recounted the achievements of Count *Tomillas*! How punctually have they described the most minute particular!—But, to return to our story.

The carrier having visited his cattle, and given them their night's allowance, stretch'd himself upon his pannels, in expectation of the most faithful *Maritornes*; while *Sancho*, plaistered all over, and huddled up in his kennel, endeavoured with all his might to sleep; but the aching of his ribs would by no means allow him to enjoy that satisfaction; and *Don Quixote*, for the same uncomfortable reason, lay like a hare, with his eyes wide open. A profound silence reigned throughout the whole house, in which there was no other light than a lamp stuck up in the passage; and this wonderful quiet, together with those reflections which always occurred to our knight, relating to the events continually recorded in the books of chivalry, that first disordered his understanding; I say those reflections suggested to his fancy one of the strangest whims that ever entered a man's imagination. This was no other than a full persuasion that he was arrived at some famous castle; for, as we have before observed, all the inns he lodged at seemed castles to him; and that the landlord's daughter was the governor's only child, who, captivated by his genteel appearance, was become deeply enamoured of him, and had actually promised to come, without the knowledge of her parents, and pass the best part of the night in bed with him. Believing,

therefore, this chimera (which was the work of his own brain) to be a firm and undoubted fact, he began to reflect with extreme anxiety upon the dangerous dilemma into which his virtue was like to be drawn; and resolved in his heart to commit no treason against his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, even though Queen Ginebra herself, and the lady Quintaniona, should make him a tender of their favours.

While his mind was engrossed by these extravagant fancies, the hour of assignation arrived, and an unlucky hour it was for him, when the kind Asturian, bare-foot and in her smock, having her hair tucked up under a fustian night-cap, entered the apartment in which the three guests were lodged, and with silence and caution directed her steps towards the nest of her beloved carrier. But scarce had she got within the door, when her approach was perceived by our knight, who sitting up in his bed, in spite of his plaisters and the aching of his ribs, stretched forth his arms to receive this beautiful young lady, who, on her part, holding in her breath, moved softly on her tiptoes, groping her way with her hands before her.

While she thus crept along, in quest of her lover, she chanced to come within arm's-length of Don Quixote, who laid fast hold of her by the wrist, and, without her daring to speak a syllable, pulled her towards him, and made her sit down upon the bed: he then felt her smock, which, though made of the coarsest canvas, to him seemed a shift of the finest and softest lawn; the string of glass beads she wore about her wrist, in his apprehensions out-shone the brightest oriental pearl: her hair, which bore some resemblance to a horse's mane, he mistook for threads of pure Arabian gold, that even eclipsed the splendor of the sun; and her breath, which doubtless smelt strong of broken meat and garlick, his fancy converted into an aromatick flavour, proceeding from her delicate mouth: in short, his imagination represented her in the same form and situation with that of a certain princess, recorded in one

of his books, who came to visit a wounded knight of whom she was enamoured; with all the other embellishments there described. Nay, such was the infatuation of this poor gentleman, that he was not to be undeceived, either by the touch, the breath, or any other circumstance of this honest wench, though they were powerful enough to discompose the stomach of any body but a rampant carrier.

But our knight believed he folded in his arms the goddess of beauty, straining her in his embrace, began to pronounce, in a soft and amorous tone, 'Would to Heaven! I were so circumstanced, beautiful and high-born lady! as to be able to pay the transcendant favour bestowed upon me, in the contemplation of your amazing charms; but it hath pleased fortune, that never ceased to persecute the virtuous, to lay me upon this bed, so bruised and battered, that even if it was my desire to gratify yours, I should find it utterly impossible; how much more so, when that impossibility is linked to another still greater? I mean the plighted faith I have vowed to the peerless Duçinea del Toboso, the sole mistress of my most hidden thoughts: did not that consideration interpose, I should not be such a simple knight, as to let slip this happy occasion which your benevolence hath tendered to my choice.'

Maritornes, sweating with vexation to find herself thus pinioned, as it were, by the knight, whose discourse she neither heeded nor understood; endeavoured, without answering a syllable, to disengage herself from his embrace: while the honest carrier, whose lewd desires kept him awake, and made him perceive his doxy from the moment she entered, listened attentively to every thing that Don Quixote said; and being jealous that the Asturian had broke her promise to him, in order to keep it with another, crept nearer the bed of his rival, to wait the issue of this rhapsody, the meaning of which he could not comprehend; observing, however, that the wench struggled to get loose, and that the knight endeavoured to detain her, he could not relish

the joke, but lifting his arm on high, discharged such a terrible blow on the lanthorn jaws of the enamoured Don, as bathed his whole countenance in blood; and, not satisfied with this application, jumped upon his ribs, and travelled over his whole carcase, at a pace somewhat exceeding that of a brisk trot, until the bed, which was none of the strongest, either in materials or foundation, unable to sustain the additional weight, sunk to the ground with both; and made such a hideous noise in its fall, as waked the inn-keeper, who immediately concluded that Maritornes was concerned in the adventure, because she made no answer when he called.

On this supposition he arose, and lighting a candle, went directly to the place where he had heard the scuffle: meanwhile, the poor wench, confused and affrighted at the approach of her master, who was a fellow of a most savage disposition, retreated to the kennel of Sancho Panza, who slept in spite of all this din, and nestling in beside him, wound herself up like a ball, and lay snug. The landlord now entered the apartment, and crying with a loud voice, 'Where have you got, strumpet? to be sure these must be your jade's tricks, with a vengeance!' Sancho started, and feeling a prodigious weight upon him, thought he was labouring under the knight-mare, and beginning to lay about him on all sides, chanced, in course of his efforts, to bestow divers cuffs on Maritornes, who feeling herself thus belaboured, forgot the care of her reputation, and returned the squire's compliments so heartily, that sleep forsook him whether he would or not: without knowing the person who treated him so roughly, he raised himself up, as well as he could, and going to loggerheads with Maritornes, a most furious and diverting skirmish ensued.

By this time, the carrier perceiving by the light the situation of his mistress, ran to her assistance; and the landlord followed the same course, though with a very different intention, namely, to chastise the maid; being fully persuaded, that she was the sole cause of all this uproar; and so, as the saying is, the cat to the rat,

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the rat to the rope, the rope to the gallows. The carrier drummed upon Sancho, Sancho struck at the maid, the maid pummelled him, the inn-keeper disciplined her; all of them exerting themselves with such eagerness, that there was not one moment's pause. But, to crown the joke, the landlord's candle went out, and the combatants being left in the dark, such a circulation of blows ensued, that wheresoever the fist fell, there the patient was disabled.

There chanced to lodge at the inn that night, a trooper belonging to the ancient holy brotherhood of Toledo, who also hearing the strange noise of this fray, arose, and seizing his tapstaff, together with the tin box that contained his commission, entered the apartment in the dark, calling aloud—'Keep the peace, in the king's name; keep the peace, in the name of the holy brotherhood.' The first he countered was the forlorn Don Quixote, who lay insensible on his demolished bed, with his face uppermost; so that groping about, he happened to lay hold of his beard, and cried—'Assist, I charge you, the officers of justice:' but perceiving that the person he held neither stirred nor spoke, he concluded that he must be dead, and that the people within were the assassins. In this persuasion he raised his voice, crying—Shut the gates of the inn, that none may escape; for here is a man murdered.' This exclamation, which astonished them all, was no sooner heard, than every one quitted his share in the battle; the landlord retreated to his own chamber, the carrier sneaked to his panniers, and the damsel to her straw: while the unfortunate knight and squire were left on the spot, unable to move from the places where they lay. The trooper letting go the beard of Don Quixote, went out for a light to search for and apprehend the delinquents; but in this design he was disappointed; the landlord having purposely extinguished the lamp when he retired to his apartment: so that he was obliged to have recourse to the embers, at which, with great industry and time, he made shift to light another candle.

CHAPTER III.

Containing the Sequel of those incredible Grievances which the valiant Don Quixote, and his trusty squire Sancho Panza, underwent at the Inn, which for their Misfortune the Knight mistook for a Castle.

ABOUT this time, Don Quixote, recovering the use of his tongue, began to call in the same feeble tone with which he spoke the preceding day, when he lay stretched in the pack-staff valley—‘Art thou asleep, friend Sancho? friend Sancho, art thou asleep?’—‘God’s my life!’ replied Sancho, full of peevishness and pain, ‘how should I be asleep, seeing all the devils in hell have been upon me this whole night?’—‘That thou mayest assure thyself of,’ answered the knight: ‘for either I understand nothing at all, or this castle is enchanted. Thou must know, Sancho, (but what I am going to disclose to thee, thou shalt swear to keep secret till after my death.)’—‘I do swear,’ said Sancho. ‘This secrecy I insist upon,’ replied his master, ‘because I would by no means take away the reputation of any person.’—‘Well then,’ cried the squire, ‘I swear to keep it secret till the days of your worship be past and gone; and God grant that I may be at liberty to reveal it to-morrow.’—‘Have I done you so much mischief, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, ‘that you wish to see me dead so soon?’—‘It is not for that,’ replied the squire, ‘but because I am an enemy to all secrets, and would not have any thing rot in my keeping.’—‘Be that as it may,’ said the knight, ‘I will trust greater things to thy love and fidelity. Know, therefore, that this very night I have been engaged in a most rare and wonderful adventure; which, that I may briefly relate, take notice, that a little while ago, I was visited by the constable’s daughter, than whom a more beautiful and gracious young lady is scarce to be found on this terraqueous globe. How shall I paint to thee the comeliness of her person? how delineate the acuteness of her understanding? or, how shall I describe those mysterious charms which,

which, that I may preserve the fealty I have sworn to my own sovereign mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, I must pass over in sacred silence? I shall only tell thee, that Heaven itself was jealous of the happiness which fortune had put into my power; or, perhaps, which is more probable, this castle, as I have already observed, is enchanted: for, while I was engaged with her in a most delightful and amorous conversation, an unseen hand, belonging, doubtless, to the aim of some monstrous giant, descended, I know not whence, upon my jaws, leaving my whole face bathed in gore: and afterwards bruised me in such a manner, that I am infinitely worse than I was yesterday, when the carriers maltreated us, as thou knowest, for the excesses of Romance; from whence I conjecture, that the treasure of this fair damsel's beauty is guarded by some enchanted Moor, and not destined for my possession,—‘Nor for mine neither,’ cried Sancho; ‘for I have been drubbed by five hundred Moors, so unmercifully, that the pack-stave threshing was but cakes and gingerbread to what I now feel: so that I see no great cause you have to brag of that rare adventure, which has left us in this comfortable pickle. Indeed, your worship was not so badly off, because you had that same incomparable beauty in your arms; but what had I, except the hardest knocks, which, I hope, I shall ever feel in my born days! Cursed am I, and the mother that bore me; for though I neither am knight-errant, nor ever design to be one, the greatest part of the mischief that betides us for ever falls to my share.’—‘It seems, then, thou hast suffered too,’ said Don Quixote. ‘Woe be unto me and my whole pedigree!’ cried Sancho; ‘have I not been telling you so all this time?’—‘Give thyself no concern about that matter,’ answered the knight; ‘for now I am determined to prepare that precious balsam, which will cure us both in the twinkling of an eye.’

About this time the officer of the holy brotherhood, having made shift to light his candle, came back to examine the person whom he supposed murdered; and Sancho,

cho, seeing him approach in his shirt and woollen night-cap, with a very unfavourable aspect, and a light in his hand, said to his master, 'Pray, Sir, is this the enchanted Moor returned to spend the last drop of his vengeance upon us *?'—'That cannot be the Moor,' answered Don Quixote, 'for inchanters never suffer themselves to be seen.'—'If they won't allow themselves to be seen,' cried the squire, 'they make no bones of letting themselves be felt; that my shoulders can testify.'—'And mine too,' said the knight; 'but we have no sufficient reason to believe that he whom we now see is the enchanted Moor.'

Meanwhile, the trooper drawing near, and hearing them talk so deliberately, remained some time in suspense; then observing Don Quixote, who still lay on his back, unable to stir, on account of his bruises and plaisters, he went up to him, saying, 'How do'st do, honest friend?'—'I would speak more submissively,' answered the knight, 'were I such a plebeian as you. Is that the language used in this country to knights-errant, you blockhead?' The officer finding himself treated with so little ceremony, by such a miserable wight, could not bear the reproach, but lifting up his lamp, oil and all, discharged it upon Don Quixote's pate, which suffered greatly in the encounter; and the light being again extinguished, slipped away in the dark. Things being in this situation, 'Sir,' said Sancho Panza, 'without doubt, that was the enchanted Moor, who keeps the treasure for other people, and the fifty-cuffs and lamp-leavings for us.'—'It must be so,' replied the knight; but we must not mind those affairs of enchantment so much, as to let them ruffle or inflame us; because, they being invisible and fantastical; do what we can, we shall never be able to take vengeance upon the authors of them: get up, therefore, Sancho, if thou canst, and desire the constable of this castle to supply me with some oil, wine, salt, and rosemary; that I may prepare the salutiferous balsam, which, really, I believe, I stand in
great

* Literally, what is left in the bottom of his inkhorn.

great need of at present, for the wound which the phantom hath given me bleeds apace.'

Accordingly the squire made shift to rise, notwithstanding the intolerable aching of his bones; and creeping in the dark towards the innkeeper's bed-chamber, happened to meet with the trooper, who stood listening, to know the intention of his adversary. 'Signior,' cried he, 'whosoever you are, do us the benefit and favour to assist us with some rosemary, salt, wine, and oil; in order to cure one of the most mighty knights-errant upon earth, who lies in that bed, desperately wounded by the hands of an enchanted Moor that frequents this inn.' The officer hearing such an address, concluded that the man had lost his senses; and it being by this time dawn, opened the inn gate, and calling to the landlord, told him what this honest man wanted. The innkeeper having provided Sancho with the ingredients, he immediately carried them to his master; who lay holding his head between his two hands, and complaining very much of the effect of the lamp; which, however, had done no farther damage than that of raising a couple of large tumours upon his pate; that which he took for blood being no other than sweat forced out by the anguish and pain he had undergone. In short, he made a composition, by mixing the materials together, and boiling them a good while, until he found he had brought the whole to a due consistence: then he asked for a phial to contain the balsam; but as there was none in the house, he resolved to cork it up in a tin oil-flask, of which the landlord made him a present. Which being done, he repeated over it more than four-score pater-nosters, with the like number of ave-maria's, salve's and credo's, accompanying every word with the sign of the cross, by way of benediction: and this whole ceremony was performed in presence of Sancho, the innkeeper, and officer; the carrier having very quietly gone to take care of his beasts.

This precious balsam being thus composed, the knight was determined to make instant trial of the efficacy

efficacy with which he imagined it endued; and accordingly swallowed about a pint and a half of what remained in the pot, after the oil-flask was full; which had scarce got down his throat, when he began to vomit in such a manner, as left nothing in his stomach; and a most copious sweat breaking out upon him, in consequence of the violent operation, he desired they would wrap him up warm, and leave him to his repose. They complied with his request, and he fell into a profound sleep that lasted three hours; at the end of which awaking, he found himself exceedingly refreshed, and so well recovered of his bruises, that he seemed perfectly well; and implicitly believed that he had now made sure of the balsam of Fierabras; which, while he possessed, he might, with the utmost confidence and safety, engage in the most perilous quarrels, combats, and havock, that could possibly happen.

Sancho Panza seeing his master recovered to a miracle, begged he would bestow upon him the sediment of the pot, which was no small quantity: and his request being granted, he laid hold on it with both hands, and setting it to his head, drank off, with strong faith and eager inclination, almost as much as his master had swallowed before. But the poor squire's stomach chanced to be not quite so delicate as that of the knight; and therefore, before he could discharge a drop, he suffered such pangs and reachings, such qualms and cold sweats, that he verily believed his last hour was come; and in the midst of his wailings and affliction cursed the balsam and the miscreant that made it. Don Quixote perceiving his situation, said, 'I believe that all this mischief happens to thee, Sancho, because thou art not a knight; for I am persuaded, that this liquor will be of service to none but such as are of the order of knighthood.'—'If your worship knew so much,' cried Sancho, 'woe be unto me and my whole generation! why did you allow me to taste it?' At this instant the potion began to operate, and the poor squire to unload at both ends with such fury, that the mat upon which he

had thrown himself, and the sheet that covered him, were soon in a woeful pickle: he sweated and shivered with such violent motions and fits, that not only he himself, but every body present, thought he would have given up the ghost.

This tempest of evacuation lasted near two hours; at the expiration of which, he found himself far from being relieved like his master, but, on the contrary, so much fatigued that he was not able to stand. The knight, as we have already observed, finding himself in good health and excellent spirits, longed fervently to depart in quest of adventures, thinking every minute he spent in that place was an injury to the world in general, and to those miserable objects who wanted his favour and protection; especially as he was now in possession of the certain means of safety and confidence, in that efficacious balsam he had made. Prompted by these suggestions, he himself saddled Rozinante, and with his own hands put the pannel upon the beast of the squire, whom he assisted also in getting on his cloaths, and mounting his ass. He then bestrode his own steed; and laying hold of a pitchfork that stood in the corner of the yard, appropriated it to the use of a lance; while all the people in the house, exceeding twenty persons, beheld him with admiration: the landlord's daughter being among the spectators, he fixed his eyes upon her, and from time to time uttered a profound sigh, which seemed to be heaved from the very bottom of his bowels; and which, in the opinion of all those who had seen him anointed over night, was occasioned by the aching of his bones.

He and his squire being by this time mounted, he halted at the gate, and calling to the innkeeper, pronounced, in a grave and solemn tone, 'Numerous and mighty are the favours, Sir Constable, which I have received in this castle of yours; and I shall think myself under the highest obligation to retain a grateful remembrance of your courtesy all the days of my life. If I can make you any return, in taking vengeance on some insolent adversary, who hath, perhaps, aggrieved you;

know, that it is my province and profession to assist the helpless, avenge the injured, and chastise the false: recollect, therefore; and if you have any boon of that sort to ask, speak the word; I promise, by the order of knighthood which I have received, that you shall be righted and redressed to your heart's content.'—'Sir knight,' replied the innkeeper, with the same deliberation, 'I have no occasion for your worship's assistance, to redress any grievance of mine; for I know how to revenge my own wrongs when I suffer any: all I desire is, that you will pay the score you have run up in this inn, for provender to your cattle, and food and lodging to yourself and servant.'—'It seems, then, this is an inn,' answered the knight. 'Aye, and a well-respected one,' said the landlord. 'I have been in a mistake all this time,' resumed Don Quixote, 'for I really thought it was a castle; and that none of the meanest neither: but since it is no other than a house of publick entertainment, you have nothing to do but excuse me from paying a farthing; for I can by no means transgress the custom of knights errant, who, I am sure, as having read nothing to the contrary*, never paid for lodging, nor any thing else, in any inn or house whatsoever, because they had a right and title to the best of entertainment, in recompence for the intolerable sufferings they underwent, in seeking adventures by night and by day, in winter as well as summer, on foot

* Don Quixote seems in this place to have forgot one adventure of his great pattern, Orlando, who, while he accompanied Angelica in her flight from Albracca, happened to intrude upon the King of the Lestrignons, as he sat at dinner in a valley; and being in great want of victuals, accosted his most savage majesty in these words, recorded by Boyardo, or rather Berni, in his poem intitled Orlando Innamorato.

*Peichè fortuna a quest'ora ne mena
Da voi, vi prego, che non vi dispiaccia,
O pe' nostri danari o in cortesia,
Che noi centum con voi di campagna.*

Thus humbly requesting, that he would either for love or money give them a bone to pick,

and on horseback, exposed to hunger and thirst, to heat and cold, and to all the inclemencies of heaven, as well as the inconveniencies of earth.'—'All this is nothing to my purpose,' said the innkeeper; 'pay me what you owe, and save all your idle tales of knight-errantry for those who will be amused with them; for my own part, I mind no tale but that of the money I take.'—'You are a saucy publican, and a blockhead to boot,' cried Don Quixote; who, putting spurs to Rozinante, and brandishing his pitchfork, sallied out of the inn without opposition; and was a good way off before he looked behind to see if he was followed by his squire.

The landlord, seeing the knight depart without paying, ran up to seize Sancho; who told him, that since his master had refused to discharge the bill, he must not expect any money from him, who being the squire of a knight-errant, was, as well as his master, bound by the same laws to pay for nothing in taverns and inns. The publican, irritated at this answer, threatened, if he would not pay him, to indemnify himself in a manner that should not be so much to the squire's liking: but Panza swore by the laws of chivalry his master professed, that he would not pay a doit, though it should cost him his life; for he was resolved that the honourable and ancient customs of knight-errantry should not be lost thro' his misbehaviour; neither should those squires, who were to come into the world after him, have occasion to complain of his conduct, or reproach him with the breach of so just a privilege.

As the unfortunate Sancho's evil genius would have it, there were among the company that lodged that night in the house, four clothiers of Segovia, three pin-makers from the great square of Cordova, and a couple of shop-keepers from the market-place of Seville; all of them brisk jolly fellows, and mischievous wags. These companions, as if they had been inspired and instigated by the same spirit, came up to the squire, and pulled him from his ass; then, one of them fetching a blanket from the landlord's bed, they put Sancho into it, and lifting

up their eyes, perceived the roof was too low for their purpose; therefore determined to carry him out into the yard, which had no other cieling than the sky: there placing Panza in the middle of the blanket, they began to toss him on high, and divert themselves with his capers, as the mob do with dogs at Shrove-tide. The cries uttered by this miserable vaulter, were so piercing as to reach the ears of his master, who halting to listen the more attentively, believed that some new adventure was approaching, until he clearly recognized the shrieks of his squire: he immediately turned his horse, and with infinite straining, made shift to gallop back to the inn; but finding the gate shut, rode round in search of some other entrance; and when he approached the yard wall, which was not very high, perceived the disagreeable joke they were practising upon his squire, who rose in the air, and sunk again with such grace and celerity, that if his indignation would have allowed him, I verily believe the knight himself would have laughed at the occasion. He attempted to step from his horse upon the wall, but was so bruised and battered, that he could not move from his seat; and therefore, situated as he was, began to vent such a torrent of reproachful and opprobrious language against Sancho's executioners, that it is impossible to repeat the half of what he said. This, however, neither interrupted their mirth nor their diversion, nor gave the least truce to the lamentations of Sancho, who prayed and threatened by turns, as he flew. Indeed, nothing of this sort either could or did avail him, until leaving off, out of pure weariness, they thought fit to wrap him up in his great coat, and set him on his ass again. The compassionate Maritornes seeing him so much fatigued, thought he would be the better for a draught of water, which, that it might be the cooler, she fetched from the well; and Sancho had just put the mug to his lips, when his draught was retarded by the voice of his master, who cried aloud, 'Son Sancho, drink not water, drink not that which will be the occasion of thy death, my son; behold this most sacred balsam,' holding up the

the cruse of potion in his hand, 'two drops of which will effectually cure thee.' At these words the squire eyed him, as it were, askance, and in a tone still more vociferous, replied, 'Perchance your worship has forgot that I am no knight; or may be, you want to see me vomit up all the entrails I have left, after last night's quandary. Keep the liquor for yourself, and may all the devils in hell give you joy of it; and leave me to my own discretion!' He had no sooner pronounced these words than he began to swallow; and perceiving at the first draught, that the cordial was no other than water, he did not chuse to repeat it; but desired Maritornes to bring him some wine. This request she complied with very chearfully, and paid for it with her own money; for it was reported of her, that although she was reduced to that low degree in life, she actually retained some faint sketches and shadows of the Christian.

Sancho, having finished his draught, clapped heels to his ass, and the inn-gate being thrown wide open, sallied forth very well satisfied with having got off without paying any thing, although he had succeeded at the expence of his shoulders, which were indeed his usual sureties. True it is, the landlord had detained his bags for the reckoning; but these Sancho did not miss in the confusion of his retreat. As soon as he was clear of the house, the innkeeper would have barricadoed the gate, had he not been prevented by the blanket companions, who were of that sort of people, that would not have valued Don Quixote a farthing, even if he had been actually one of the knights of the round-table.

CHAPTER IV.

In which is recounted the Discourse that passed between Sancho Panza and his Master Don Quixote; with other Adventures worthy of record.

SANCHO made shift to overtake his master, so haggard and dismayed, that he was scarce able to manage his beast: and when the knight perceived his melancholy situation, 'Honest Sancho,' said he, 'I am

now convinced, beyond all doubt, that this castle or inn is enchanted; for those who made such a barbarous pastime of thy sufferings, could be no other than phantoms and beings belonging to the other world. I am confirmed in this opinion, from having found, that while I was by the wall of the yard, a spectator of the acts of thy mournful tragedy, I could neither climb over to thy assistance, nor indeed move from Rozinante, but was fixed in the saddle by the power of enchantment; for I swear to thee, by the faith of my character! if I could have alighted from my steed, and surmounted the wall, I would have revenged thy wrongs in such a manner, that those idle miscreants should have remembered the jest to their dying day: although I know, that in so doing, I should have transgressed the laws of chivalry, which, I have often told thee, do not allow a knight to lift his arm against any person of an inferior degree, except in defence of his own life and limbs, or in cases of the most pressing necessity.—‘So would I have revenged myself,’ said Sancho, ‘knighted or not knighted; but it was not in my power; though I am very well satisfied that those who diverted themselves at my cost were no phantoms, nor enchanted beings, as your worship imagines, but men made of flesh and bones, as we are; and all of them have Christian names, which I heard repeated, while they tossed me in the blanket; one, for example, is called Pedro Martinez, another Tenorio Hernandez, and the innkeeper goes by the name of Juan Palameque the Left-handed; and therefore, Signior, your being disabled from alighting and getting over the wall, must have been owing to something else than enchantment. What I can clearly discern from the whole is, that these adventures we go in search of, will, at the long run, bring us into such misventures, that we shall not know our right hands from our left; and therefore, in my small judgment, the best and wholesomest thing we can do, will be to jog back again to our own habitation now, while the harvest is going on, to take care of our crops,
and

and leave off sauntering from post to pillar *, and falling out of the frying-pan into the fire, as the saying is.'

'How little art thou acquainted, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote, 'with the pretensions of chivalry! hold thy tongue and have patience; for the day will soon arrive on which thy own eyes shall judge what an honourable profession it is: Pray, tell me, now, what greater satisfaction can there be in this world, or what pleasure can equal that of a conqueror, who triumphs over his adversary in battle? None, sure!'—'That may be,' answered the squire, 'though I know nothing of the matter. This only I know, that since we have taken up the trade of knights-errant (your worship I mean, for as to my own part I have no manner of title to be reckoned in such an honourable list) we have not gained one battle, except that with the Biscayan; and even there your worship came off with half an ear, and the loss of one side of your helmet: from that day to this good hour, our lot hath been nothing but cudgelling upon cudgelling, pummelling upon pummelling; except the advantage I have had over your worship, in being tossed in a blanket by enchanted Moors, whom I cannot be revenged of, in order to know how pleasant a pastime it is to overcome one's enemy, as your worship observes.'—That is the very grievance, Sancho, under which both you and I labour', said Don Quixote: 'but, for the future, I will endeavour to procure a sword tempered with such masterly skill, that he who wears it shall be subject to no kind of enchantment; and who knows but accident may furnish me with that which Amadis possessed, when he stiled himself the knight of the flaming sword; and truly it was one of the most excellent blades that ever a warrior unsheathed; for, besides that sovereign virtue it contained, it cut keen as a razor; and no armour, though ever so strong or enchanted, could stand before it's edge.'—'I am so devilishly lucky,' said Sancho,

* In the original, from Ceca to Mecca; a phrase derived from the customs of the Moors, who used to go in pilgrimage to these two places. Ceca was in the city of Cordova.

Sancho, 'that if the case was really so, and your worship should light on that same sword, it would, like the precious balsam; be of no service or security to any but your true knights; and we that are squires might sing for sorrow.'—'Thou must not be afraid of that,' replied the knight; 'Heaven will surely deal more mercifully with thee.'

In such conversation, Don Quixote and his squire jogged along, when the former descrying on the road in which they travelled, a large and thick cloud of dust rolling towards them, turned to Sancho, saying, 'This, O Sancho, is the day that shall manifest the great things which fortune hath in store for me! This, I say, is the day on which the valour of this arm shall be displayed as much as upon any other occasion; and on which I am resolved to perform deeds that shall remain engraven on the leaves of fame to all posterity! Seest thou that cloud of dust before us? The whole of it is raised by a vast army, composed of various and innumerable nations that are marching this way.'—'By that way of reckoning there must be two,' said Sancho, 'for right over against it there is just such an another.' Don Quixote immediately turned his eyes, and perceiving Sancho's information to be true, was rejoiced beyond measure; firmly believing that what he saw were two armies in full march to attack each other, and engage in the middle of that spacious plain; for every hour and minute of the day his imagination was engrossed by those battles, enchantments, dreadful incidents, extravagant amours, and rhodomontades, which are recorded in the books of chivalry; and indeed every thing he thought, said, or did, had a tendency that way.

As for the dust he now saw, it was raised by two flocks of sheep which chanced to be driven from different parts into the same road, and were so much involved in this cloud of their own making, that it was impossible to discern them until they were very near. The knight affirmed they were armies with such assurance, that

Sancho

Sancho actually believed it, and said to his master, 'And pray now, good your worship, what must we do?—' 'What,' answered Don Quixote, 'but assist and support that side which is weak and discomfited? Thou must know, Sancho, that yonder host which fronts us, is led and commanded by the mighty Emperor Alifanfaron, sovereign of the great island of Trapoban; and that other behind us belongs to his mortal enemy, the king of the Garamanteans, known by the name Pentapolin with the naked arm, because he always goes to battle with the sleeve of his right arm tucked up.'—'But why are those chieftains so mischievously inclined towards each other?' said Sancho. 'The cause of their enmity,' replied the knight, 'is this: Alifanfaron, who is a most outrageous Pagan, is enamoured of Pentapolin's daughter, a most beautiful and courteous lady, who being a Christian, her father will by no means bestow her to the infidel prince, unless he shall first renounce the law of his false prophet Mahomet, and become a convert to the true faith.'—'Now, by my whiskers!' cried Sancho, 'King Pentapolin is an honest man, and I am resolved to give him all the assistance in my power.'—'In so doing thou wilt perform thy duty, Sancho,' said his master; 'for to engage in such battles as these, it is not necessary to be dubbed a knight.'—'That I can easily comprehend,' replied the other; but where shall we secure the ais, that we may be sure of finding him after the fray is over; for I believe it is not the fashion now-a-days to go to battle on such a beast.'—'True,' said the knight; 'and I think the best way will be to leave him to his chance, whether he be lost or not; for we shall have such choice of steeds, when once we have gained the victory, that Rozinante himself will run some risk of being exchanged for another: but observe and listen attentively; I will now give thee a detail of the principal knights that serve in these two armies; and that thou may'st see and mark them the better, let us retire to you rising ground, from whence we can distinctly view the line of battle in both.' They accordingly

accordingly placed themselves upon a hillock, whence they could easily have discerned the two flocks of sheep which Don Quixote metamorphosed into armies, had not the dust they raised confounded and obscured the view; but nevertheless, beholding in his imagination that which could not otherwise be seen, because it did not exist, he began to pronounce with an audible voice--

‘ That knight whom thou seest with yellow armour, bearing in his shield a lion crowned, and crouching at the feet of a young lady, is the gallant Laucalco, lord of the silver bridge; that other beside him, who wears armour powdered with flowers of gold, and bears for his device three crowns argent in a field azure, is the amorous Micocolemo, Grand Duke of Quiracia; and he upon his right-hand, with these gigantick limbs, is the never to be daunted Brandabarbaran de Boliche, sovereign of the three Arabias, who comes armed with a serpent’s skin, and, instead of a shield, brandishes a huge gate, which, it is said, belonged to the temple that Samson overthrew, when he avenged himself of his enemies at his death: but turn thine eyes, and behold in the front of this other army, the ever-conquering and never-conquered Timonel de Carcajona, prince of New-Biscay, whose arms are quartered azure, vert, argent, and or; and the device in his shield, a cat or, in a field gules, with the letters Mian, which constitute the beginning of his lady’s name; and she, they say, is the peerless Miaulina, daughter of Alfeniquen, Duke of Algarve; the other, who loads and oppresses the loins of that fiery Arabian steed, with armour white as snow, and a shield without a device, is a novice knight of the French nation, called Pierre Papin, Baron of Utrique; the third, who strikes his iron rowels into the flanks of that spotted nimble zebra*, is the potent Duke of Nerbia, esparta-filardo of the wood, who bears in his shield for a device, a bunch of asparagus, with an inscription signifying, “ By destiny I am dogged.”

In

* Zebra is a beautiful creature, native of Arabia, vulgarly called the wild ass.

In this manner did he invent names for a great many knights in either army, to all of whom also he gave arms, colours, mottos, and devices, without the least hesitation, being incredibly inspired by the fumes of a distempered fancy; nay, he proceeded without any pause, saying, 'That squadron forming in our front is composed of people of divers nations: there be those who drink the delicious waters of the celebrated Xanthus, with the mountaineers who tread the Masicilican plains; and those who sift the purest golden ore of Arabia Felix: there also may be seen the people who sport upon the cool and famous banks of the translucent Thermodonte; and those who conduct the yellow Pactolus in many a winding stream; the promise-breaking Numidians; the Persians for their archery renowned; the Parthians and the Medes who combat as they fly; the Arabians famed for shifting habitations; the Scythians cruel as they are fair; the thick-lipped race of Ethiopia; and an infinite variety of other nations, whose looks I know, and can discern, though I cannot recollect their names. In that other squadron march those men who lave in the crystal current of the olive-bearing Betis; those whose villages are cleaned and polished with the limpid wave of the ever rich and golden Tagus; those who delight in the salutiferous draughts of Genil the divine; those who scour the Tartesian fields that with fat pasture teem; those who make merry in the Elysiac meads of Hercan; the rich Manchegans crowned with ruddy ears of corn; those cloathed in steel, the bold remains of ancient Gothick blood; those who bathe in Pauerga, famous for its gentle current; those who feed their flocks upon the spacious meads of the meandring Gaudiana, celebrated for its secret course: those who shiver with the chill blasts of the woody Pyrenees; and those who feel the snowy flakes of lofty Appenine: in fine, whatever nation Europe imbosoms and contains.'

Heaven preserve us! what provinces did he mention! what nations did he name! bestowing, with wonderful facility, those attributes that belonged to each; being
all

all the while absorpt, and, as it were, immersed in the contents of his deceitful books. Sancho Panza listened attentively to his master, without uttering one syllable; and from time to time turned his eyes from one side to another, to see if he could discern those knights and giants who were thus described: but not being able to discover one of them, 'Sir,' said he, 'your worship may say what you please, but the devil a man, giant, or knight, that you have mentioned, is there; at least I can see none: perhaps, indeed, the whole is enchantment, like the phantoms of last night.'—'How say'st thou?' replied Don Quixote: 'dost thou not hear the neighing of steeds, the sound of clarions, and noise of drums?'—'I hear nothing,' answered Sancho, 'but abundance of bleating of ewes and lambs.' And truly that was the case; for by this time the two flocks were pretty near them. 'Thy fear,' said Don Quixote, 'hinders thee from seeing and hearing aright: for one effect of terror is to disturb the senses, and make objects appear otherwise than they are: if thou art therefore under such consternation, retire on one side, and leave me alone; for I myself am sufficient to bestow victory on that cause which I espouse.' So saying, he clipped spurs to Rozinante, and putting his lance in the rest, darted down from the hillock like lightning. In vain did Sancho bellow forth, 'Turn Signior Don Quixote: good your worship, turn! so help me God, those are ewes and lambs you are going to attack! Woe be to the father that begat me! Will you not turn? What madness possesses you! Consider, here are no giants, nor knights, nor cats, nor arms, nor shields quartered or whole, nor inverted azures, and the devil knows what: was there ever such distraction? sinner that I am!'

The knight, however, did not regard this exclamation: on the contrary, he rode on, bawling aloud, 'Soho, knights! you that attend and serve under the banners of the valiant Emperor Panrapolin, with the naked arm, follow me in a body, and you shall behold how easily I will avenge him on his adversary

Alifanfaron, of Trapoban.' Having uttered these words, he rushed into the thickest of the squadron of sheep, and began to lay about him, with as much eagerness and fury, as if he had been actually engaged with his mortal enemies. The herdsmen and shepherds, who were driving the flock, called to him to forbear; but finding their admonition had no effect, they ungirded their slings, and began to salute his ears with stones, the least of which was as large as an ordinary fist; but he, far from minding their missiles, rode about the field, crying, 'Where art thou, proud Alifanfaron? face me if thou darest; I am but a single knight, who want to prove thy prowess hand to hand, and sacrifice thy life for the injury thou hast done to Pentapolin Garamanta.' Just as he pronounced these words, he received a pebble on his side, that seemed to have buried a couple of his ribs in his belly; and gave him such a rude shock, that he believed himself either dead or desperately wounded; then remembering his specifick, he pulled out the cruse, and setting it to his mouth, began to swallow the balsam; but before he had drank what he thought a sufficient dose, there came another such almond, so plump upon his hand and cruse, that, after having shivered the pot to pieces, it carried off in it's way three or four of his grinders, and shattered two of his fingers in a grievous manner: in short, so irresistible were both the applications, that the poor knight could not help tumbling from his horse. The shepherds immediately came up, and believing him actually dead, gathered together their flock with all imaginable dispatch; and taking their dead, which might be about seven in number, upon their shoulders, made off without any farther inquiry.

All this time Sancho remained upon the hill, beholding, with amazement, the madress of his master, tearing his beard, and cursing the hour and minute on which it was his fate to know him: and now seeing him fallen, and the shepherds gone, he descended to his assistance, when finding him still sensible, though in a mi-

ferable situation, ' Did not I warn you, Signior Don Quixote,' said he, ' to turn ; and assure you that those you went to attack were no armies, but flocks of innocent sheep ?'—' How strangely can that miscreant inchanter, who is my enemy, transmography things to thwart me ? Know, Sancho, that it is a very easy matter for necromancers to make us assume what shapes they please ; and the malicious wretch who persecutes me, envying the glory I should have gained in this battle, had doubtless metamorphosed the squadrons of the foe into flocks of sheep : but thou shalt do one thing, I intreat thee, Sancho, in order to be undeceived and convinced of the truth ; mount thy ass, and follow them fair and softly ; and when they are at a convenient distance from hence, thou wilt see them return to their former shapes, and ceasing to be sheep, become men again, right and tight as I at first described them ; but do not go at present, for I have occasion for thy service and assistance : come hither, and see how many teeth I have lost ; methinks there is not one left in my whole jaw.'

Sancho accordingly approached so near as to thrust his eyes into his master's mouth, just at the time when the balsam began to operate in his stomach, which, with the force of a culverin, discharged its contents full in the beard of the compassionate squire. ' Holy Virgin ! cried Sancho, ' what is this that hath befallen me ! Without doubt, this poor sinner is mortally wounded since he vomits blood.' But considering the case more maturely, he found by the colour, taste, and smell, that it was not blood, but the balsam he had seen him drink and such was the loathing he conceived at this recognition, that his stomach turned, and he emptied his bowels upon his master ; so that both of them remained in a handsome pickle. Sancho ran to his ass, for a towel to clean them, and some application for his master's hurt ; but when he missed his bags, he had well-nigh lost his senses ; he cursed his fate again, and determined with himself to leave the knight, and return to his habitation, even though he should lose his wages for the

time

time he had already served, as well as his hopes of governing the Island of Promise.

At this juncture Don Quixote arose, and clapping his left-hand to his cheek, in order to prevent his teeth from falling out, with the right laid hold of the bridle of Rozinante; who, like a faithful and affectionate servant, had never stirred from his master's side; and went up to the place where his squire stood, leaning upon his arm, with one hand applied to his jaw, in the posture of a person who is exceedingly pensive: the knight perceiving him in this situation, with manifest signs of melancholy in his countenance, 'Know, Sancho,' said he, 'that one man is no more than another, unless he can do more than another. All those hurricanes that have happened to us prognosticate that we soon shall have fair weather, and that every thing will succeed to our wish: for it is impossible that either good or bad fortune should be eternal; and therefore it follows, that our adversity having lasted so long, our prosperity must be now at hand. Be not grieved then, at the misfortunes that happen to me, since no part of them falls to thy share.'—'Not to my share!' answered Sancho: 'mayhap, then, he whom they tossed in the blanket yesterday was not the son of my father; and the bags that are lost to-day, with all the goods in them, belonged to some other person.'—'What, hast thou lost the bags, Sancho!' cried Don Quixote. 'Yes, sure,' said the other. 'At that rate, then, we have no victuals to eat,' resumed the knight. 'That would certainly be the case,' answered the squire, 'if the meadows did not furnish those herbs you say you know with which unfortunate knights like your worship are wont to make up such losses.'—'Yes, but for all that,' replied Don Quixote, 'I could at present relish a luncheon of brown bread, or a loaf, with a couple of red herrings, better than all the herbs described by Dioscorides, even with the annotations of Doctor Laguna; but, nevertheless, mount thy beast, honest Sancho, and follow me. God, who provides all things, will not be wanting to us;

more especially as we are employed in his immediate service: he faileth not to provide for the gnats of the air, the insects of the earth, the spawn of the sea; and is so beneficent, as to cause the sun to shine upon the good and bad, and send rain to the wicked as well as the righteous.—‘Your worship,’ said Sancho, ‘is more fit to be a preacher than a knight-errant.’—‘Knights-errant,’ replied his master, ‘ever had, and ought to have, some knowledge of every thing: nay, some there have been in times past, who would stop to make a sermon or discourse upon the highway, with as much eloquence as if they had taken their degrees at the university of Paris: from whence it may be inferred, that the lance was never blunted by the pen, nor the quill impeded by the lance.’—‘What your worship observes may be very true,’ said Sancho; ‘but, in the mean time, let us leave this place, and endeavour to get a night’s lodging in some house or other, where, God grant there may be neither blankets nor blanketeers, nor phantoms, nor enchanted Moors; else, may the devil confound both hook and crook!’

‘Implore the protection of God, my son,’ answered the knight, ‘and lead me where thou wilt: for this once, I leave our lodging to thy care; but reach hither thy hand, and feel with thy finger how many teeth I have lost on this right side of my upper jaw, which is the place that gives me the greatest pain.’ Sancho introduced his fingers, and having carefully examined his gums, ‘How many teeth,’ said he, ‘was your worship wont to have in this place?’—‘Four, besides the dog-tooth,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘all of them sound and whole.’—‘Consider what your worship says,’ replied Sancho. ‘I say, four, if not five,’ resumed the knight; ‘for, in all my life, I never lost tooth or fang, either by worm, rheum, or scurvy.’—‘At present,’ said the squire, ‘in that part of the lower jaw, your worship has but two grinders and a half; and above, neither half nor whole; all is smooth as the palm of my hand.’—‘Cruel fortune!’ cried Don Quixote, hearing this melancholy

lancholy piece of news; 'would they had rather demolished a limb, so it had not been the sword-arm: for I would have thee to know, Sancho, that a mouth without grinders, is like a mill without a mill-stone; and a tooth is worth a treasure*; but such mischances always attend us who profess the strict order of chivalry. Get up, friend, and lead the way, and I will follow at thy own pace.' Sancho complied with his desire, and took the way that seemed most likely to lead to some accommodation, without quitting the high road, which was thereabouts very much frequented. While they jogged on softly, because the pain in Don Quixote's jaws would not suffer him to be quiet, or exert himself in pushing forward, Sancho, being desirous of entertaining and diverting him with his discourse, said, among other things, what will be rehearsed in the following chapter.

CHAPTER V.

An Account of the sage Discourse that passed between Sancho and his Master—The succeeding Adventure of the Corpse—With other remarkable Events.

'IN my opinion, my good master, all the misventures, which have this day happened to us, are designed as a punishment for the sins committed by your worship, in neglecting to fulfil the oath you took, not to eat off a table cloth, nor solace yourself with the queen; together with all the rest that follows, which your worship swore to observe, until such time as you could carry off that helmet of Malandrino, or how d'ye call the Moor? for I don't remember his right name.'—'Thou art very much in the right,' said Don Quixote. 'To deal ingenuously with thee, Sancho, that affair had actually slipped out of my remembrance; and thou mayest depend upon it, that affair of the blanketing happened to thee, for the fault thou wast guilty of, in omitting to put me

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* I have endeavoured to preserve an alliteration in tooth and treasure, after the example of Cervantes, who seems to have intended it, in the words *diente* and *diamante*.

in mind of it in time: but I will make an atonement; for there are methods for compounding every thing in the order of chivalry.—‘Did I swear any thing?’ replied Sancho. ‘Your not having sworn is of no importance,’ said Don Quixote; ‘it is enough that I know you to be concerned as an accessory; and whether that be the case or not, it will not be amiss to provide a remedy.’—‘Well, then,’ replied the squire, ‘I hope your worship will not forget this, as you did the oath: perhaps the phantoms may take it in their heads again to divert themselves with me, and even with your worship, if they find you obstinate.’

In this and other such discourse, night overtook them in the midst of their journey, before they could light on or discover any house where they could procure lodging; and what was worse, they were almost famished; for in their bags they had lost their whole buttery and provision: nay, to crown their misfortune, an adventure happened to them, that, without any exaggeration, might have actually passed for something preternatural. Though the night shut in very dark, they continued travelling; Sancho believing, that, as they were in the king’s highway, they should probably find an inn at the distance of a league or two.

Jogging on, therefore, under cloud of night, the squire exceeding hungry, and the master very well disposed to eat, they descried upon the road before them a vast number of lights, that seemed like moving stars, approaching them. Sancho was confounded at the sight, the meaning of which even Don Quixote could not comprehend: the one checked his ass, the other pulled in his horse’s bridle, and both halted, in order to gaze attentively at the apparition of the lights, which seemed to increase the nearer they came. This being perceived by the squire, he began to quake like quicksilver; and the hair bristled up on Don Quixote’s head: nevertheless, recollecting himself a little, ‘Without doubt, Sancho,’ said he, ‘this must be a vast and perilous adventure, in which I shall be obliged to exert my whole strength

strength and prowess.—‘Woe is me!’ cried Sancho, ‘if perchance this should be an adventure of phantoms, as I am afraid it is; where shall I find ribs for the occasion?’—‘Phantoms, or not phantoms,’ said the knight, ‘I will not suffer them to touch a thread of thy cloaths: if they made merry at thy expence before, it was owing to my incapacity to climb over the yard wall: but at present we are in an open field, where I can manage my sword as I please.’—‘But if they should benumb and bewitch you, as they did in the morning,’ said the squire, ‘what benefit shall I receive from being in the open field?’—‘Be that as it will,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘I beseech thee, Sancho, be of good courage, and thou shalt soon know by experience how much I am master of that virtue.’ Sancho accordingly promised to do his best, with God’s assistance. Then they both stepped to one side of the road, and began to gaze again with great attention. While they were thus endeavouring to discern the meaning of the lights, they perceived a great number of persons in white; which dreadful vision entirely extinguished the courage of Sancho Panza, whose teeth began to chatter as if he had been in the cold fit of an ague; and this agitation and chattering increased, when they saw them more distinctly; for, first and foremost appeared about twenty persons on horseback, all of them clothed in white, with each a lighted flambeau in his hand, muttering in a low and plaintive tone. Behind them came a litter covered with black, followed by six mounted cavaliers in deep mourning, that trailed at the very heels of their mules, which were easily distinguished from horses, by the slowness of their pace.

This strange vision, at such an hour, and in such a desert place, was surely sufficient to smite the heart of Sancho with fear, and even make an impression upon his master; and this would have been the case, had he been any other than Don Quixote; as for the squire, his whole stock of resolution went to wreck. It was not so with his master, whose imagination clearly represented

to him, that this was exactly an adventure of the same kind with those he had read in books of chivalry; that the close litter was a bier, in which was carried some dead or wounded knight, the revenge of whose wrongs was reserved for him alone: wherefore, without canvassing the matter any farther, he set his lance in the rest, fixed himself in his seat, and with the most genteel and gallant deportment, placing himself in the middle of the road, through which they were indispensably obliged to pass, he raised his voice, and called to them as they approached—

‘Halt, knights, whosoever ye are, and give an account of yourselves: whence come ye? whither go ye? and what are you carrying off in that bier? for, in all appearance, you have either done or received an injury; and it is necessary and convenient that I should know it, in order to chastise you for what you are now doing, or revenge the wrong you have already done.’—‘We are at present in a hurry,’ replied one of the phantoms in white; ‘the inn we intend to lodge at is far off; and we cannot stay to give such a tedious account as you desire.’ So saying, he spurred on his mule; while Don Quixote, mightily incensed at this reply, laid hold of his bridle, saying, ‘Stand, and answer the questions I have asked with more civility; otherwise I will give battle to you all.’

The mule being skittish, was frightened in such a manner, at being seized by the bridle, that rearing on her hind feet, she fell back upon her rider; and a servant on foot, seeing his master fall, began to revile Don Quixote, whose choler being already provoked, he couched his lance, and without hesitation attacked one of the mourners, who soon fell to the ground, most miserably mauled; then wheeling about upon the rest, it was surprising to see with what dispatch he assaulted and put them to the rout! while Rozinante acted with such agility and fury, that one would have sworn, at that instant, a pair of wings had sprung from his back. All the squadron arrayed in white, was composed of timo-

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rous and unarmed people, who were said to get out of the fray as soon as possible, and began to fly across the plain, with their lighted torches, like so many maskers in carnival time. The runners being involved and intangled in their long robes, could not stir out of the way; so that Don Quixote, without running any risk, drubbed them all round, and obliged them at length to quit the field, much against their inclination; for they actually believed he was no man, but a devil incarnate, who lay in wait to carry off the dead body that was in the litter.

All this while Sancho stood beholding with admiration the courage and intrepidity of the knight; saying within himself, 'This master of mine is certainly as strong and valiant as he pretends to be.'

Meanwhile, Don Quixote, by the light of a torch that lay burning on the ground, perceiving the first whom the mule overthrew, rode up to him, and clapping the point of his lance to the poor man's throat, commanded him to yield, otherwise he would put him to death. To this declaration the other answered, 'Methinks I am already sufficiently quiet; for one of my legs is broke, so that I cannot stir: I beseech your worship, therefore, if you be a Christian, not to kill me, as in so doing you will commit the horrid sin of sacrilege; for I am a licentiate, and have taken holy orders.'—'If you are an ecclesiastick, what the devil brought you here?' cried Don Quixote. 'The devil, indeed, I think it was,' answered the overthrown priest. 'You will have to do with worse than the devil,' said the knight, 'if you refuse the satisfaction I at first demanded.'—'That is easily granted,' replied the other; 'and in the first place your worship must know, that though I just now called myself a licentiate, I am no more than a bachelor: my name is Alonzo Lopez; I was born at Alcovendas; and now came from the city of Baeça, in company with eleven other priests, who are those who fled with the torches: we are conveying to Segovia that litter, which contains the corpse of a gentleman

gentleman who died at Baça, where it was deposited till now, (as I was saying), that we are carrying his bones to be interred at Segovia, which was the place of his nativity.'—'And who killed him?' said Don Quixote. 'God himself,' replied the batchelor, 'by means of a pestilential calenture that seized him!'—'At that rate,' resumed the knight, 'the Lord hath saved me the trouble of avenging his death, as I would have done, had he been slain by any mortal arm; but, considering how he died, there is nothing to be done, except to shrug-up our shoulders in silence; for this is all that could happen, even if I myself should fall by the same hand; and I desire your reverence would take notice, that I am a knight of La Mancha, called Don Quixote, whose office and exercise is to travel through the world, redressing grievances and righting wrongs*.'—'I do not know how you can call this behaviour righting wrongs,' said the batchelor: 'I am sure you have changed my right into wrong, by breaking my leg, which will never be set to rights again so long as I live; and the grievances you have redressed for me, have been to aggrrieve me in such a manner, as that I shall never cease to grieve at my misventure, in meeting with you, while you was in search of adventures.'—'All things do not equally succeed,' observed the knight: it was the misfortune of you and your companions, Mr. Batchelor Alonzo Lopez, to travel in the night, with their surplices and lighted flambeaus, singing all the way, before people clad in deep mourning, so that you seemed a company of ghosts broke from the other world, therefore I could not help performing my duty in attacking you; and I would have behaved in the same manner, had I actually known you to be really and truly the inhabitants of hell; for such indeed I thought you were.'—'Since my hard fate would have it so,' said the batchelor,

* Knights engaged themselves, by oath, to protect the widow and the orphan, to redress all injuries; and, in a special manner, to defend the characters of ladies by force of arms.

chelor, 'I entreat your worship, Sir knight-errant, who have been the cause of an unlucky errand to me, to help me from getting under the mule, which keeps one of my legs fast jammed between the stirrup and the saddle.'—'I might have talked on till morning,' said the knight; 'why did not you inform me of your distress sooner?'

He then called aloud to Sancho, who was in no hurry to hear him, but busy in rummaging a sumpter-mule which those honest priests brought along with them, well furnished with provisions. Having made a bag of his great coat, into which he crammed as much of their victuals as it would hold, he loaded his ass with the bundle, and then running up to his master, helped to free Mr. Batchelor from the oppression of his mule, on which having mounted him, with a torch in his hand, Don Quixote advised him to follow the route of his companions; and desired him to beg their pardon in his name, for the injury he had done them, as it was not in his power to avoid it. Sancho likewise interposing, said, 'If in case the gentleman should want to know who the valiant hero is who put them to flight, your worship may tell them, that he is the famous Don Quixote de La Mancha, otherwise surnamed the Knight of the Rueful Countenance.'

Thus dismissed, the batchelor pursued his way; and the knight asked what had induced Sancho, now, rather than at any other time, to stile him the Knight of the Rueful Countenance. 'Truly,' answered Sancho, 'I have been looking at you some time by the light of that torch the unfortunate traveller held in his hand; and in good faith, your worship cuts the most dismal figure I have almost ever seen; and it must certainly be occasioned either by the fatigue you have undergone in this battle, or by the want of your teeth.'—'That is not the case,' replied his master; 'but the sage who is destined to write the history of my exploits, hath thought proper that I should assume some appellation, by the example of former knights, one of whom took the title

of the Flaming Sword; another of the Unicorn; a third of the Ladies; a fourth of the Phoenix; a fifth of the Griffin; a sixth called himself the Knight of Death; and by these epithets and symbols they were known all over the face of the earth; and therefore I say, that the forementioned sage hath now put it into thy thoughts, and directed thy tongue to call me the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; an appellation that henceforward I adopt: and that it may suit me the better, I am resolved to have a most woeful figure painted upon my shield, with the first opportunity'.—'There is no occasion,' said Sancho, 'to throw away time and money on such a device; your worship has nothing more to do but uncover your face; and I'll warrant those who behold it will call it a rueful one, without your having recourse to pictures and shields to explain your meaning; and you may believe I tell you nothing but the truth, when I maintain, though it be but in jest, that hunger and want of teeth makes your worship look so ill-favouredly, that we may very well save the expence of a rueful picture.'

Don Quixote could not help laughing at the pleasantry of Sancho, though he actually determined to assume that name, and have his shield and target painted according to his fancy. 'I know, Sancho,' said he, 'that I have incurred the sentence of excommunication, for having laid violent hands on consecrated things, according to the canon, "*Si quis suadente diabolo, &c.*" yet you know I touched them not with my hands, but with my lance; and even then never dreamed of injuring priests, or of giving the smallest offence to the church, which I respect and adore, like a faithful Catholick and Christian as I am; but, on the contrary, took them for phantoms and beings of another world: but the case being as it is, I remember what happened to the Cid Ruy Diaz, who broke to pieces the chair of a certain king's ambassador, in presence of his holiness the pope; for which outrage he was excommunicated; and

that

that very day the worthy Rodrigo de Vivar behaved like a valiant and honourable knight.

The batchelor being gone, as we have observed, without answering one word, Don Quixote expressed a desire of examining the litter, to see if it really contained a corpse; but Sancho would by no means consent to this enquiry, saying, 'Your worship has already finished this perilous adventure with less damage to yourself than I have seen you receive in any other; but the people whom you have conquered and overthrown, may chance to recollect that they were vanquished by a single man, and be so much ashamed and confounded at their own cowardice as to rally, and, if they find us, give us our belly-full. Dapple is at present very comfortably furnished; there is an uninhabited mountain hard by, hunger is craving, we have nothing to do but retreat thither at a gentle trot; and, as the saying is, "The dead to the bier, and the living to good cheer."' With these words he took the lead with his ass, and the knight thinking there was a great deal of reason in what he said, followed him very peaceably, without making any reply.

When they had travelled a little way between two hills, they found themselves in a spacious and retired valley, where they alighted. Sancho unloaded the ass, they sat down on the green turf, and, with hunger for their sauce, dispatched their breakfast, dinner, afternoon's luncheon, and supper, at one meal; solacing their stomachs out of more than one basket, which the ecclesiastical attendants of the defunct, who seldom neglect these things, had brought along with them on their sumpter-mule: but another misfortune befel them, which, in Sancho's opinion, was the worst that could happen: they had not one drop of wine to drink, nor indeed of water to cool their throats, so that they were parched with thirst; then the squire, perceiving the meadow where they sat was overgrown with green and tender grass, made the proposal which may be seen in the following chapter.

Of the unseen and unheard of Adventure atchieved by the valiant Don Quixote de La Mancha, with less Hazard than ever attended any Exploit performed by the most renowned Knight on Earth.

‘THIS grass, my good master, proves beyond all contradiction, that there must be some spring or rivulet hereabouts by which it is watered; and therefore we had better proceed a little farther, until we find wherewith to allay this terrible thirst, which is more painful and fatiguing than hunger alone.’ This advice appearing rational to Don Quixote, he took hold of Rozinante’s bridle, and Sancho leading Dapple by the halter, after he had loaded him again with the fragments of their supper, they began to move farther into the meadow, at a venture; for the night was so dark, they could not distinguish one object from another: but they had not gone two hundred paces, when their ears were saluted with a prodigious noise of water, that seemed to rush down from some huge and lofty rocks: they were infinitely rejoiced at the sound, when halting to listen, that they might know whence it came, they were all of a sudden surprized with another kind of noise, that soon damped the pleasure occasioned by the water, especially in Sancho, who was naturally fearful and faint hearted; I say they heard the sound of regular strokes, accompanied with strange clanking of iron chains, which, added to the dreadful din of the cataract, would have smote the heart of any other but Don Quixote with fear and consternation.

The night, as we have already observed, was dark; our travellers happened at this time to be in a grove of tall trees, whose leaves, moving gently by the wind, yielded a sort of dreary whisper: so that the solitude of the place, the darkness of the night, the noise of the water, and rustling of the leaves, concurred to inspire them with horror and dismay; the more so, as the strokes were continued, the wind sighed on, and the

morning was far off; and all these circumstances were aggravated by their ignorance of the place in which they were. But Don Quixote, encouraged by his own intrepid heart, mounted Rozinante, braced his shield, and brandishing his lance, 'Friend Sancho,' cried he, 'know that I was born by Heaven's appointment in these iron times to revive the age of gold, or, as it is usually called, the golden age. I am he for whom strange perils, valiant deeds, and vast adventures, are reserved! I am he, I say, ordained to re-establish the Knights of the Round table, the Twelve Peers of France, with the Nine Worthies! He whose feats shall bury in oblivion the Platirs, Tablantes, Olivantes, and Tirantes, the Febules and Belianises, together with the whole tribe of knights-errant who lived in former times; performing such mighty and amazing deeds of arms, as will eclipse their most renowned acts! Consider well, thou true and loyal squire, the darkness and the solemn stillness of this night, the indistinct and hollow whispering of these trees, the dreadful din of the water we came to seek, which seems to rush and rumble down from the lofty mountains of the moon; together with these incessant strokes that strike and wound our ears: all these circumstances united, or each singly by itself, is sufficient to infuse fear, terror, and dismay, into the breast of Mars himself; much more in him who is altogether unaccustomed to such adventures and events. Yet all I have described are only incentives that awaken my courage, and already cause my heart to rebound within my breast, with desire to achieve this adventure, howsoever difficult it may appear to be! Therefore straiten Rozinante's girth, recommend thyself to God, and wait for me in this place, three days at farthest; within which time, if I come not back, thou mayest return to our village; and, as the last favour and service done to me, go from thence to Toboso, and inform my incomparable mistress, Dulcinea, that her captive knight died in attempting things that might render him worthy to be called her lover.'

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When Sancho heard these last words of his master, he began to blubber with incredible tenderness. 'I cannot conceive,' said he, 'why your worship should attempt such a terrible adventure: it is now dark, and nobody sees us; therefore we may turn out of this road, and avoid the danger, though we should not taste liquor these three days; and if nobody sees us, we run no risque of being accused of cowardice; besides, I have heard the curate of our town, whom your worship knows very well, remark in his preaching, "He that seeketh danger perisheth therein;" therefore it must be a sin to tempt God by engaging in this rash exploit, from whence there is no escaping without a miracle; and Heaven hath wrought enow of them already, in preserving you from being blanketed as I was, and bringing you off conqueror, and sound wind and limb, from the midst of so many adversaries as accompanied the dead man: and if all this will not move you, nor soften your rugged heart, sure you will relent, when you consider and are assured that your worship will be scarce gone from hence, when I shall through pure fear yield my life to any thing that may chuse to take it. I left my habitation, wife and children, to come and serve your worship, believing it would be the better, not the worse, for me so to do; but as greediness bursts the bag, so is the bag of my hopes bursten; for when they are at the highest pitch, in expectation of that curst unlucky island your worship has promised me so often, I find in lieu of that, you want to make me amends by leaving me in this desert, removed from all human footsteps: for the love of God, dear master, do me not such wrong; or, if your worship is resolved to attempt this atchievement at any rate, at least delay it till morning, which, according to the signs I learned when I was a shepherd, will appear in less than three hours; for the muzzle of the bear is at the top of his head*, and

* In Castilian, *bocina* signifies a cornet, or hunting-horn, to which the Spaniards suppose the constellation of Ursa Minor bears some resemblance,

and shews to us midnight in the line of the left paw.

‘How canst thou perceive, said Don Quixote, ‘that line, or head, or muzzle, thou talkest of, when the night is so dark that there is not a star to be seen?’—‘It is so,’ answered Sancho; ‘but fear hath many eyes; and I can at present behold things that are hid within the bowels of the earth; much more those that appear in the firmament above: a man of sound judgment, like me, can easily foretel that it will soon be day.’—‘Let it come when it will,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘it shall not be said of me, either now or at any other time, that I was diverted by tears and intreaties from doing what I owed to the customs of chivalry; I therefore beseech thee, Sancho, to hold thy peace; for God, who hath put it in my heart to attempt this dreadful and unseen adventure, will doubtless take care of my safety, and comfort thee in thy affliction: thy business at present is to gird fast Rozinante, and remain in this place, for dead or alive I will soon return.’

Sancho finding this was the final resolution of his master, and how little all his tears, advice, and intreaties availed, determined to make use of stratagem to detain the knight, if possible, till morning: with this purpose, under pretence of adjusting the girth of Rozinante, he fair and softly, without being perceived, tied two of the horse’s feet together with the halter of his ass, in such a manner, that when Don Quixote attempted to depart, he found it impossible, because his steed could move no otherwise than by leaps. The squire perceiving the success of his invention, ‘Sir,’ said he, ‘you may see that Heaven, melted by my tears and prayers, hath ordained that Rozinante shall not stir; and if you obstinately persist in spurring and driving him on, you will only give offence to Providence, and, as the saying is, “Kick against the pricks.”’

The knight actually despaired of making him go forward, because the more he goaded his horse, the less was he inclined to stir; and therefore, without guessing

a tittle of the ligature, thought proper to submit and wait with patience, either till morning, or such time as Rozinante should recover the use of his limbs; believing for certain, that his disappointment was owing to another cause than the craft of his squire, to whom he said, 'Since Rozinante is incapable of moving, I am content to wait for the dawn, though I cannot help lamenting it's delay.'—'You shall have no cause for lamentation,' answered Sancho: 'I will entertain your worship with telling stories till day, unless you chuse to alight, and take a nap on the soft grass, according to the custom of knights-errant, that you may find yourself refreshed when day breaks, and ready to undertake the unconscionable adventure that awaits you.'—'Talk not to me of alighting or sleeping,' said Don Quixote; 'dost thou imagine me to be one of those knights who seek their repose in times of danger? Sleep thou who wast born to sleep, or follow thine own inclinations; for my own part, I will behave as becomes a person of my pretensions.'—'Let not your worship be offended; for that was not my intention when I spoke;' answered Sancho; who coming close to him, laid hold of the saddle before and behind, and stood embracing his master's left thigh, without daring to stir a finger's breadth from the spot; such was his consternation, inspired by the strokes, which all this time sounded alternately in his ears.

Then Don Quixote claiming his promise of entertaining him with some story; 'would with all my heart,' said Sancho, 'if the dread of what I hear would allow me; but nevertheless I will try to force out one story, which, if I hit aright, without letting it slip through my hands, is the best tale that ever was told; therefore I would have your worship be attentive, for thus I begin:

'There was, so there was; the good that shall fall, betide us all; and he that seeks evil, may he meet with the devil. Your worship may take notice, that the beginning of ancient tales is not just what came into the head of the teller: no, they always began with some

saying

saying of Cato the censor of Rome, like this of, "He that seeks evil, may he meet with the devil." And truly it comes as pat to the purpose as the ring to my finger, in order to persuade your worship to remain where you are, without going in search of evil in any manner of way; or else to turn into another road, since we are not bound to follow this in which we have been surprized with fear and terror."—"Follow thy story, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "and as to the road we have to follow, leave the care of that to me."—"To proceed, then," said Sancho: "in a certain village of Estremadura there lived a certain goat-shepherd; I mean, one that kept goats; and this shepherd, or goatherd, as the story goes, was called Lope Ruyz; and it came to pass, that this Lope Ruyz fell in love with a shepherdess whose name was Torralva; which shepherdess, whose name was Torralva, was the daughter of a rich herdsman; and this rich herdsman—"

"If thou tellest thy tale in this manner," cried Don Quixote, "repeating every circumstance twice over, it will not be finished these two days: proceed therefore connectedly, and rehearse it like a man of understanding; otherwise thou hadst better hold thy tongue."—"In my country," answered Sancho, "all the old stories are told in this manner; neither can I tell it in any other; nor is it civil in your worship to desire I should change the custom."—"Take thy own way," said the knight; "and since it is the will of fate that I should hear thee, pray go on."

"Well, then, good master of mine," proceeded Sancho, "that same shepherd, as I have already remarked, fell in love with the shepherdess Torralva, who was a thick brawny wench, a little coy, and somewhat masculine; for she wore a sort of mustachios: methinks I see her now for all the world."—"Then thou knewest her?" said the knight. "Not I," answered the squire; "but the person who told me the story, said it was so true and certain, that if ever I should chance to tell it again, I might affirm upon oath that I had seen it with
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my own eyes.—And so, in process of time, the devil, who never sleeps, but wants to have a finger in every pye, managed matters in such a manner, that the shepherd's love for the shepherdes was turned into malice and deadly hate: and the cause, according to evil tongues, was a certain quantity of small jealousies she gave him, exceeding all bounds of measure. And such was the abhorrence the shepherd conceived for her, from that good day forward, that, in order to avoid the sight of her, he resolved to absent himself from his own country, and go where he should never set eyes on her again. Torralva, finding herself despised by Lope, began to love him more than ever.—‘That is the natural disposition of the sex,’ said Don Quixote, ‘to disdain those who adore them, and love those by whom they are abhorred: but proceed, Sancho.’

‘It so fell out,’ said Sancho, ‘that the shepherd put his resolution in practice, and driving his goats before him, travelled through the plains of Estremadura, towards Portugal. Torrolva, having got an inkling of his design, was soon at his heels, following him on foot, aye, and barefoot too, with a pilgrim's staff in her hand, and a wall-t at her back, in which, as the report goes, she carried a bit of a looking-glass, a broken comb, and a kind of phial of wash for her complexion: but howsoever, whether she carried these things or not, I shall not take upon me at present to aver; but only say what is recorded, that the shepherd came with his flock to the river Guadinia, which at that time was very high, having almost forsaken it's channel; and finding at the place neither boat nor bark to carry himself and his flock to the other side, he was very much in the dumps; because he saw Torralva behind him, and knew what he must suffer from her tears and complaints: but looking about he at last perceived hard by him a fisherman in a boat, that was so small as to contain only one person and one goat: nevertheless, they struck up a bargain, by which the man was to ferry over the shepherd with his three hundred goats. Accordingly the fisherman took one
goat

goat into the boat, and carried it over; then he returned and carried over another, then he returned again to fetch another. Pray, good your worship, keep an exact account of the goats, as the fisherman ferried them over; for, if one only should be lost in the reckoning, the story will break off, and it will be impossible for me to relate one word more. To be short, then, I say, the landing-place on the other side being full of mud and slippery, was a great hinderance to the fisherman in his going and coming; but however he returned for the other goat, and then for some more, and then for another.

‘Suppose them all passed over at once,’ said Don Quixote; ‘for if thou goest backwards and forwards in this manner, thou wilt not have them ferried over in a year.’—‘How many have already passed?’ said the squire. ‘How the devil should I know?’ answered the knight. ‘Did not I tell you to keep a good account?’ said Sancho; ‘now, before God, the tale is ended, and it is impossible to proceed!’—‘How can that be?’ replied Don Quixote; ‘is it so essential to the story to know the number of goats as they passed, so precisely, that if I misreckon one, thou canst not proceed?’—‘Certainly, Sir,’ said Sancho, ‘I can proceed in no manner of way: for when I desired your worship to tell me what number of goats had passed, and you answered you did not know; at that instant the whole of the story that remained untold, vanished from my remembrance; and, upon my conscience! it was very curious and entertaining.’—‘At that rate, then, the story is at an end?’ said Don Quixote. ‘As much at an end,’ replied the squire, ‘as the mother that bore me.’

‘In good sooth,’ resumed the knight, ‘thou hast related the strangest fable, tale, or story, that ever was invented; and finished thy relation in such a manner as never was or will be heard again in this world; but nothing else was to be expected from thy sound judgment; and indeed it is a matter of no admiration with me,

me, because I take it for granted, that these incessant strokes have disordered thy understanding.'—'Not unlikely,' said Sancho; 'but this I know, that there is no more to be said of the tale, which ended in that place where the mistake began about the passage of the goats.'—'In good time end it according to thy own pleasure,' replied the knight; 'and now let us see if Rozinante will move.' So saying, he began again to spur, and the horse to leap without moving from his station, so effectually had Sancho fettered him.

About this time, whether it was owing to the coolness of the morning that approached, or to his having supped upon something that was laxative; or, which is more probable, to the operation of nature; Sancho was seized with an inclination and desire of doing that which could not be performed by proxy; but such was the terror that had taken possession of his soul, that he durst not move the breadth of a nail-paring from his master's side; at the same time it was as impossible for him to resist the motion of his bowels; and therefore, to compromise the matter, he slipped his right-hand from the hinder part of the saddle, and without any noise softly undid the slip knot by which his breeches were kept up; upon which they of themselves fell down to his heels, where they remained like a pair of shackles: he then gathered up his shirt behind as well as he could, and exposed his posteriors, which were none of the smallest, to the open air: this being done, and he imagined it was the chief step he could take to deliver himself from the pressing occasion and dilemma in which he was, another difficulty still greater occurred, namely, that he should not be able to disincumber himself without noise: he therefore began to fix his teeth close, shrug up his shoulders, and hold in his breath with all his might. But, notwithstanding these precautions, he was so unlucky in the issue, as to produce a rumbling sound very different from that which had terrified him so much. It did not escape the ears of Don Quixote, who immediately

immediately cried, 'What noise is that, Sancho?—' 'I know not, Sir,' said the squire; 'it must be some new affair, for adventures and misventures never begin with trifles.' He tried his fortune a second time; and, without any more noise or disorder, freed himself from the load that had given him so much uneasiness. But as Don Quixote's sense of smelling was altogether as acute as that of his hearing, and Sancho stood so close to him that the vapours ascended towards him almost in a direct line, he could not exclude some of them from paying a visit to his nose. No sooner was he sensible of the first salutation, than, in his own defence, he pressed his nose between his finger and thumb, and, in a snuffling tone, pronounced, 'Sancho, thou seemest to be in great fear.'—'I am so,' answered the squire; but how comes your worship to perceive my fears now more than ever?—' 'Because at present thou smell'st more than ever, and that not of amber,' replied the knight. 'That may be,' said Sancho; 'but I am not so much to blame as your worship, who drags me at such unreasonable hours into these uninhabited places.'—'Retire three or four steps farther off, friend,' resumed Don Quixote, stopping his nose all the time, 'and henceforth take more heed of thy own person, and remember what thou owest to mine; for I find the frequent conversation I maintain with thee, hath engendered this disrespect.'—'I'll lay a wager,' replied Sancho, 'that your worship thinks I have been doing something I ought not to have done.'—'The more you stir it, friend Sancho,' said the knight, 'the more it will stink.'

In this and other such discourse, the master and his squire passed the night; but Sancho perceiving the day begin to break apace, with great care and secrecy unbound Rozinante, and tied up his breeches. The beast, which was naturally none of the briskest, seemed to rejoice at his freedom, and began to paw the ground; for as to curvetting, with his leave be it spoken, he knew nothing of the matter. Don Quixote, finding him so mettlesome, conceived a good opinion from his eagerness, believing

believing it a certain preface of his success in the dreadful adventure he was about to achieve. Aurora now disclosed herself, and objects appearing distinctly, Don Quixote found himself in a grove of tall chestnut-trees, which formed a very thick shade. The strokes still continuing, though he could not conceive the meaning of them, he, without farther delay, made Rozinante feel the spur; then turning to take leave of Sancho, commanded him to wait three days at farthest, as he had directed before; and if he should not return before that time was expired, he might take it for granted that God had been pleased to put a period to his life in that perilous adventure: he again recommended to him the embassy and message he should carry from him to his mistress Dulcinea, and bade him give himself no uneasiness about his wages; for he had made a will before he quitted his family, in which he should find his services repaid, by a salary proportioned to the time of his attendance: but if Heaven should be pleased to bring him off from that danger, safe, sound, and free, he might, beyond all question, lay his account with the government of the island he had promised him. Sancho hearing these dismal expressions of his worthy master repeated, began to blubber afresh, and resolved not to leave him until the last circumstance and issue of the affair.

From these tears, and this honourable determination of Sancho Panza, the author of this history concludes, that he must have been a gentleman born, or an old Christian at least. His master himself was melted a little at this testimony of his affection; but not so much as to discover the least weakness: on the contrary, disguising his sentiments, he rode forward towards the place from whence the noise of the strokes and water seemed to come. Sancho followed on foot, and, according to custom, leading by the halter his ass, which was the constant companion of his good and evil fortune. Having travelled a good way among those shady chestnut-trees, they arrived in a small meadow lying at the
foot

foot of a huge rock, over which a stream of water rushed down with vast impetuosity. Below appeared a few wretched huts, that looked more like ruins than houses; and they observed that from them proceeded the horrible din of the strokes, which had not yet ceased.

Rozinante being startled at the dreadful noise of the strokes and water, Don Quixote endeavoured to soothe him, and advanced by little and little towards the huts, recommending himself in the most earnest manner to his mistress, whose favour he implored in the achievement of that fearful enterprize: neither did he omit praying to God for his protection. Sancho, who never stirred from his side, thrust his neck as far as he could betwixt the legs of Rozinante, in order to discover the objects that kept him in such terror and suspense; and when they had proceeded about a hundred paces farther, at the doubling of a corner, stood fully disclosed to view the very individual and undoubted cause of this tremendous sound and terrible noise, which had filled them with such doubts and consternation all night long.

This was no other (be not offended, gentle reader) than six fulling-hammers, which, by their alternate strokes, produced that amazing din. Don Quixote was struck dumb with astonishment at the sight; Sancho looked at him, and found his head hanging down upon his breast, and other manifest signs of his being out of countenance. The knight, in his turn, looked at the squire, and saw his mouth shut, his cheeks puffed up, with other symptoms of his being ready to burst with laughing. This comical situation of the squire, in spite of all his own melancholy, obliged the master to begin; and Sancho no sooner beheld the severity of the knight's features relaxed, than he opened the flood-gates of his mirth, which broke forth with such violence, that he was under the necessity of supporting his sides with both fists, that they might not be rent to pieces by the convulsion. Four times did he exhaust, and as often renew, the laugh with the same impetuosity as at first; for

which Don Quixote already wished him at the devil, more especially when he heard him pronounce, by way of sneer, 'Know, friend Sancho, that I was born by Heaven's appointment, in these iron times, to revive the age of gold, or the Golden Age! I am he for whom strange perils, valiant deeds, and vast adventures, are reserved!' And in this manner he proceeded, repeating all, or the greater part, of the knight's exclamation, when they first heard the terrible noise.

Don Quixote finding that Sancho made a jest of him, was so much ashamed and provoked, that, lifting up his lance, he bestowed upon him two or three thwacks, which, had they fallen upon his head, as they lighted on his shoulders, would have saved his master the trouble of paying his salary, unless it might be to his heirs. Sancho feeling his joke turned into such disagreeable earnest, which he was afraid might not be as yet over, addressed himself to his master with great humility, saying, 'Good your worship, forbear; before God, I was only in jest.'—'Though you was in jest,' answered Don Quixote, 'I was not quite so merrily disposed: Come hither, Mr. Joker; don't you think, that if, instead of fulling-hammers, these had been some very dangerous adventure, I have shewn courage enough to undertake and atchieve it? Am I, who am a knight, obliged, forthwith, to distinguish sounds, and know which proceed from fulling-mills, and which do not? especially as it may be the case, and it really is so, that I never saw one before; though it is otherwise with thee, base plebeian as thou art, who was born and bred up among them: but see if thou canst metamorphose these six hammers into so many giants, and bring them within arm's length of me, one by one, or all together; and if I don't make them lie with their heels uppermost, make a jest of me as much as you please.'

'Enough, dear master,' replied Sancho. 'I confess I have exceeded a little in my pleasantry; but, pray tell me now, that we are at peace again, as God shall deliver your worship from all succeeding adventures as safe
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and sound as you have been extricated from this, is not the terror with which we were seized, a thing to be laughed at and repeated? I mean, my own terror; for, as to your worship, I know you are an utter stranger to terror and dismay!—‘I do not deny,’ answered Don Quixote, ‘that what hath happened to us is ridiculous enough; but, nevertheless, it ought not to be repeated; because every body has not discretion to take things by the right handle.’—‘I am sure,’ replied Sancho, ‘that your worship knows how to handle your lance, with which, while you wanted to handle my head, you happened to salute my shoulders; thanks be to God, and my own activity, in avoiding the blow: but all that, when it is dry, will rub out; and I have often heard it said, He that loves thee well, will often make thee cry. Nay, it is a common thing for your gentry, when they have said a harsh thing to a servant, to make it up with him by giving him a pair of cast breeches; though I don’t know what they used to give after having beaten him unless it be the practice of knights-errant, after blows, to give islands, or kingdoms on the main land.’

‘Who knows,’ said Don Quixote, but the dice may run that way, and all that thou hast mentioned come to pass? I ask pardon for what is past, since you are resolved to be more discreet for the future; and as the first emotions are not in a man’s own power, I must apprise thee henceforward to be more reserved, and abstain from speaking so freely to me; for in all the books of chivalry I have read, and they are almost infinite, I never found that any squire talked so much to his master as thou hast talked to thine: and really both you and I are very much to blame; thou, in regarding me so little; and I, in not making myself regarded more. Was not Gandalin, squire of Amadis de Gaul, count of the Firm Island? and yet we read of him, that he always spoke to his master cap in hand, with an inclination of his head, and his body bent in the Turkish manner. What need I mention Gafabal, squire to Don Galaor, who was

so reserved, that, in order to express the excellence of his surprizing silence, his name is mentioned but once in the whole course of that equally vast and true history. From what I have said, Sancho, thou art to draw this inference, that there is a necessity for maintaining some distinction between the master and his man, the gentleman and his servant, and the knight and his squire: wherefore, from this day forward, we are to be treated with more respect and less provocation; for if ever I am incensed by you again, in any shape whatever, the pitcher will pay for all. The favours and benefits I have promised will come in due time; and if they should fail, your wages at least will be forthcoming, as I have already informed you.'

'All that your worship observes is very just,' said Sancho; 'but I should be glad to know, since if the benefits come not in time, I must be fain to put up with the wages, what was the hire of a knight-errant's squire in those days; and whether they agreed by the month or the day, like common labourers?'—'I do not believe,' answered Don Quixote, 'that they were retained for hire, but depended altogether on favour; and though I have bequeathed a sum to thee in my will, which I have left signed and sealed at home, it was done in case of the worst; for one does not know how chivalry may succeed in these calamitous times; and I would not have my soul punished in the other world for so small a matter; for, let me tell thee, Sancho, in this world there is not a more dangerous course than that of adventures.'—'That I know to be true,' answered the squire, 'since the noise of a fulling-mill could daunt and disturb the heart of such a valiant knight-errant as your worship: but this I assure you of, that from this good hour, my lips shall never give umbrage to your worship in turning your affairs to jest again; but, on the contrary, honour you as my natural lord and master.'—'In so doing,' replied Don Quixote, 'thou shalt live long upon the face of the earth; for, after your father and mother, you ought to respect your master as another parent.'

CHAPTER VII.

Of the sublime Adventure and shining Acquisition of Mambrino's Helmet—with other Accidents that happened to our invincible Knight.

ABOUT this time some rain beginning to fall, Sancho proposed that they should shelter themselves in the fulling-mill; but Don Quixote had conceived such abhorrence for it on account of what was past, that he would by no means set foot within its walls; wherefore, turning to the right-hand, they chanced to fall in with a road different from that in which they had travelled the day before: they had not gone far, when the knight discovered a man riding with something on his head, that glittered like polished gold; and scarce had he descried this phenomenon, when turning to Sancho, 'I find,' said he, 'that every proverb is strictly true; indeed all of them are apothegms dictated by Experience herself, the mother of all science; more especially that which says, "Shut one door, and another will soon open:" this I mention, because if last night Fortune shut against us the door we sought to enter, by deceiving us with the fulling-hammers; to-day another stands wide open, in proffering to us another greater and more certain adventure, by which if I fail to enter, it shall be my own fault, and not imputed to my ignorance of fulling-mills, or the darkneis of the night. This I take upon me to say, because, if I am not egregiously mistaken, the person who comes towards us, wears upon his head the very helmet of Mambrino, about which I swore the oath which thou mayest remember.' 'Consider well what your worship says, and better still what you do!' said Sancho. 'I should not chuse to meet with more fulling-mills, to mill us and maul us altogether out of our senses.'—'The devil take the fellow,' cried Don Quixote: 'what affinity is there between a fulling-mill and a helmet?'—'Truly, I know not,' answered the squire; 'but in good faith, if I were permitted to speak freely, as usual, I could per-

haps give such reasons as would convince your worship, that you are mistaken in what you say.'—'How can I be mistaken, scrupulous traitor?' replied Don Quixote: 'seest thou not yonder knight, who rides this way upon a dapple steed, with a golden helmet on his head?'—'What I perceive and discern,' said Sancho, 'is no other than a man upon a grey afs, like my own, with something that glitters on his head.'—'And that is the very helmet of Mambrino,' replied the knight: 'stand aside, and leave me alone to deal with him; thou shalt see, that without speaking a syllable, in order to spare time, this adventure will be concluded by my acquisition of the helmet I have longed for so much.'—'Yes, I will take care to get out of the way,' answered Sancho; 'and God grant,' cried he, as he went off, 'that this may turn out a melon rather than a milling*.'—'I have already warned thee, brother,' said the knight, 'not to mention, nor even so much as think of the mill again: else, by Heaven! I'll say no more, but mill the soul out of thy body.'

Sancho was fain to hold his tongue, dreading the performance of his master's oath, which had already struck him all of a heap. The whole affair of the helmet, steed, and knight, which Don Quixote saw, was no more than this: in that neighbourhood were two villages, one of them so poor and small, that it had neither shop nor barber: for which reason, the trimmer of the larger that was hard by, served the lesser also, in which, at that time, there was a sick person to be blooded, and another to be shaved; so that this barber was going thither with his brass basin under his arm; but, as it chanced to rain while he was on the road, that he might not spoil his hat, which probably was a new one, he sheltered his head under the basin, which being clean scoured, made a flaming appearance, at the distance of half a league: and as Sancho had observed, he rode upon

* *Oregano*, in the original, signifies sweet majoram; as if Sancho had wished his master might find a nosegay, rather than a bloody nose.

on a grey afs, which gave occasion to Don Quixote to believe he was some knight with a helmet of gold, mounted upon a dapple steed; for he accommodated every thing he saw with incredible facility to the extravagant ravings of his disordered judgment. When he, therefore, saw this unlucky knight approach, without the least expostulation, he put Rozinante to full speed, and couching his lance in the rest, resolved to run him through the body at once; but, when he was almost up with him, without checking the impetuosity of his career, he cried aloud, 'De end thyself, wretched caitiff, or voluntarily yield what so justly belongs to me.'

The poor barber, who neither dreaded nor dreamed of any such demand, seeing this phantom coming full speed upon him, could find no other means to defend himself from the stroke of the lance, than to throw himself down over the buttocks of his afs: then getting up, before he had scarce touched the ground, with the nimbleness of a stag, he began to fly across the plain so swift, that the wind itself could not overtake him: but he left his bason upon the spot, with which Don Quixote was satisfied, saying, 'The pagan hath acted with discretion, in imitating the beaver, which, seeing itself chased by the hunters, tears off with its teeth, by natural instinct, those parts for which it is pursued.' Then he ordered Sancho to take up the helmet, which the squire having examined all round, 'Egad' said he, 'it is a special good bason, well worth a piece of eight, if it be worth a farthing!' and gave it to his master, who putting it on his head, and turning it round and round, without being able to find the vizor, said, 'Without doubt, the pagan for whom this renowned helmet was first forged, must have had a most capacious head: but the worst of it is, that one half is wanting.'

When Sancho heard him call the bason a helmet, he could not refrain from laughing; but, remembering the indignation of his master, checked his mirth all of a sudden; and when Don Quixote asked what he laughed

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at, replied, 'I cannot help laughing when I think of the huge head of the pagan who owned that helmet, which looks for all the world like a barber's basin.'—

'Why, truly, Sancho,' said he, 'I imagine that this very individual enchanted helmet, by some strange accident or other, must have fallen into the hands of somebody who did not know its inestimable value, but seeing it was made of the purest gold, melted down one half of it for sale, and left the other in this shape, resembling, as thou sayest, a barber's basin: but be that as it may, since I am satisfied of its real worth and identity, the transmutation is of small consequence; for I will order it to be repaired in the first village where we can find a blacksmith, in such a manner as to be unexcelled, nay even unequalled, by that which Vulcan forged and finished for the god of war; meanwhile, I will wear it in this manner, for it is still better than nothing at all, and will be sufficient to defend me from any shower of stones that may chance to fall.'

'Yes, if they come not out of slings, as was the case in the skirmish between the two armies, when they demolished your worship's grinders, and broke the cask which contained that blessed balsam, which made me vomit up my liver and lights!'—'That loss gives me not much uneasiness,' answered the knight, 'because thou knowest, Sancho, I retain the receipt of it in my memory.'—'So do I,' replied the squire. 'But, Lord, let me never stir from the place where I now stand, if ever I either make or meddle with it for the future; especially as I hope I never shall have occasion for it again, being resolved, with the assistance of my five senses, to avoid being hurt myself, and also to refrain from hurting any person whatsoever. As to another bout of blanketing, I have little to say: such misfortunes are not easily prevented; but when they happen, there is nothing else to be done, but to shrug up our shoulders, hold in our breath, shut our eyes, and leave ourselves to the determination of chance and the blanket.'

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‘Thou art a bad Christian, Sancho,’ said Don Quixote, when he heard these words; ‘for once you receive an injury, you never forget it; but know it is peculiar to noble and generous minds to overlook such trifles: hast thou got a leg lamed, a rib fractured, or thy head broke, in the prosecution of that jest, that thou canst not forget it? for the affair, when duly considered, was no more than jest and pastime; had I not understood it so, I should have returned ere now, and done more mischief in revenging thy quarrel, than the Grecians did for the rape of Helen, who, if she had lived in this age, or if my Dulcinea had flourished in her time, would not have been so renowned for beauty.’—Here he fetched a profound sigh, and sent it to the clouds. ‘Let it pass, then, for a joke,’ said Sancho, ‘since there is no likelihood of its being revenged in earnest: but I know what sort of jokes and earnestness those are; and I believe they will scarce slip out of my memory, while they remain engraven on my shoulders. But, setting this aside, I wish your worship would tell me what I shall do with this dapple steed so like a grey ass, which was abandoned by that caitiff, whom your worship overthrew; for, by the swiftness of his heels, when he ran away, he seems to have no thoughts of returning; and by my whiskers ’tis an excellent beast!’

‘It is never my custom,’ said Don Quixote, ‘to plunder those I overcome; neither is it according to the laws of chivalry, to take from them their horses, and leave them on foot, unless the conqueror hath lost his own during the engagement; in which case we are allowed to take the horse of the vanquished as the lawful spoils of war: wherefore, Sancho, leave that horse or ass, what thou wilt, where he now stands, and perhaps his master, perceiving we are gone, will return and find him.’—‘God is my witness,’ answered Sancho, ‘I should be glad to carry him off, or at least exchange him for my own, which seems to be the worst of the two: truly the laws of chivalry are too confined; and since they do not extend to the exchange of one ass for another,

another, I would fain know if they allow me to change the furniture of the one for that of the other?—‘I am not quite clear in that particular,’ replied the knight; ‘and in such a dubious case, till such time as we can get better information, I think thou mayest exchange the furniture, if the necessity for so doing be extreme.’—‘It is so extreme,’ said Sancho, ‘that if it were for my own particular wearing, I could not want it more.’ Thus provided with a licence, he made the exchange of caparisons, and equipped his beast with such finery, that he looked ten per cent. the better.

This exploit being performed, they went to breakfast on the remains of what they had plundered from the sumpter-mule, and quenched their thirst with the water from the fulling-mills, without turning their heads that way, so much did they abhor them on account of the dread which they had inspired. The rage of hunger and anxiety being thus appeased, they mounted, and, without following any determined course, (for it is the practice of true knights-errant to keep no certain road,) they left the choice of their route to the will and pleasure of Rozinante, which was always a rule to his master, as well as to the ass, that followed whithersoever he led, like a trusty friend and companion. In consequence, therefore, of his determination, they returned into the high-road, in which they travelled at random without any particular scheme.

While they thus jogged on, ‘Sir,’ said Sancho to his master, ‘I wish your worship would allow me to confer a little with you; for, since you imposed that severe command of silence upon me, divers things have perished in my stomach; and this moment I have somewhat at my tongue’s end, which I would not for the world have miscarry.’—‘Speak then,’ said Don Quixote, ‘and be concise in thy discourse; for nothing that is prolix can relish well.’—‘I say, Sir,’ answered Sancho, ‘that for some days past I have been considering how little is to be got and saved by going in quest of those adventures your worship hunts after, through these cross-paths and deserts,

deserts, where, though you conquer and atchieve the most perilous exploits, there is nobody present to be witness of your prowess; so that it may remain in everlasting silence, contrary to the intention, and prejudicial to the merits, of your worship; wherefore, in my opinion, with submission to your better judgment, our wisest course would be to go into the service of some emperor or great prince, who hath a war upon his hands, in whose service your worship may have occasion to shew your personal valour, your great strength, and greater understanding; which being perceived by the king we serve, he cannot chuse, but reward each of us according to his deserts; neither will there be wanting some person to write the history of your worship's exploits, for a perpetual memorial: I shall not mention my own, because they cannot exceed the bounds of a squire's province; though this I will venture to say, that if it was customary in chivalry to recount the atchievements of our fraternity, I don't think but mine might be inserted between the lines of the book.'

'Thou art not much in the wrong,' replied Don Quixote; 'but before it comes to that issue, a knight must travel up and down the world as a probationer in quest of adventures, until by his repeated atchievements he shall have acquired a sufficient stock of fame; so that when he arrives at the court of some mighty monarch, he may be immediately known by his works. In that case, as soon as he shall be seen to enter the gates of the city, all the boys will surround and follow him, shouting and crying, "Behold the knight of the sun," or the serpent, or of any other badge under which he hath performed his great exploits. "Behold," they will say, "the man who vanquished in single combat the mighty giant Brocarbruno, and delivered the great Mamaluke of Persia from the strange enchantment that prevailed over him for the space of nine hundred years." Thus shall they proceed, recounting his exploits from mouth to mouth; until, surprized at the noise of the children and populace, the king of that country shall appear at

one of the palace windows; and no sooner behold the knight, than knowing him immediately by his armour, or the device upon his shield, he will certainly exclaim, "So ho, there! let all the knights belonging to my court go forth and receive the flower of chivalry that comes yonder."

'At this command all of them will come out, and the king himself advance to meet him on the middle of the stair-case, where he will embrace him most affectionately, giving him the kiss of friendship and welcome; then taking him by the hand, he will conduct him to the queen's closet, where he will find her majesty with the princess her daughter, who is one of the most beautiful and accomplished young ladies that ever was seen in the known world. In this interview she will immediately fix her eyes upon the knight, who at that instant shall be gazing at her, and each will appear to the other something supernatural; without knowing how or wherefore, they will find themselves presently caught and entangled in the inextricable net of love, and be infinitely concerned because they have no opportunity of conversing together, and of disclosing the reciprocal anxiety of their thoughts. After this audience, he will, doubtless, be carried to some apartment of the palace richly furnished, where, after they shall have taken off his armour, they will clothe him in a rich scarlet robe brought for the purpose; and if he made a fine appearance in armour, he will look infinitely more genteel in his doublet. At night he will sup at the same table with the king, queen, and infant, upon whom he will fix his eyes as often as he can, without being perceived by the by-standers; while she will practise the same expedient with equal sagacity: for, as I have already observed, she must be a young lady of vast discretion.

'The table being uncovered, there will enter at midnight through the hall-door, a little deformed dwarf, followed by a beautiful lady, guarded by two giants; and he will propose a certain adventure, contrived by a most ancient sage, which, whosoever shall finish, will
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be deemed the most valiant knight in the whole world: then the king will order every warrior in waiting to attempt it; but all of them shall fail, except the strange knight, who will perform and accomplish it very much to his own credit, as well as to the satisfaction of the princess, who will think herself extremely happy, and well requited, for having placed her affections so worthily. What is better still, this king or prince, or whatever he is, being at that time engaged in a most obstinate war with a potentate of equal strength, his guest, after having staid a few days at court, begs leave to go and serve him in the field; and the king granting his request with pleasure, the knight most politely kisses his hand for the great honour he hath done him. That same night he goes to take his leave of his mistress the infanta, through the rails of a garden adjoining to the chamber in which she lies; where they have already at different times enjoyed each other's conversation, by the means of a damsel, who being the infanta's confidante, is privy to the whole amour: on this occasion he will sigh most piteously, she will actually faint away; the damsel will run for water, and the knight will be extremely concerned, because the day begins to break, and he would not for the world be discovered to the prejudice of the lady's reputation. In fine, the princess recovers, and reaches her fair hand through the rails to the knight, who kisses it a thousand times, and bathes it with his tears; then is concerted between them some method by which he is to inform her of his good or bad success, and the infanta intreats him to return as soon as possible: he swears solemnly to comply with her request, kisses her hand again, and bids her farewell with such affliction as well nigh deprived him of life: from thence he retreats to his chamber, throws himself upon the bed, but cannot sleep, so grieved is he at parting; he rises early in the morning, goes to take leave of the king, queen, and infanta; their majesties accordingly bid him farewell, after having informed him that the princess is indisposed, and cannot see company; the

knight imputing her disorder to her sorrow for his departure, is pierced to the soul, and well-nigh betrays his own anxiety. The confidante being present all the while, takes notice of every circumstance, which she imparts to her lady, who listens with tears in her eyes, and observes that nothing gives so much uneasiness as her ignorance of the knight's pedigree, and her impatience to know whether or not he is of royal extraction: the damsel assures her, that so much politeness, gentility, and valour as he possessed, could never be united except in a dignified and royal disposition; the afflicted infanta consoles herself with this observation, and endeavouring to regain her serenity, that she may not give cause of suspicion to her parents, in two days appears again in publick.

'The knight having set out for the army, comes to battle, overcomes the king's adversary, takes many towns, makes divers conquests, returns to court, visits his mistress in the usual manner, and the affair being concerted between them, demands her in marriage, as the reward of his service; her father refuses to grant the boon, on pretence of not knowing who this hero is; but, nevertheless, either by stealth, or some other way, the infanta becomes his wife: and at last the king is overjoyed at his good fortune, when this knight proves to be the son of a valiant monarch of some unknown country, for I suppose it could not be found in the map. The father dies, the infanta succeeds, and in two words the knight becomes king; this, then, is the time to reward his squire, and all those who helped him to ascend the throne. The squire accordingly is married to a damsel belonging to the infanta, who doubtless must be she that was privy to her amour, and daughter of some powerful duke.'

'This is what I want,' cried Sancho, and what with fair play I shall obtain; for all that you have mentioned will exactly happen to your worship, under the title of The Knight of the Rueful Countenance.'—'Never doubt it, Sancho,' replied Don Quixote; 'for in the same manner, and by the same steps I have recounted, knights-
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errant rise, and have risen to the rank of kings and emperors. Our only business now is to look out for some Christian or Pagan king who is at war, and hath a beautiful daughter; but there will be time to think of that, since, as I have already told thee, renown must be acquired elsewhere, before we repair to court; nay, another difficulty occurs, namely, that though we should find a king at war who has a beautiful daughter, after I shall have acquired incredible glory through the whole universe, I do not know how it can be proved that I am of royal extraction, or even second cousin to an emperor; and no king will grant his daughter to me in marriage, until he is first thoroughly satisfied in that particular, though my famous exploits should merit a much more valuable reward; wherefore, on account of this defect, I am afraid I shall lose that which the prowess of my arm may well deserve. True it is, I am a gentleman of an ancient and honourable family, not without property, possession, and a title to the revenge of the five hundred sueldos*; and it is not impossible, that the sage ordained to write my history, may furbish up my parentage and pedigree in such a manner, as to prove me descended in the fifteenth or sixteenth generation from a king; for I must tell thee, Sancho, there are two sorts of pedigree in the world; one that brings and derives it's original from princes and monarchs, which time hath defaced by little and little, till at last it ends in a point like a pyramid; the other owes it's beginning to people of mean degree, and increases gradually to nobility and power; so that the difference is, the one was once something, but is now nothing; and the other was once nothing, but is now something! perhaps, therefore, I may be one of the first mentioned division; and my origin, upon en-

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quiry,

* The Spaniards of old paid a tribute of five hundred sueldos, or pieces of coin, to the Moors, until they were delivered from this imposition by the gallantry of the gentlemen or people of rank, from which exploit a Castilian of family used to express the nobility and worth of his extraction, by saying he was of the revenge of the Sueldos.

quiry, be found high and mighty; a circumstance that ought to satisfy the king, who is to be my father-in-law; and if it should not have that effect, the infanta will be so enamoured of me, that, in spite of her father, she will receive me as her lord and husband, even though she were certain of my being the son of a porter; but should she be shy, then is the time to carry her away by force, to any corner of the earth I shall chuse for my residence, until time or death shall put an end to the resentment of her parents.'

'And here,' cried Sancho, 'nothing can be more pat to the purpose, than what some of your unconscionable fellows often say, "Who would beg a benison, that for the taking may have venison *?" though it would still be more proper, if they had said, "Better thief than grieve †." This I observe, that in case the king, your worship's father-in-law, should not prevail upon himself to give you the infanta his daughter, you may, as your worship says, steal and convey her off by main force; but the misfortune is, that while the peace is on the anvil, and before you come to the peaceable enjoyment of your kingdom, the poor squire may chew his cud in expectation of his recompence, unless that confidante damsel, who is to be his spouse, should make her escape with the princess, and be content to join her evil fortune to his, until such time as Heaven shall ordain it otherwise; for I believe his master may very safely give her away in lawful marriage.'—'That thou mayest depend upon,' said Don Quixote. 'Since it is so, then,' answered Sancho, 'we have nothing to do but recommend ourselves to God, and let fortune take it's own course.'—'The Lord conduct it,' replied the knight, according to my desires and thy necessity; and small be his grace, who counts himself base.'—'A God's name be it so,' said Sancho: 'for my own part I am an old Christian, and therefore fit to be a lord.'—
'Aye,'

* Literally, 'Never beg when you can take.'

† In the original, 'A snatch from behind a bush is better than the prayer of good men,'

‘Aye, to be greater than a lord,’ answered Don Quixote: ‘and even if thou wast not so well qualified, it would be of no signification*, because I being king, can confer nobility upon thee, without putting thee to the expence of purchasing, or of subjecting thyself to any kind of servitude; for, in creating thee an earl, behold thou art a gentleman at once; and let people say what they will, in good faith, they must call thee your lordship, if it should make their hearts ache.’—

‘And do you reckon that I should not know how to give authority to the portent?’ said the squire. ‘Patent, thou wouldst say, and not portent,’ replied the knight.

‘It may be so;’ answered Sancho; ‘but I insist upon it, that I should demean myself very decently; for once in my life-time I was beadle of a corporation, and the gown became me so well, that every body said I had the presence of a warden: then what shall I be when I am clothed in a ducal robe, all glittering with pearls like a foreign count? Upon my conscience, I believe people will come an hundred leagues on purpose to see me.’—

‘You will make a very good appearance,’ said Don Quixote; ‘but thou must take care to keep thy beard close shaved; for it is so thick, matted, and unseemly, that unless thou hast recourse to the razor, every second day at least, they will see what thou art a gun-shot off.’ ‘What else have I to do,’ said the squire, ‘but to hire a barber, and keep him constantly in the house; and if I find occasion for it, even make him follow me as a master of the horse follows one of your grandees?’

‘How do’st thou know,’ said Don Quixote, ‘that our grandees are attended by their masters of horse?’—

‘That you shall be satisfied in,’ answered the squire: ‘heretofore I was a whole month at court, where I saw a very little gentleman, who they told me was a very great lord, passing to and fro, and a man following him a horse-back, turning ever and anon as he turned, as if

* This seems to have been intended as a stroke of satire against those princes who sell nobility to the highest bidder, without any regard to the merit of the purchaser.

he had been the nobleman's own tail: when I asked why the man did not overtake the other, but always kept behind him, they answered, that he was his master of horse, and that it was a fashion among the great, for each to be attended by an officer of that name. Ever since that time I have remembered their office so distinctly, that I believe I shall never forget it.'—'I think thou art much in the right,' said Don Quixote, 'in resolving to carry thy barber along with thee; for customs come not all together, because they were not invented all at once; therefore thou mayest be the first earl that ever went attended by a shaver; and truly it is an office of greater confidence to trim the beard than to saddle the horse.'—'Leave that affair of the barber to my management,' said Sancho, 'and be it your care to make yourself a king, and me an earl, with all convenient speed.' 'That shall be done,' replied the knight; who lifting up his eyes, perceived that which shall be recounted in the succeeding chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

Don Quixote sets at Liberty a Number of unfortunate People, who, much against their Wills, were going a Journey that was not all to their liking.

CID Hamet Benengeli, the Arabian and Manchegan author, recounts in this solemn, sublime, minute, pleasant, and fanciful history, that the conversation between the renowned Don Quixote, and his squire Sancho Panza, as related in the foregoing chapter, was no sooner concluded, than the knight lifting up his eyes, beheld upon the road before him about twelve men on foot, strung together like beads, with a great iron chain fastened to their necks, and he perceived shackles upon the arms of each. They were conducted by two men on horseback, and the like number on foot: the horsemen armed with firelocks, and the foot with javelins and swords. Sancho seeing them advance, 'That,' said he, 'is the chain of slaves compelled by the king to work in the galleys.'—'How compelled!' cried the knight;

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‘ is it possible the king compels people into his service?’ — ‘ I don’t say so,’ answered Sancho; ‘ those people are condemned for their crimes to serve in the king’s galleys on compulsion.’ — ‘ In short,’ replied Don Quixote, ‘ be that as it will, they go not voluntarily, but are driven by force.’ — ‘ Certainly,’ said Sancho, ‘ Since that is the case,’ resumed his master, ‘ here the execution of my office is concerned, to annul force, and bring succour to the miserable.’ — ‘ Pray, good your worship, take notice that justice, which is the king himself, never uses violence nor severity to such people, except as a punishment for their crimes.’

By this time the chain of galley-slaves being come up, Don Quixote, with much courtesy, desired the guards would be pleased to inform him of the cause or causes for which those people were treated in that manner: one of the horsemen replied, that they were slaves belonging to his majesty going to the galleys, and that was all he could say, or the enquirer had occasion to know, of the matter. ‘ Nevertheless,’ resumed the knight, ‘ I am desirous of knowing from each in particular the occasion of his misfortune.’ To these he added other such courteous entreaties to induce them to satisfy his desire, that the other man on horseback said, ‘ Though we have got along with us the register and certificate of the sentence of each of those malefactors, we have no time at present to take it out and give you the reading of it; but if you have a mind to go and question themselves, they will answer every thing you ask, to the best of their knowledge; for they are a set of miscreants, who delight in recounting as well as acting their roguery.’

With this permission, which he would have taken if they had not granted it, Don Quixote approached the chain, and asked of the foremost, for what offence he travelled in that equipage? ‘ Only for being in love,’ answered the criminal. ‘ For that only!’ replied the knight. ‘ If they condemn people for being in love, I might have been tugging in the galleys long ago.’ —

‘ But

‘But my love,’ answered the slave, was quite different from what your worship imagines. I fell deeply in love with a basket crammed full of white linen, and locked it so fast in my embrace, that if justice had not tore it from my arms by force, I should not have quitted it willingly to this good hour: the thing being flagrant, there was no room for putting me to the torture, and therefore the cause was soon discussed; my shoulders were accommodated with a cool hundred, I was advised to divert myself three years in the *gurapas*, and so the business ended.’—‘Pray what are the *gurapas*?’ said Don Quixote. ‘The *gurapas* are the gallies,’ answered the thief; who was a young fellow, about twenty years of age, and said he was a native of *Piedrahita*.

The knight put the same question to the second, who seemed so overwhelmed with grief and melancholy, that he could not answer one word; but the first saved him the trouble, by saying, ‘This man, Sir, goes to the gallies for being a canary bird; I mean, for his skill in vocal musick.’—‘What!’ said the knight, ‘are people sentenced to the gallies for their skill in musick?’—‘Yes, Sir,’ answered the other, ‘for nothing is worse than to sing in the heart-ache.’—‘On the contrary,’ said Don Quixote, ‘I have always heard it observed, that musick and play will fright sorrow away.’—‘But here,’ replied the slave, ‘the case is quite different, for he that sings but once will have cause to weep for ever.’ Don Quixote saying he could not comprehend his meaning, one of the guards explained it. ‘Sir,’ said he, ‘to sing in the heart-ache, is a term used by these miscreants to express a criminal who confesses under the torture; and it hath been applied to that delinquent: he owned his crime, which was horse-stealing; accordingly, having received two hundred lashes, he was condemned for six years to the gallies, and he appears always pensive and sad, because his brother rogues, who keep him company, continually maltreat, upbraid, despise, and scoff at him, for having confessed out of pure pusillanimity.

nimity. 'For,' say they, 'No contains as many letters as Ay: an offender is very lucky, when his life or death depends upon his own tongue, and not upon the evidence of witnesses;' and truly I think they are not far mistaken.'

'I am of the same opinion,' said Don Quixote; and passing on, repeated his former question to the third, who, with great readiness and alacrity, answered, 'I am going to pay a visit of five years to Lady Gurapa, for having wanted ten ducats.'—'I will give twenty with all my soul,' replied the knight, 'to ease you of your misfortune.'—'That,' resumed the slave, is like giving money to a man perishing with hunger at sea, where there is no food to be bought. I say this, because had I been master in time of those twenty ducats your worship now offers, I would have anointed the secretary's pen, and quickened my lawyer's invention with them, to so good purpose, that I should be now standing at liberty in the square of Zocodover in Toledo, and not dragging like a hound to the gallies; but Heaven is above—Patience and—that is enough.'

Don Quixote then advanced to the fourth, who was a man of a venerable aspect, with a long white beard hanging down to his girdle; and he no sooner heard the knight ask the cause of his being in that situation, than he began to weep bitterly, without answering one word; but the fifth criminal lent him his tongue, saying, 'That honourable gentleman is going to the gallies for four years, after having made his public appearance on horseback with great solemnity.'—'That is, I suppose,' said Sancho, 'after having been exposed to public shame *'—'Even so,' replied the slave; 'and that punishment was inflicted on him for being an ear-broker, or rather a broker for the whole body; to be plain with you, the gentleman was convicted of pimping, and giving

* A crime that is punished by the pillory in England, is in Spain expiated by the convict's being mounted upon an ass, in a particular dress, and led through the streets by a crier, who proclaims the transgression.

giving himself out for a conjuror.'—'Were it not for the addition of his conjuring scheme,' said Don Quixote, 'he is so far from deserving to row in the galleys for pure pimping, that it rather intitles him to the command of them * as general in chief; for if the office of a pander was well regulated, it would be a most honourable and necessary employment in a well-ordered commonwealth, reserved for people of birth and talents, and like the other places of trust, laid under the inspection of proper comptrollers, and limited to a certain number, like the brokers of merchandize: such a regulation would prevent many mischiefs, which are now occasioned by that employment's being in the hands of idiots or simple wretches, such as silly women, pages, and buffoons, without either age or experience; who, upon the most urgent occasions, when there is need of the most important contrivance, let the morsel freeze between the dish and the mouth, and can scarce distinguish betwixt their right-hands and their left. I could proceed and advance many arguments to prove how advantageous it would be in a commonwealth to make proper distinctions in the choice of those who exercise such a necessary employment; but this is no place to settle that affair in; and one day I may chance to recommend it to the consideration of those who can both discern and provide a suitable remedy for this defect. I shall only at present observe, that the compassion I feel at the sight of these grey hairs, and that venerable countenance in distress for having been a pander, is extinguished by the additional crime of sorcery; though I am well apprized there are no conjurors in the world, who can force or alter the will, as some weak-minded people imagine: for the inclination is free, and not to be enslaved by any incantation whatsoever. The practice of some simple women, and knavish impostors, is to compose poisonous mixtures, to deprive people of their senses, under pretence of causing them to be beloved; it being a thing impossible, as I have said, to compel the will.'

* This is a good hint for a reforming legislature.

will.—‘What your honour says is very true,’ replied the good old man; ‘and really, Sir, as to the affair of conjuring, I am not guilty; though I cannot deny that I have been a pimp; but I never thought I was to blame in that capacity, because my whole intention was, that all the world should enjoy themselves, and live in peace and quiet without quarrels and anxiety. Yet the uprightness of my intention was of no service in preventing my being sent to a place from which I shall never return, oppressed as I am with years and a violent strangury, that will not allow me a moment’s rest.’ So saying, he began to weep again, as before; and his tears raised the pity of Sancho to such a degree, that he took a rial out of his bosom, and gave it in charity to the distressed senior.

Then Don Quixote addressed himself to the next, who answered his question, not with less, but infinitely more, vivacity than that of the former; saying, ‘I trudge in this manner, for having jested a little extravagantly with two of my female cousins; and with two more, who, though not related to me, were in the same degree of blood to each other: in short, I jested with them so long, that in the end there was such an intricate increase of kindred as no casuist could unravel. Every thing was proved against me, I had neither interest nor money, and ran some risk of having my windpipe stopped; but they only condemned me for six years to the galleys; I submitted to the sentence, as the punishment of my crime: youth is on my side, life may be long, and time brings every thing to bear; if your worship, Sir knight, will part with any small matter for the comfort of poor wretches like us, God will requite you in heaven, and we upon earth will take care to petition him for long life and health to your worship, that you may be as happy as by your goodly appearance you deserve to be.’ The person who spoke in this manner appeared in the drets of a student, and one of the guards said he was a great orator and excellent Latin scholar.

After

After all these came a man of a good mien, about thirty years of age, who squinted so horribly, that his eyes seemed to look at each other : he was equipped in a very different manner from the rest ; his foot being loaded with a huge chain that went round his whole body, and his neck adorned with two iron rings, to one of which the chain was fastened ; and the other was called a keep-friend, or friend's-foot ; from which descended to his middle a couple of iron bolts fitted with a pair of manacles for his arms, secured by a large padlock, in such a fashion, as to hinder him from lifting up his hands to his mouth, and to disable him from bending his head to his hands. Don Quixote enquiring why that man was more fettered than all the rest, one of the guard answered, ' Because he is a greater rogue than all the rest put together, and so daring a villain, that although he is shackled in that manner, we are under some apprehension that he will give us the slip.'—' What crime has he committed,' said the knight, ' that deserves no greater punishment than that of going to the galleys ?'—' He goes for ten years,' replied the guard, ' which is a kind of civil death ; but you need not enquire any farther, when you know that this honest gentleman is the famous Gines de Passamonte, alias Genisello de Parapilla.'—' Softly, Mr. Commissary,' said the slave, hearing these words, don't transimography names and surnames in that manner. Gines is my name, and not Ginesello, and Passamonte the title of my family ; not Parapilla, as your worship says : let every body turn about and look at home, and he will have business enough.'—' Speak with less insolence, Mr. Thief above sterling,' replied the commissary, ' or else I shall make you hold your peace with a vengeance.'—It appears by this oppression,' answered the galley slave, ' that God's will must be done ; but one day somebody shall know whether or not my name is Ginesello de Parapilla.'—' An't you called so, you lying vagabond ?' said the guard. ' Yes, yes, I am so called,' answered Gines ; ' but I will make them change that name, or their skins shall

shall pay for it, if ever I meet them in a place I don't chuse at present to name.—Sir knight, if you have any thing to bestow, pray let us have it, and the Lord be with you, for you only tire us with enquiring about other people's affairs; if you want to be informed of my history, know, I am that Gines de Passamonte, whose life is written by these ten fingers.'

'He tells nothing but the truth,' said the commissary; 'for he has actually written his own history, as well as could be desired, and pawned the manuscript in gaol for two hundred rials.'—'Aye, and I shall redeem it,' said Gines, 'if it were for as many ducats.'—'What! is it so entertaining?' said Don Quixote. 'Yes,' answered Gines, 'it is so entertaining, that woe be unto Lazarillo de Tormes, and all who have written or shall write in that manner. What I can affirm of mine is, that it contains truths, and such ingenious and favourable truths as no fiction can equal.'—'And what is the title of your book?' said the knight. 'The Life of Gines de Passamonte,' replied the other. 'Is it finished?' said Don Quixote. 'How can it be finished,' answered the author, 'when my natural life is not yet concluded? I have already written my whole history from my birth till the last time I was sent to the galleys.'—'You have visited them before now then?' said the knight. 'For the service of God, and the good of my country, I have already served in them during the space of four years, and know the difference between the biscuit and the bull's pizzle,' answered the thief; 'and my journey to them now gives me no great pain, for there I shall have time to finish my book, and set down a great many things I have to say; there being spare time enough in the galleys of Spain for that purpose, which does not require much leisure, as I have every circumstance by heart.'—'You seem to be an ingenious fellow,' said Don Quixote. 'And unfortunate,' answered Gines; 'for genius is always attended by evil fortune.'—'Evil fortune ought to attend villains like you,' said the guard. 'I have already desired you,

Mr. Commissary, to proceed fair and softly,' answered Passamonte; 'your superiors did not give you that rod to maltreat us poor wretches, but to conduct and carry us to the place of our destination, according to his majesty's command: and by the life of—but 'tis no matter. The spots we received in the inn, may one day be rubbed out in washing. Mum's the word. Let us live while we can, speak while we may, and at present pursue our journey; for this joke has already lasted too long.'

The commissary lifted up his rod, in order to give a proper reply to the threats of Passamonte; but Don Quixote interposing, begged he would not chastise him; because it was not to be wondered at, if one whose limbs were so shackled, should take such liberties with his tongue; then addressing himself to the prisoners, 'From all that you have told me, dear brethren,' said he, 'I clearly perceive, that although you ought to be chastised for your crimes, the punishment you are going to suffer is not much to your liking; on the contrary, you make this journey very much against your inclination; and perhaps, the pusillanimity of one of you under the torture, this man's want of money, and that other's scarcity of friends, and last of all, the partiality of the judge, may have been the cause of your perdition, in depriving you of that justice your several cases entitled you to. Which consideration now operates within me, suggesting, persuading, and even compelling me to shew in your behalf, the end and aim for which Heaven sent me into this world, and made me profess the order of knight-errantry, by which I am bound by oath to succour the needy and oppressed; but because I know that one maxim of prudence is, not to do that by foul means which can be accomplished by fair, I beseech Mr. Commissary and the guards to unchain and let you depart in peace. The king will not want people to serve him on better occasions; and I think it is very hard to enslave those whom God and nature have made free. Besides, gentlemen soldiers,' added the knight, 'those poor people

ple have committed no offence against you : and every body hath sins to answer for. There is a God in heaven, who will take care to chastise the wicked and reward the righteous : and it is not seemly, that honest men should be the executioners of their fellow-creatures, on account of matters with which they have no concern. This favour I entreat in a mild and peaceable manner ; and if you grant my request, will thank you heartily : whereas, if you refuse to do quietly what I desire, this lance and sword, with the valour of my invincible arm, shall make you do it on compulsion.'

'A fine joke, truly!' replied the commissary ; 'he has brought his harangue to a very merry conclusion ; desiring us to set at liberty the king's prisoners, as if we had authority to grant, or he to demand, their discharge. I wish your worship would go about your business, and set to rights that basin on your skull, without going in quest of a cat with three feet.'—'You are a cat, and a rat, and a scoundrel to boot!' replied the knight, attacking him with such wonderful dispatch, that he had not time to put himself in a posture of defence, so was thrown from his horse, dangerously wounded by a thrust of the knight's lance. And it happened luckily that this was one of the two who had firelocks. The rest of the guard were at first astonished and confounded at this unexpected assault ; but they soon recollected themselves, and the horsemen drawing their swords, while those on foot handled their javelins, set upon Don Quixote in their turn, who waited for them with vast composure ; and doubtless he would have fared ill, if the galley-slaves, seeing a fair occasion offered of gaining their liberty, had not made shift to obtain it, by breaking the chain with which they were fettered. Such was the confusion, that the guards, between their endeavours to detain the slaves that were unbound, and their efforts against Don Quixote who assaulted them, could do nothing at all effectual. Sancho, for his part, assisted in disengaging Gines de Passamonte, who being the first that leaped free and disencumbered on the plain,

attacked the wounded commissary, and robbed him of his sword and mulket, with which, pointing at one, and taking aim at another, without firing, however, in a trice there was not one of the guards to be seen; for they made the best of their way, not only from Passamonte's firelock, but also from the shower of stones which was rained upon them by the rest of the slaves, who had by this time disengaged themselves.

Sancho was infinitely grieved at this event, representing to himself, that those who fled would instantly give notice of the affair to the holy brotherhood, which, upon the tolling of a bell, would immediately fall forth in search of the delinquents. This supposition he suggested to his master, whom he entreated to depart forthwith, and conceal himself somewhere in the neighbouring mountain. 'That may be a very good expedient,' said the knight; 'but I know what is proper for me to do at present.' He then called to the slaves, who were all in confusion, and after they had plundered and stripped the commissary to the skin, they assembled round him in a circle in order to receive his commands, and he accosted them in this manner: 'It is the duty of honest men to be thankful for benefits received: and one of the sins that gives the greatest offence to God, is ingratitude. This truth I observe, gentlemen, because you must be sensible, by manifest experience, of that which you have received from me; as an acknowledgment for which, it is my will and pleasure, that you set out immediately, loaded with that chain from which I have delivered your neck, and repairing to the city of Toboso, there present yourselves before the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and tell her that her Knight of the Rueful Countenance hath sent you to her with his hearty commendations. You shall also punctually recount to her every circumstance of this famous adventure, even to the granting you that liberty you so ardently wished for: and this duty being performed, you may go a God's name whithersoever ye list.'

To

To this command Gines de Passamonte, in the name of all the rest, answered, 'What your worship commands, most worthy deliverer, is of all impossibilities the most impossible to fulfil. For we must by no means travel in a body, but single and divided, and each by himself endeavour to abscond within the bowels of the earth, in order to avoid the holy brotherhood, which will doubtless come out in search of us. But your worship may, and it is but justice you should, change that service and tribute intended for my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, into a certain number of Ave-marias and Credos, which we will say for your prosperity; and this is a duty we can fulfil by night as well as by day, in motion and at rest, and in peace as well as in war: but to suppose that we will now return to the flesh-pots of Egypt, I mean to the carriage of our chain, and take the road to Toboso, is to suppose that it is now midnight, though it wants little more than two hours of noon; and indeed, to expect this condescension of us, is like expecting pears from an elm.'

'Then, by heavens!' said Don Quixote in a rage, 'Don Son of a Whore, Don Ginesello de Parapilla, or whatsoever is thy name, you shall go alone, with your tail between your legs, and carry the whole chain upon your own shoulders. Passamonte, who was none of the most passive people in the world, having already smothered the knight's weak side, from the mad action he had committed in giving them their freedom, and finding himself treated by him in this haughty manner, tipped the wink to his companions; who retiring with him at a little distance, began to shower forth such a number of stones upon their deliverer, that he could not contrive how to cover himself with his shield; and poor Rozinante minded the spur no more than if he had been made of brass. Sancho retired behind his ass, which sheltered him from the storm of hail that descended on them both; but his master could not screen himself so well, as to avoid an infinite number of pebble-shot which took place upon different parts of his body, some of them with

with such force, that he came tumbling to the ground; and no sooner was he fallen, than the student set upon him, and snatching the bason from his head, made a most furious application of it to the knight's shoulders, and then dashed it upon the ground with such force, that it went into a thousand pieces. They likewise stripped him of a jacket* he wore above his armour; and would even have taken his hose, had not his greaves been in the way: they plundered Sancho of his great coat, leaving him in his doublet and hose; and dividing the spoils of the battle among them, each took his own separate route, more anxious to escape the holy brotherhood, which they dreaded, than to load themselves with the chain again, and go to present themselves before the Lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

The ass and Rozinante, Sancho and Don Quixote, were the only persons remaining on the field. Dapple, with his head hanging down in a pensive attitude, and every now and then shaking his ears, as if he imagined the hurricane of stones that whizzed about them was not yet over; Rozinante lying stretched upon the ground, to which, like his master, he was humbled by a pebble; Sancho, in his doublet, terrified at the thoughts of the holy brotherhood; and Don Quixote excessively out of humour, at seeing himself so ill requited by those people whom he had served in such an essential manner.

* It was the custom of knights to wear a coat of arms made of some rich stuff figured in a particular manner. The Duke of Brabant being called in a hurry to the battle of Agincourt, took a trumpeter's banner, and making a hole through the middle, put it over his head, and wore it as his coat of arms.

2 JY 58

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

